GYR'S FOURTH READER

GINN & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Floy Mabel Closey
12 years,
Burgettstown, Pa.

After painting by G. F. Watts, R.A. Engraved by H. W. Peckwell.

SIR GALAHAD.

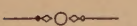
CYR'S

FOURTH READER

BY

ELLEN M. CYR

AUTHOR OF THE CHILDREN'S PRIMER, CHILDREN'S FIRST READER,
CHILDREN'S SECOND READER, CHILDREN'S
THIRD READER, ETC.



BOSTON, U.S.A.
GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
1902

COPYRIGHT, 1898, 1899
BY GINN & COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

TO

Ruel P. Smith

WITH THE

LOVE OF HIS WIFE

PREFACE.

LITERATURE in its noblest form should do for the child what it does for the man, — open the eyes to clearer vision, and nourish and inspire the soul.

The reading book, therefore, has more direct influence upon the character of the pupil than any other text-book, and, with this in mind, it has been the fundamental purpose of this series to make its readers familiar with the best writers and their works.

It has been deemed best to continue the plan of the previous books of the series and introduce several central figures. We have been reading and becoming acquainted with the American poets; now we enter a new field of literature, and the great prose writers, Hawthorne, Irving, Dickens, and Scott, with the English poet Tennyson, shed the influence of their characters and writings in the schoolroom.

The pupil looks into their faces and visits their homes. Their early childhood, their battles with adversity, and the influences that determined the current of their lives become familiar. Then, with awakened interest and admiration, he reads the messages they have left behind them.

Characteristic selections from these authors have been carefully chosen with reference to the capacity of the children.

These selections have been somewhat abridged, but it has been thought wiser to have them a little longer than many text-books introduce, rather than to mar the symmetry and beauty of the author's work.

Here are also represented the more recent writers who have won a place in the literary world, thus making this reading book the foundation for a systematic study of literature.

In order to cherish the true American spirit, speeches of some of our great statesmen and stories of loyalty and heroism have been introduced. There are tales of travel and adventure to broaden the mental horizon, and the imagination finds food for fancies in many of the prose selections as well as in the poems.

Grateful acknowledgment for copyright matter is extended to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the use of extracts from the writings of Hawthorne, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Charles Dudley Warner; to Charles Scribner's Sons for the selections from Eugene Field, Thomas Nelson Page, and Josiah Gilbert Holland; to The Century Co. for stories by Victor Mapes and Harriet Prescott Spofford; to Roberts Bros. for poems by Helen Hunt Jackson; and to G. P. Putnam's Sons for selections from Bayard Taylor; also to the following authors: Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward; Mr. Henry L. Koopman, Mr. Victor Mapes, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner.

ELLEN M. CYR.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Maple-Tree's Children. *Abby Morton Diaz*	1
The Frolic of the Leaves. *Henry L. Koopman*	5
Jackanapes and the Pony. *Juliana Horatia Ewing*	8
How the Cliff was Clad. *Björnstjerne Björnson*	16
Nathaniel Hawthorne	21
April. *Helen Hunt Jackson*	29
The Snow-Image. *Nathaniel Hawthorne*	30
A Brave Boy. *Thomas Nelson Page*	43
The Little Post-Boy. *Bayard Taylor*	52
The Wind and the Moon. *George MacDonald*	64
The Mouse and the Moonbeam. *Eugene Field*	67
The Story of Florinda. *Abby Morton Diaz*	79
The Fate of the Indians. *Charles Sprague*	90
Charles Dickens	92
The Dolls' Dressmaker. *Charles Dickens*	100
A Story of the Flag. *Victor Mapes*	108
A Welcome to Lafayette. *Edward Everett*	116
The National Flag. *Charles Sumner*	117
Alfred Tennyson	120
Sir Galahad. *Alfred Tennyson*	127
Little Rosalie. *Harriet Prescott Spofford*	129
Down to Sleep. *Helen Hunt Jackson*	142
The Shipwreck. *Charles Dickens*	144
Maggie Tulliver and the Gypsies. *George Eliot*	152
The Shell. *Alfred Tennyson*	168
The Two Herd-Boys. *Bayard Taylor*	169

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP. *Robert Browning* . . . 180
MARY ELIZABETH. *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* 183
THE OLD WAR HORSE TELLS HIS STORY. *Anna Sewall* . 195
WASHINGTON IRVING 202
RIP VAN WINKLE. *Washington Irving* 209
POCAHONTAS. *William Makepeace Thackeray* 227
RAIN IN THE GARRET. *Donald Grant Mitchell* 229
THE SEA VOYAGE. *Josiah Gilbert Holland* 235
WILL O' THE MILL. *Robert Louis Stevenson* 245
THE CLOUD. *Percy Bysshe Shelley* 255
TOM, THE WATER BABY, MAKES FRIENDS. *Charles Kingsley* 257
THE SUGAR CAMP. *Charles Dudley Warner* 268
SPRING. *Henry Timrod* 275
SIR WALTER SCOTT 277
WALTER RALEIGH MEETS QUEEN ELIZABETH. *Sir Walter Scott* 286
LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH 295
THE LORD OF BUTRAGO. *John C. Lockhart* 298
DEATH OF JACKANAPES. *Juliana Horatia Ewing* 300
WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS 308
HEIGHO, MY DEARIE. *Eugene Field* 310
THE LIGHT-BORN MESSENGER. *Hall Caine* 311
THE LITTLE LAND. *Robert Louis Stevenson* 320
ROLF'S LEAP. *Georgiana M. Craik* 323
THE BUGLE SONG. *Alfred Tennyson* 331
HIS WORD OF HONOR 332
JOHN RIDD'S ADVENTURE. *R. D. Blackmore* 343
THE COAST GUARD. *Emily Huntington Miller* 354
FOOTBALL AT RUGBY. *Thomas Hughes* 356
THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE PANTHER. *James Fenimore Cooper* 367

WORD LIST 376

CYR'S FOURTH READER

THE MAPLE TREE'S CHILDREN.

By ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

Abby Morton Diaz was born at Plymouth, Mass., in 1821. The little girl was allowed to live out of doors, a free, happy life, wandering about the ship-yards, and playing upon the beach to her heart's content. She was very fond of playing with other children, and often invented games, making songs to fit them.

When this play season was over, she became fond of study, and began writing a little for children. She was full of music, and would gather children about her and teach them to sing.

When her first story for children appeared in print she was almost ashamed to have her friends see it, for it seemed to her that nothing of her own was worth publishing.

The story was well received, however, and followed by many others, which are full of nature, imagination, and fun.

She lives near Boston, and is interested at present in writing for older people.

shĭv′ĕr ĭng	mŭl′tĭ tūdes	dĕs′ō lāte
prē sĕnt′ĕd	thrŭsh′ĕs	prĕs′ent lў

1. A Maple Tree awoke at springtime, shivering in the east winds. "O Mother Nature," she said, "I tremble with cold. Behold my limbs, ugly and bare. The birds

are all coming back from the South, and I would look my best. They will soon be building their nests. O, a bird's-nest does make a tree so pleasant! But they will not come to me, because I have no leaves to hide them!"

2. And kind Mother Nature smiled, and presented her daughter Maple with such multitudes of leaves! More than you could count! These gave beauty to the tree, besides keeping the rain out of the bird's-nests. For birds had quickly come to build there, and there was reason to expect a lively summer.

3. A happy Maple Tree now was she, and well pleased with her pretty green leaves. They were so beautiful in the sunlight; and the winds whispered such sweet things to them as to make them dance for joy! A pair of golden robins had a home there, and thrushes came often. Sunshine and song all day long! Or if the little leaves became hot and thirsty in the summer's heat, good Mother Nature gave them cooling rain-drops to drink. A happier Maple Tree could nowhere be found.

4. "Thanks! thanks, Mother Nature," she said, "for all your care and your loving kindness to me!"

But when autumn came with its gloomy skies and its chilling winds, the Maple Tree grew sad, for she heard her little leaves saying to each other, "We are going to die! We are going to die!"

People living near said, "Hark! Do you hear the

wind? It sounds like fall." Nobody told them it was the leaves, all over the forest, saying to each other, "We are going to die! We are going to die!"

"My dear little leaves!" sighed the Maple Tree. "Poor things, they must go! Ah, how sad to see them droop and fade away!"

A WOODLAND SCENE, SHOWING THE FOLIAGE IN ITS MIDSUMMER GRANDEUR.

5. "I will make their death beautiful," said kind Mother Nature. And she changed their color to a scarlet, which glowed in the sunlight like fire.

And every one said, "How beautiful!"

And one cold morning she stood with her limbs all

bare, looking very desolate. The bright leaves lay heaped about her.

"Dear, pretty things!" she said. "How I shall miss them! They were such a comfort! And how ugly I am! Nobody will care for me now!"

But presently a flock of school-girls came along, talking cheerily of ferns, red berries, and autumn leaves.

6. "And I think," said one, "that there's a great deal of beauty in a tree without any leaves at all."

"So do I," said another. "Just look up through this tree. Its branches and boughs and twigs make a picture against the sky!"

And the lively school-girls passed on.

"Ah," said the Maple Tree, "this will at least be pleasant to dream about!"

For she already felt her winter's nap coming on. If she could but have heard what her little leaves said to each other afterwards, down there on the ground!

7. "Dear old tree! She has taken care of us all our lives, and fed us, and held us up to the sun, and been to us a kind mother, and now we will do something for her. We will get under ground and turn ourselves into food to feed her with, for she'll be sure to wake up hungry after her long nap!"

8. Good little things! The rains helped them, and the winds,— in this way: the rains beat them into the ground,

and the winds blew sand over them, and there they turned themselves into something very nice for the old Maple Tree, — something good to take.

And now, as she wakes up again in the spring and takes a full meal of it, she is once more lively and happy, and many fresh young leaves unfold to clothe her limbs.

THE FROLIC OF THE LEAVES.

By HARRY L. KOOPMAN.

a′zure (ăzh′ụr)	ĭm plōr′ĭng	swạth′ĭng
grēen′swạrd	scăm′pĕr ĭng	crō͞oned

The leaves of the elm and the maple
First opened their wondering eyes
Under the bending beauty
Of the azure April skies.

They drank in the warmth of springtime,
They threw off their swathing bands,
And reached out into the sunlight
Their pink, imploring hands.

They were rocked in the arms of summer,
While wandering winds above
Crooned a low lullaby to them
In murmuring music of love.

But the drowsy charm of the west wind
The leaves threw off ere long,
For they heard in the blue above them
The bright birds' tempting song.

And beneath them they saw the greensward
With its beckoning blooms, and they sighed
To be out of the lonely tree-top
Into the world so wide.

At last, after watching and waiting,
Autumn, the beautiful, came
Stepping with sandals of silver,
Decked with a mantle of flame.

Then Nature, the loving mother,
In the moony month of sheaves,
Arrayed in yellow and crimson
Her children, the forest leaves.

The leaves clapped their hands, delighted,
And shouted loud in their glee.
They sprang on the back of the north wind,
Which lifted and set them free.

Ha! 'Twas a glorious riding
As they leaped along with the blast,
Frisking along over fences,
Scampering gaily and fast.

A WINTER VIEW, THE LEAVES COVERED "WITH BLANKETS, WARM AND DEEP."

So sped they. At last the north wind
Began to grow chill and bleak;
Their dresses were torn and faded,
Their feet were weary and weak.

So Nature, the loving mother,
Who had watched them with many fears,
Laid them to rest on the brown earth
She had softened with her tears.

Then covered them tenderly, softly,
With snow blankets, warm and deep,—
Her children, tired of playing,
And weary, and full of sleep.

JACKANAPES AND THE PONY.

By JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

This charming selection is taken from "Jackanapes," a quaint and very popular sketch of the same name. It was written by Mrs. Ewing, who died in 1885, at the age of forty-four. The writings of this lady, who contributed so extensively to English juvenile literature, under the name of "Aunt Judy," have become popular in America as well as in her own country. "Jackanapes" is her best literary work and made her name famous. The book as a whole is delightful reading.

cō′cȯa nŭt wāist′cȯats mĭs′chĭef
ŏp pŏr tū′nĭ tў bĕ hāv′ior (yĕr) mĭl′ĭ tā rў
cŏn fĭ dĕn′tial (shal) lў

1. It was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the Gypsy's son riding the Gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

2. The Gypsy boy was willing enough to reward Jack-

anapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the little fine gentleman?" screamed the Gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He would get on," replied her son. "It 'll not kill him. He 'll fall on his yellow head, and it 's as tough as a cocoanut."

3. But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony; but, oh, the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the Gypsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round went the pony.

Jackanapes clung to his neck; and he did not properly recover himself before Lollo stopped with a jerk, at the place where they had started.

4. "Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No. My father's." And the Gypsy boy led Lollo away.

5. At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the Gypsy father.

"Lollo is your pony, is n't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He 's a very nice one."

"He 's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

6. "Fifteen pounds," said the Gypsy father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again. That very afternoon he and Tony rode the two donkeys; and Tony managed to get thrown, and even Jackanapes' donkey kicked. But it was jolting, clumsy work after the elastic swiftness and the dainty mischief of the red-haired pony.

7. A few days later, Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She told him that his grandfather, the General, was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behavior during the visit.

What mischief could be foreseen, Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to be sure to say "sir" to the General, and to be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door-mat. The General arrived; and for the first day all went well.

8. Jackanapes began to feel at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk confidentially with him, as he did with the postman. All that the General felt, it would take too long to tell; but he was disposed to talk confidentially with Jackanapes.

"A pretty place this," he said, looking out of the lattice on to the Green, where the grass was vivid with sunset and the shadows were long and peaceful.

9. "You should see it in Fair week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow mop, and leaning back in his one of the two arm-chairs in which they sat.

"A fine time that, eh?" said the General, with a twinkle in his eye.

Jackanapes shook his hair once more. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said. "I'd so much money."

"Indeed, it's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had ye?"

"I'd two shillings. A new shilling aunty gave me, and elevenpence I had saved up, and a penny from the postman."

10. "You don't want money except at Fair times, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his head.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

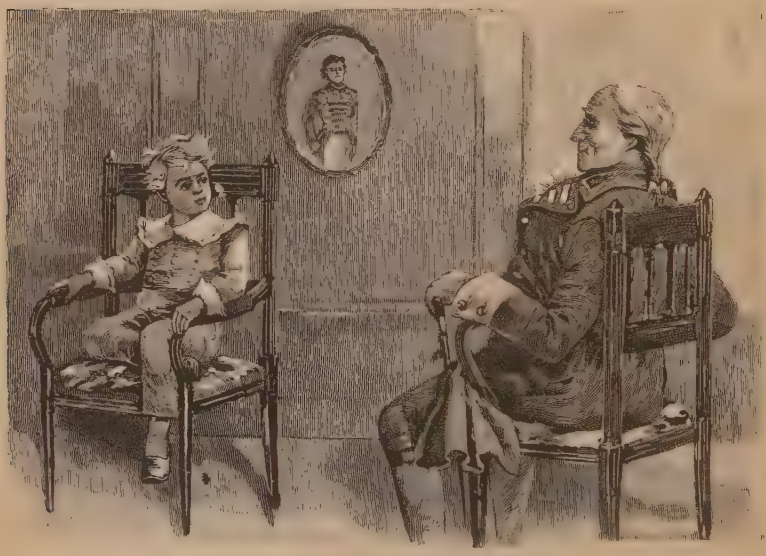
"And how much do you want, if you could get it?"

11. "Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten, and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't, borrow twenty. One from

twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds nineteen and — what did I tell you to remember?"

12. "Ten," said the General.

"Fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence, then, is what I want," said Jackanapes.



JACKANAPES AND THE OLD GENERAL.

"All that money! what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. The Gypsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he *is* beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning!

Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the Gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

13. "If he's a racer you couldn't ride him. Could you?"

"No—o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"Indeed you did! Well, I'm fond of riding myself; and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military frock coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, grandson; glad you mentioned it."

14. The General was as good as his word. Next morning the Gypsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes and his grandfather and his dog Spitfire were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group. The General talked to the Gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane, and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

15. How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the Gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman—"

"I can make him go!" said Jackanapes; and drawing from his pocket the trumpet he had bought in the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes' hat. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his silky ears.

Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

16. "Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the Gypsy. "You were born to the saddle. You've the flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light, caressing hand; all you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What was that fellow talking about, grandson?" asked the General.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

They were sitting in the window again, in the two arm-

chairs, the General watching every line of his grandson's face.

"You must love your aunt very much, Jackanapes."

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes, warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your aunt?"

17. The ties of blood were pressing very strongly on the General himself, and perhaps he thought of Lollo. But love is not bought in a day, even with fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence. Jackanapes answered quite readily, "The postman."

"Why the postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him and about his black mare. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up I want to be a soldier too."

"So you shall, my boy; so you shall."

18. "Thank you, grandfather. Aunty doesn't want me to be a soldier, for fear of being killed."

"Bless my life! Would she have you get into a feather-bed and stay there? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt if you were a butter merchant!"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. What a funny fellow you are, sir! I say, do you think my father knew the Gypsy's secret? The postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

19. "Your father was taught to ride, as a child, by one

of those horsemen of the East who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! love me a little too. I can tell you more about your father than the postman can."

"I do love you," said Jackanapes, "and I'll try to be very good; but I want to be a soldier."

"You shall, my boy, you shall. Cavalry, I suppose. Well — well — if you live to be an honor to your country, this old heart shall grow young again with pride for you; and if you die in the service of your country — it can but break for you."

HOW THE CLIFF WAS CLAD.

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

rå vine′ (vēn)	fŏr′*eĭgn*	ĕx ăm′ĭned
bō*ul*′dĕr	crĕv′ĭ*ç*e	ăs tŏn′ĭsh m*e*nt

1. Between two cliffs lay a deep ravine, with a full stream rolling heavily through it over boulders and rough ground. It was high and steep, and one side was bare, save at the foot, where clustered a thick, fresh wood, so close to the stream that the mist from the water lay upon the foliage in spring and autumn. The trees stood looking upwards and forwards, unable to move either way.

2. "What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the

Juniper one day to the foreign Oak that stood next him. The Oak looked down to find out who was speaking, and then looked up again without answering a word. The Stream worked so hard that it grew white; the North-wind rushed through the ravine; and the bare Cliff hung heavily over and felt cold.

"What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper to the Fir on the other side.

3. "Well, if anybody is to do it, I suppose we must," replied the Fir, stroking his beard; "what dost thou think?" he added, looking over to the Birch.

"In God's name, let us clothe it," answered the Birch, glancing timidly towards the Cliff, which hung over her so heavily that she felt as if she could scarcely breathe. And thus, although they were but three, they agreed to clothe the Cliff. The Juniper went first.

4. When they had gone a little way they met the Heather. The Juniper seemed as though he meant to pass her by. "Nay, let us take the Heather with us," said the Fir. So on went the Heather. Soon the Juniper began to slip. "Lay hold on me," said the Heather. The Juniper did so, and where there was only a little crevice the Heather put in one finger, and where she had got in one finger the Juniper put in his whole hand. They crawled and climbed, the Fir heavily behind with the Birch. "It is a work of charity," said the Birch.

5. But the Cliff began to ponder what little things these could be that came clambering up it. And when it had thought over this a few hundred years, it sent down a little Brook to see about it. It was just spring flood, and the Brook rushed on till she met the Heather.

"Dear, dear Heather, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Heather, being very busy, only raised herself a little, and worked on. The Brook slipped under her, and ran onwards.

"Dear, dear Juniper, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook.

6. The Juniper glanced sharply at her; but as the Heather had let her pass, he thought he might do so as well. The Brook slipped under him, and ran on till she came where the Fir stood panting on a crag.

"Dear, dear Fir, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," the Brook said, fondly kissing the Fir on his foot. The Fir felt bashful and let her pass. But the Birch made way before the Brook asked.

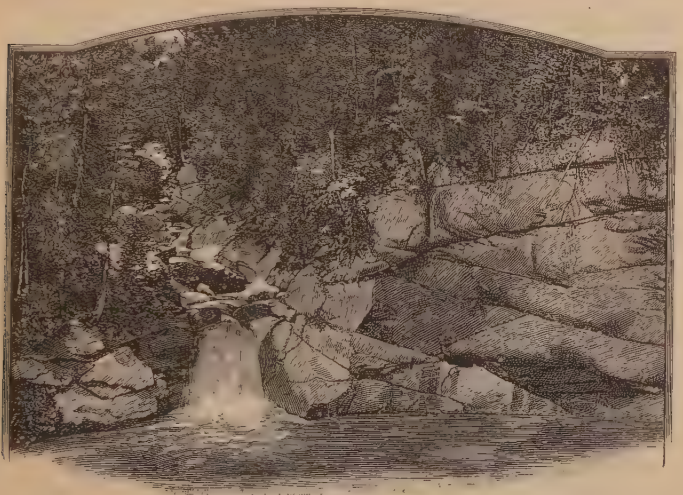
"He, he, he," laughed the Brook, as she grew larger.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Brook again, pushing Heather and Juniper, Fir and Birch, forwards and backwards, up and down on the great crags.

7. It was clear the Cliff did not wish to be clad. The Heather felt so vexed that she turned green again, and

then she went on. "Never mind; take courage!" said the Heather.

The Juniper sat up to look at the Heather, and at last he rose to his feet. He scratched his head, and then he too went on again, and clutched so firmly, that he



HIGH AND STEEP CLIFFS CLAD WITH TREES.

thought the Cliff could not help feeling it. "If thou wilt not take me, then I will take thee," said he.

8. The Fir bent his toes a little to feel if they were whole, lifted one foot, which he found all right, then the other, which was all right too, and then both feet. He first examined the path he had come, then where he had been lying, and at last where he had to go. Then he strode onwards, just as though he had never fallen. The

Birch had been splashed very badly, but now she got up and made herself tidy.

And so they went rapidly on, upwards and sideways, in sunshine and rain.

"But what in the world is all this?" said the Cliff, when the summer sun shone, the dewdrops glittered, the birds sang, the woodmouse squeaked, the hare bounded, and the weasel hid and screamed among the trees.

9. Then the day came when the Heather could peep over the Cliff's edge.

"O dear me!" said she, and over she went. "What is it the Heather sees, dear?" said the Juniper, and came forwards till he, too, could peep over.

"Dear me!" he cried, and over he went. "What's the matter with the Juniper to-day?" said the Fir, taking long strides in the hot sun. Soon he, too, by standing on tiptoe could peep over.

10. "Ah!"—every branch and prickle stood on end with astonishment. He strode onwards, and over he went.

"What is it they all see, and not I?" said the Birch.

"Ah!" said she, putting her head over, "there is a whole forest, both of Fir and Heather, and Juniper and Birch, waiting for us on the plain"; and her leaves trembled in the sunshine till the dewdrops fell. "This comes of reaching forwards," said the Juniper.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ăd vĕn′tūres
çĕm′ĕ tĕr ў
dĭc′tion (shŭn) ā rў
grăd ū ā′tion (shŭn)
rĕc′ŏg nīzed
pŭb lĭ cā′tion (shŭn)
quī′ĕ tūde
ō rĭġ′ĭ nal

1. Nathaniel Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804, in the quaint old town of Salem, Mass. His birthplace was near the sea, and the house is still standing. His father was a sea captain. He was a great reader, and spent the leisure on his voyages with his books. Hawthorne's mother was a beautiful woman with a sweet and pure nature.

Captain Hawthorne died when Nathaniel was but four years old, and his Grandfather Manning took the family to his home. There were uncles and aunts, and they were very fond of the golden-haired boy and his two sisters.

2. Nathaniel showed a fondness for reading when very young, and chose many of the best authors. When he was six years old his favorite book was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; and whenever he went to visit his Grandmother Hawthorne, he used to take the large family copy to an armchair near the window and read it by the hour. His imagination was active, and he used to tell long stories of the strange adventures and wonderful things he was to have when he should be a man.

His uncle, Robert Manning, took charge of the future author's education, sending him to the best schools, and afterwards to college. When he was nine years old, he lamed his foot at a game of ball. It was slow in gaining strength, and he was obliged to use crutches.

During this time, his teacher, Mr. Joseph Worcester, the author of the dictionary, used to come to his house every evening to hear his lessons. He amused himself, while confined to the house, with publishing a little newspaper, which he printed with his own hand.

3. When Nathaniel was eight or nine years old his mother took her three children to Raymond, Me., on

the banks of Sebago Lake. Here the boy lived a free out-of-door life, and formed his habits of solitude. "I lived in Maine," he said, "like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed."

He would skate alone in the moonlight upon Sebago Lake, and often, when tired, would rest in some wood-cutter's cabin, warming himself by the huge fireplace. The deep silence and dark shadows of the pine forests along the lake shore must have filled his mind with strange pictures and weird fancies.

In the summer time, he would fish all day or go hunting armed with an old fowling-piece. Those were delightful days; but by and by his mother decided that her boy must learn something more than he got from this wild life, and Nathaniel was sent back to Salem to prepare for college.

4. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College. There he led a happy life, having among his college mates the poet Longfellow and Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States. It was while in college that he decided to become an author. He had written verses some years before, but they had not much merit.

After his graduation he returned to Salem. There he spent many hours in writing and taking long walks by himself. His thoughts and fancies were busy as he roamed about, and much of the beauty of his writings is due to these solitary rambles.

5. A lady, who was the Annie in "Little Annie's Ramble," in "Twice Told Tales," remembers Hawthorne when he returned from Bowdoin College.

She was a little girl and used to sit on his knee, listening to stories more wonderful and beautiful than any she had ever read in any of her fairy books.

NORTH BRIDGE, CONCORD BATTLEFIELD, NEAR THE "OLD MANSE."

In 1837 Hawthorne published a number of his stories, under the title of "Twice Told Tales." This book attracted but little attention from the public, although his genius was recognized by some.

His old classmate, Mr. Longfellow, was much impressed by them and praised them highly. Hawthorne, however, was so modest, sensitive, and retiring that he was unwilling to thrust himself forward, and published nothing more for a number of years. These two modest little volumes of sketches established Hawthorne's reputation as one of the most original authors of our time.

6. In 1842 he was married to Sophia Peabody, and

they went to Concord, where they lived in the "Old Manse," a famous homestead near the Concord battlefield. He and his wife were very happy in this quiet old farm-house, enjoying together the rural life, and seeing only a few friends, among them Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Their days glided by as peacefully as the gentle Concord River, which flowed at the foot of the meadow behind the "Old Manse." Hawthorne could see this river from his study window, and said of it, —

"In the light of a calm and golden sunset it becomes lovely beyond expression; the more lovely for the quietude that so well accords with the hour, when even the wind, after blustering all day long, usually hushes itself to rest."

7. For four years Hawthorne made this his home. During this time he wrote the stories called "Mosses from an Old Manse," and it was here that his daughter Una was born. Two other children were born later, Julian, the well-known writer, and Rose. These children were very dear to their father. He cared for them lovingly, and told them wonderful stories.

The four years in Concord were followed by four years in Salem, where Hawthorne held a position in the Custom House. It was not a pleasant place, this dull old Custom House, but he filled his office most faithfully, using his spare moments for writing. When he lost the office, in

1849, he was discouraged, for he had no heart to try to sell his books.

8. Mr. James T. Fields, a well-known publisher and friend of Hawthorne's, went to see him at this time, and insisted on seeing what he had been writing. Hawthorne refused at first to show it to him, saying, "Who would

THE "OLD MANSE," CONCORD, MASS.

risk publishing a book for me, the most unpopular writer in America?" "I would," said Mr. Fields, and Hawthorne let him take the plan of the story called "The Scarlet Letter."

Mr. Fields read it on his way to Boston, wrote him a note all aglow with admiration, and returned to Salem the next day to arrange for its publication. "The Scarlet

Letter" proved to be a book so full of power, feeling, and poetic spirit that it made the writer famous, and his fame increased steadily. His people are lifelike; but an air of mystery broods over them and holds the reader spellbound.

9. Hawthorne removed during this year to Lenox, and lived in a little red cottage among the Berkshire Hills. There he and his family had a delightful home, enjoying the constant change on the lake and mountains, which could be seen from their windows. Here it was that he wrote "The House of the Seven Gables." This story is full of grace and beauty, and there is a charm about its quaint characters.

In 1853, President Pierce, Hawthorne's old college friend, sent him to Liverpool, as American Consul. During his stay there, he received honor and attention from the best families in England. "Our Old Home" was written at this time.

10. In 1857, after his term of office as Consul was over, he went to Italy. He was charmed with the life there, and said he should carry the old villa with its moss-grown tower and "clap it into a romance"; and it was there that he began "The Marble Faun," which was published both in England and in America.

Before going to England, Hawthorne had bought a house in Concord, which he called "The Wayside." He

and his family returned there in 1860. In this quiet spot Hawthorne spent the last four years of his life writing in the little tower room he had added to his house, that he might be by himself, and muse and think. At one side of his house lay a little hillside where he might walk, and in pleasant weather he could be found there.

Among his writings are a number of stories for children: "The Tanglewood Tales," "The Snow-Image," "The Wonder Book," and some stories of American history.

11. During the last years, Hawthorne's health began to fail, and he was unable to apply himself to his writing. In the month of May, 1864, he went away for a trip with his old friend President Pierce, and while at Plymouth, N. H., he fell into a deep sleep never to waken. He was carried to Concord, and is buried under a group of pines in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

APRIL.

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Mrs. Jackson, whose writings under the pseudonym of "H. H." are favorably known, was the daughter of Professor Fiske of Amherst College. She was born at Amherst, Mass., in 1831. At an early age she married an army officer who met with an accidental death during the war. Five years afterward she married Mr. Jackson and made her home in Colorado.

Mrs. Jackson wrote many volumes of both prose and verse, and several stories for children. She was deeply interested in the Indians, and in 1884 published a powerful novel in their behalf called "Ramona." Her poems are marked by spiritual truth and glow with the highest beauty. Mrs. Jackson died in California in 1885.

Robins call robins in tops of trees;
  Doves follow doves with scarlet feet;
Frolicking babies, sweeter than these,
  Crowd green corners where highways meet.

Violets stir and arbutus wakes,
  Claytonia's rosy bells unfold;
Dandelion through the meadow makes
  A royal road, with seals of gold.

Golden and snowy and red the flowers,
  Golden and snowy and red in vain;
Robins call robins through sad showers;
  The white dove's feet are wet with rain.

For April sobs while these are so glad,
  April weeps while these are so gay,—
Weeps like a tired child who had,
  Playing with flowers, lost its way.

THE SNOW-IMAGE:

A CHILDISH MIRACLE.

(Abridged.)

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Part I.

ē mĕr'ged' ĭn dĭs tĭnct' ăc côrd'ĭng lў
dĭf'fĭ cŭl tў pĭl'grĭm ăge ăt'mŏs phēre

1. One afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow. The elder child was a little girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to be very beautiful, her

parents, and other people who were familiar with her, used to call Violet. But her brother was known by the style and title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers. . . .

"Yes, Violet, — yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother; "you may go out and play in the new snow."

2. Forth sallied the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snowdrift, whence Violet emerged like a snow bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time had they!

To look at them, frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snowbirds were, to take delight only in the tempest, and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

3. At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow, — an image of a little girl, — and it shall be our sister, and

shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet; "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow sister will not love the warmth."

4. And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow. . . .

Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest but indistinct hum of the two children's voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit, while Peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near.

5. "Peony, Peony!" cried Violet; for her brother was at the other side of the garden. "Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear-tree. You can clamber on the snowdrift,

Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow sister's head!"

"Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"

"Does she not look sweetly?" said Violet, with a very satisfied tone; "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense! — come in out of the cold!'"

6. There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully, —

"Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud, and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

"Yes; it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony. "O Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!"

"Oh, certainly," said Violet, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red, — redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red if we both kiss them!"

7. Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

8. Just then there came a breeze of the pure west wind, sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold that the mother was about to tap on the window pane with her thimbled finger, to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her with one voice, —

"Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow sister, and she is running about the garden with us!"

"Dear mamma!" cried Violet, "pray look out and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

9. The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but whom or what did she see besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children!

The child seemed to be on as familiar terms with Violet

and Peony, and they with her, as if all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives. The mother thought to herself that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere out of doors was already growing very cold.

10. But, after opening the house door, she stood an instant on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snowdrift, or how a snowdrift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet, and whispered to her.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, "this is our little snow sister, whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother, and looking up simply into her face. "This is our snow-image! Is it not a nice little child?"

THE·SNOW·IMAGE·
S.F.B.

THE SNOW-IMAGE.

Part II.

ăs sĕv′ĕr ā tĕd
rōg*u*′ĭsh lў̆
bē nĕv′ō l*e*nt

ŏc cā′sion (zhŭn) *a*l lў̆
pĕr plĕx′ĭ tў̆
trī′ŭmph ĭng

1. At this instant a flock of snowbirds came flitting through the air. As was very natural, they avoided Violet and Peony. But, — and this looked strange, — they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered eagerly about her head, alighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her as an old acquaintance.

She, on her part, was evidently as glad to see these little birds, old Winter's grandchildren, as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding out both her hands. Hereupon they each and all tried to alight on her two palms and ten small fingers and thumbs, crowding one another off, with an immense fluttering of their tiny wings. One dear little bird nestled tenderly in her bosom; another put its bill to her lips. They were as joyous, all the while, and seemed as much in their element as you may have seen them when sporting with a snow-storm.

2. "Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image, which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

"Yes, mamma," asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz; "this is little snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!"

3. While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was thrown open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears and the thickest of gloves upon his hands. He soon perceived the little white stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden, like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snow-birds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown and those thin slippers!"

"Dear father," cried Violet, putting herself before him. "This is our little snow girl, and she cannot live any longer than while she breathes the cold west wind. Do not make her come into the hot room!"

4. But now kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him, beseeching him to let the snow-child stay and enjoy herself in the cold west wind. As he approached, the snowbirds took to flight. The little white damsel also fled backward, shaking her head, as if to say, "Pray, do not touch me!" and roguishly as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow. Once the good man stumbled and floundered down upon his face, so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough pilot-cloth sack, he looked as white and wintry as a snow-image of the largest size.

5. At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him. His wife had been looking on, and, it being nearly twilight, was wonder-struck to observe how the snow-child gleamed and sparkled, and how she seemed to shed a glow all round about her; and when driven into the corner, she positively glistened like a star!

It was a frosty kind of brightness, too, like that of an icicle in the moonlight. The wife thought it strange that good Mr. Lindsey should see nothing remarkable in the snow-child's appearance.

6. "Come, you odd little thing!" cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand, "I have caught you at last. and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We

will put a nice warm pair of worsted stockings on your frozen little feet, and you shall have a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten. But we will make it all right. Come along in."

7. And so, with a most benevolent smile, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her towards the house. She followed him, droopingly and reluctant, for all the glow and sparkle was gone out of her figure; and whereas just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw. As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps to the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face, their eyes full of tears, and again entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

8. "Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet! — quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold already that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if,

while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

"After all, husband," said the mother, — "after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

9. A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child, and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearth rug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. "Make yourself at home, my child."

10. Sad, sad, and drooping looked the little white maiden, as she stood on the hearth rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her. Once she threw a glance wistfully toward the windows, and caught a glimpse, through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled

the window panes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

11. "Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woollen shawl or blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors and find out where she belongs."

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as he re-entered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor — dear — beau-ti-ful little snow sister is thawed!"

12. And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this everyday world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife.

She could only reply that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of

the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth rug.

13. "And there you see all that is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him, through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow sister!"

And the Heidenberg stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey, like a red-eyed demon, triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

A BRAVE BOY.

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

From "Two Little Confederates." Copyright, 1888, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, a descendant of General Nelson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born at Oakland, Va., in 1853. The land on which the home of his boyhood stood had been granted to General Nelson by King George of England. The house was situated at the meeting of two roads that lead to Richmond. During the war these roads were the highways of two armies.

The boy was taught at home by his aunt and father. He had a remarkable memory and was very quick at figures.

He and his brothers played about his father's plantation. They liked to spend their evenings in the log cabins, listening to the

weird tales told by the colored people, while the burning pine knot made strange shadows on the cabin walls.

When the war broke out, the army of North Virginia camped for two winters near the plantation. The boys saw a great deal of camp life, and listened to war stories without end.

In 1868 the future author went to Washington College, and while there wrote for the college paper. He afterwards taught school, and then studied law at the University of Virginia, where he was graduated with honor at the end of one year.

The many tales heard in his boyhood and the pictures of plantation life began to weave themselves into stories. It was some time before he was able to find a publisher; but his talent was finally recognized, and now his tales of the South are very popular. Whether drawn from the mansion house or the cabin, they are filled with humor, pathos, and feeling.

Mr. Page's "Two Little Confederates," from which the following selection has been taken, is a story of the war, full of stirring incidents. Frank and Willie were the "Two Little Confederates." They had an older brother in the Confederate Army, and he and his General were hiding in a cave while the Union soldiers were hunting for them. The two boys had been to carry some food to them.

dĕ scĕnd′*ant*	chĕv′rŏn
ĭn dĕ pĕnd′*ençe*	mŭs tâche′
ȧ pŏl′ŏ ġў	côr′pŏ *ral*
păr′ȧ lȳzed	rē ăp pē*ared*′

1. After crossing the gully and walking on through the woods for what they thought a safe distance, they turned into the path. They were talking very merrily about the General and Hugh and their friend Mills, and were discussing some romantic plan for the recapture of their horses from the enemy, when they came out of the path into a road, and found themselves within twenty yards of a group of Federal soldiers, quietly sitting on their horses, evidently guarding the road.

2. The sight of the blue coats made the boys jump. They would have crept back, but it was too late — they caught the eye of the man nearest them. They ceased talking as suddenly as birds in the tree stop chirping when the hawk sails over; and when one Yankee called to them, in a stern tone, "Halt there!" and started to come toward them, their hearts were in their mouths.

"Where are you boys going?" he asked, as he came up to them.

"Going home."

"Where do you belong?"

"Over there — at Oakland," pointing in the direction of their home, which seemed suddenly to have moved a thousand miles away.

"Where have you been?" The other soldiers had come up now.

"Been down this way." The boys' voices were never so meek before. Each reply was like an apology.

3. "Been to see your brother?" asked one who had not spoken before — a pleasant-looking fellow. The boys looked at him. They were paralyzed by dread of the approaching question.

"Now, boys, we know where you have been," said a small fellow, who wore a yellow chevron on his arm. He had a thin mustache and a sharp nose, and rode a wiry, dull, sorrel horse. "You may just as well tell us all about it. We know you've been to see 'em, and we are going to make you carry us where they are."

"No, we ain't," said Frank, doggedly.

Willy expressed his determination also.

4. "If you don't, it's going to be pretty bad for you," said the little corporal. He gave an order to two of the men, who sprang from their horses, and, catching Frank, swung him up behind another cavalryman. The boy's face was very pale, but he bit his lip.

"Go ahead," continued the corporal to a number of his men, who started down the path. "You four men remain here till we come back," he said to the men on the ground, and to two others on horseback. "Keep him here," jerking his thumb towards Willy, whose face was already burning with emotion.

5. "I'm going with Frank," said Willy. "Let me go."

This to the man who had hold of him by the arm. "Frank, make him let me go," he shouted, bursting into tears, and turning on his captor with all his little might.

"Willy, he 's not goin' to hurt you, — don't you tell!" called Frank, squirming until he dug his heels so into the horse's flank that the horse began to kick up.

"Keep quiet, Johnny; he 's not goin' to hurt him," said one of the men, kindly. He had a brown beard and shining white teeth.

6. They rode slowly down the narrow path, the dragoon holding Frank by the leg. Deep down in the woods, beyond a small branch, the path forked.

"Which way?" asked the corporal, stopping, and addressing Frank.

Frank set his mouth tight and looked him in the eyes.

"Which is it?" the corporal repeated.

"I 'm not going to tell," said he, firmly.

"Look here, Johnny; we 've got you, and we are going to make you tell us; so you might just as well do it easy. If you don't, we 're goin' to make you."

The boy said nothing.

7. "You men dismount. Stubbs, hold the horses." He himself dismounted, and three others did the same, giving their horses to a fourth.

"Get down!" — this to Frank and the soldier behind whom he was riding. The soldier dismounted, and the

boy slipped off after him and faced his captor, who held a strap in one hand.

"Are you goin' to tell us?" he asked.

"No."

"Don't you know?" He came a step nearer and held the strap forward. There was a long silence. The boy's

FRANK FACES HIS CAPTOR.

face paled, but took on a look as if the proceedings were indifferent to him.

8. "If you say you don't know—" said the man, hesitating in face of the boy's resolution. "Don't you know where they are?"

"Yes, I know; but I ain't goin' to tell you," said Frank, bursting into tears.

"The little Johnny's game," said the soldier who had told him the others were not going to hurt Willy. The corporal said something to this man in an undertone, to which he replied:

"You can try, but it is n't going to do any good. I don't half like it, anyway."

Frank had stopped crying after his first outburst.

"If you don't tell, we are going to shoot you," said the little soldier, drawing his pistol.

9. The boy shut his mouth close and looked straight at the corporal. The man laid down his pistol, and, seizing Frank, drew his hands behind him and tied them.

"Get ready, men," he said, as he drew the boy aside to a small tree, putting him with his back to it.

Frank thought his hour had come. He thought of his mother and Willy, and wondered if the soldiers would shoot Willy, too. His face twitched and grew ghastly white. Then he thought of his father, and of how proud he would be of his son's bravery when he should hear of it. This gave him strength.

"The knot — hurts my hands," he said.

The man leaned over and eased it a little.

"I was n't crying because I was scared," said Frank.

"Now, boys, get ready," said the corporal, taking up his pistol.

10. How large it looked to Frank. He wondered where the bullets would hit him, and if the wounds would bleed, and whether he would be left alone all night out there in the woods.

"I want to say my prayers," he said, faintly.

The soldier made some reply which he could not hear, and the man with the beard started forward; but just then all grew dark before his eyes.

Next, he thought he must have been shot, for he felt wet about his face, and was lying down. He heard some one say, "He's coming to"; and another replied, "Thank God!"

11. He opened his eyes. He was lying beside the little branch with his head in the lap of the big soldier with the beard, and the little corporal was leaning over him throwing water in his face from a cap. The others were standing around.

"What 's the matter?" asked Frank.

"That 's all right," said the little corporal, kindly. "We were just a-foolin' a bit with you, Johnny."

"We never meant to hurt you," said the other. "You feel better now?"

"Yes; where 's Willy?" He was too tired to move.

"He 's all right. We 'll take you to him."

"Am I shot?" asked Frank.

"No! Do you think we 'd have touched a hair of your head — and you such a brave little fellow? We were

just trying to scare you a bit and carried it too far, and you got a little faint, — that 's all."

12. The voice was so kind that Frank was encouraged to sit up.

"Can you walk now?" asked the corporal, helping him and steadying him as he rose to his feet.

"I 'll take him," said the big fellow, and before the boy could move, he had stooped, taken Frank in his arms, and was carrying him back toward the place where they had left Willy, while the others followed after with the horses.

"I can walk," said Frank.

"No, I 'll carry you."

13. The boy did not know that the big dragoon was looking down at the light hair resting on his arm, and that while he trod the Virginia wood-path, in fancy he was home in Delaware; or that the pressure the boy felt from his strong arms was a caress given for the sake of another boy far away on the Brandywine. A little while before they came in sight, Frank asked to be put down.

The soldier gently set him on his feet, and before he let him go, kissed him.

"I 've got a curly-headed fellow at home, just the size of you," he said softly.

Frank saw that his eyes were moist. "I hope you 'll get safe back to him," he said.

"God grant it!" said the soldier.

14. When they reached the squad at the gate, they found Willy still in much distress on Frank's account; but he wiped his eyes when his brother reappeared, and listened with pride to the soldiers' praise of Frank's "grit," as they called it. When they let the boys go, the little corporal wished Frank to accept a five-dollar gold piece; but he politely declined it.

THE LITTLE POST-BOY.

(Abridged.)

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

Bayard Taylor, who wrote the story of "The Little Post-Boy," was a great traveler and writer. His early home was at Kennett Square, Penn. His earliest desire was to go forth to see the world. He writes, —

"In looking back to my childhood, I can recall the intensest desire to climb upward and take in a far wider sweep of vision. I envied every bird that sat swinging upon the topmost bough of the great cherry tree; and to rise in a balloon was a bliss which I would almost give my life to enjoy.

"Looking out of my window, on a bright May morning, I discovered a row of slats which had been nailed over the shingles, and

had not been removed. Here was a chance to reach the comb of the steep roof and take my first look abroad into the world. I ventured out and was soon seated outside the sharp ridge. Unknown forests, new fields, and houses appeared to my triumphant view. The prospect, though it did not extend more than four miles in any direction, was boundless.

"Away in the northeast, glimmering through the trees, was a white object, probably the front of a distant barn; but I shouted to the astonished servant girl, who had just discovered me from the garden below, 'I see the falls of Niagara!'"

Bayard had read all the books in the little library of his village before he was twelve years old, and had several books of his own, bought with money which he had earned selling nuts. Books of travel and poetry were his favorites, and he felt sure he should sometime visit the lands of which he read.

He began writing when very young, but did nothing with his writings until he was about seventeen, when he went to assist a printer, who published a village paper. His work there left him time for reading and writing poems, which were printed in the newspapers.

His first book was a little volume of poems, published when he was nineteen. Soon after he went abroad and spent two years traveling about on foot. On his return, he wrote "Views Afoot," which made him well known.

The greater part of his life was spent in traveling and writing.

pär tĭç′ĭ pā tĕd	ĭn çĕs′*s*ant lў
ĭn fŏr mā′tion (shŭn)	çĭr cū̆ lā′tion (shŭn)
thĕr mŏm′ĕ tĕr	ĕx *h*ạust′ĕd
ạu rō′rȧ	ĕx′trĭ cāte

1. In my travels about the world, I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I might tell

you many things about their dress, their speech, and their habits of life, in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear me relate some of my adventures in which children participated, so that the story and the information shall be given together.

This one shall be the story of my adventure with a little post-boy, in the northern part of Sweden. Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold.

2. I made my journey in the winter because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sleds can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should have felt inclined to turn back more than once.

But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a Swedish province, commencing about two hundred miles north of Stockholm.

They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes, and the handsomest teeth I ever saw. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post-stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another.

3. I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down, until long after the stars came out, and then get a warm supper in some dark-red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days.

Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

4. One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky.

The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before. "There will be a storm soon," said my post-boy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. At seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

5. I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travelers at the station and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with two lumber merchants; but his wife — a friendly, rosy-faced woman — prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made an excellent meal.

I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

6. Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes and smiled; and his mother made haste to say: "You need have no fear, sir. Lars is young; but he 'll take you safe enough. If the storm don't get worse, you 'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

7. While I was deliberating with myself the boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin, and a thick woolen scarf around his nose and mouth, so that only the round blue eyes were visible; and then his mother took down the mittens

of hare's fur from the stove, where they had been hung to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all.

8. The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir-trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully that after awhile my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road, — not too far to the left. Well done. Here's a level: now trot a bit."

So we went on, — sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill, — for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed

or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes), "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

9. Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are: it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no ploughs out to-night we 'll have trouble."

10. In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. For my part, I saw nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees; there was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts

we would sink to the waist. Wait a little and we shall get through this one."

11. It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road: we could feel that the ground was uneven and covered with roots and bushes.

SEEKING REFUGE FROM THE STORM.

Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the loose snow that I was glad to extricate myself and return. It was a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

12. I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road is," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt last winter up on the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin."

13. It was a slow task to unharness the horse, but we did it at last. Lars then led him under a fir-tree, and tied him to a branch, gave him some hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side

towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side, he said: "Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay and then creep under it."

14. I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them.

When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body. When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood.

15. A delightful feeling of comfort crept over me, and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did

Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep.

Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen upon his elbow and was peeping out from under the skins.

16. "I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out thus early to plough the road.

After they had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold, morning twilight, and in little more than an hour reached the post-house.

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

By GEORGE MacDONALD.

A most original and interesting writer is George MacDonald, who was born in 1824, in a little town in Scotland, some thirty miles or more above Aberdeen. He received a university education and entered the ministry. Like all Scotchmen, he dearly loves his native land, and during all of his life has been a deep student of Scottish life and scenery.

Years ago Mr. MacDonald was obliged to give up regular preaching on account of his health. He began to describe the Scottish life and scenery which were so dear and familiar to him. He has written some powerful novels, rich in thought, as well as a great number of stories and poems for young people.

His fairy tales, especially "At the Back of the North Wind," "The Princess and the Goblin," and also "The Princess and Curdie," make fascinating reading for children, and are full of beautiful fancies.

This genial Scotch author has made thousands of friends all over the world who have never seen his face. They have been won to him by his writings, which appeal to their hearts and stimulate them to better things.

Mr. MacDonald is tall, of a fine figure and dignified presence, and has a handsome, striking face with a grave but sweet expression. He speaks with a Scottish accent. He preaches now and then, but most of his time is devoted to literary work, which was taken up as a recreation when his health failed.

Said the wind to the moon, "I will blow you out.
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I'm about.
I hate to be watched ; I will blow you out."

The wind blew hard, and out went the moon.
So deep
On a heap
Of cloudless sleep,
Down lay the wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low — "I 've done for that moon."

He turned in his bed ; she was there again!
On high
In the sky
With her ghost eye,
The moon shone white and alive and plain ;
Said the wind — "I will blow you out again."

He blew, and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More 's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the sky stars shone;
Sure and certain the moon was gone!

The wind took to his revels once more.
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar.
"What 's that?" The glimmering thread once more.

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks, and blew.

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night
And shone
On the throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the wind — "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith,
I blew her to death,
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in; what strength am I!"

But the moon knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great wind blare.

THE MOUSE AND THE MOONBEAM.

(Abridged.)

From "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field.

EUGENE FIELD is a writer who belongs to every one. The East and the West both claim him, and he has written as much for children as for older people.

His writing was so largely the expression of a warm, loving heart that no one could be left out or forgotten in the songs that sprang from its depths.

He was born in the city of St. Louis, in September, 1850. At the death of his mother, when Eugene was six years old, he and his brother Roswell were taken to Amherst, Mass.,

where their cousin cared for them like a mother. Eugene was a happy, loving boy, very fond of pets. He had an odd name for every cat, dog, or bird, and talked with them as if they understood him. In after years he gave his children just such odd pet names.

His early education was received at Amherst. He was but an ordinary scholar, but had a marked talent for drawing and would often spend an hour decorating a letter with elves and brownies. His father was a great student, and the boys at one time carried on a correspondence with him in Latin. After studying at Williams and Knox Colleges, Eugene joined his brother at the University of Missouri, and there finished his education.

After a trip abroad, he was married to Miss Comstock, the sister of a college friend. He now began work in earnest on a newspaper in St. Louis, becoming quite famous in his line of writing. In 1883 he went to Chicago, where he remained the rest of his life. His poetic talent was very slow in showing itself, the first poem of any merit being written when he was thirty. His earlier writings were on the comic line, and it was not until after the publication of "Little Boy Blue" that the deeper fountains of his genius became apparent.

Unlike most writers, he loved to have others near him while he worked. He delighted in Nature, but wished some dear companion close at hand to share his pleasure in her. Many were the boyhood rambles he took over the hills about Amherst, and in later life his eye was quick to notice and delight in the changes in the landscape about him. He made friends everywhere, but was at his best in his family. Much of his tenderest verse is full of bright pictures of his home life. Mr. Field died in 1895.

dĭg′nĭ fīed
ĕx′ĕ cūt ĭng
lēagues
ĭn tĕr rŭpt′
pȧs′tŭr ȧġe
vĕr′dūre
beaū′tĕ oŭs
ĭl lū′mĭned

1. Whilst you were sleeping, little Dear-my-Soul, strange things happened; but that I saw and heard them, I should never have believed them. The clock stood, of course, in the corner, a moonbeam floated idly on the floor, and a little mauve mouse came from the hole in the chimney corner and frisked and scampered in the light of the moonbeam upon the floor.

The little mauve mouse was particularly merry; sometimes she danced upon two legs and sometimes upon four legs, but always very daintily and always very merrily.

2. "Ah, me!" sighed the old clock, "how different mice are nowadays from the mice we used to have in the good old times! Now there was your grandma, Mistress Velvetpaw, and there was your grandpa, Master Sniff-whisker, — how grave and dignified they were!

"Many a night have I seen them dancing upon the carpet below me, but always the stately minuet and never that crazy frisking which you are executing now, to my surprise — yes, and to my horror, too."

"But why should n't I be merry?" asked the little

THE OLD CLOCK CHATS WITH THE MAUVE MOUSE.

mauve mouse. "To-morrow is Christmas, and this is Christmas eve."

"So it is," said the old clock. "I had really forgotten all about it. But, tell me, what is Christmas to you, little Miss Mauve Mouse?"

3. "A great deal to me!" cried the little mauve mouse. "I have been very good a very long time: I have not used any bad words, nor have I gnawed any holes, nor have I stolen any canary seed, nor have I worried my mother by running behind the flour barrel where that horrid trap is set. In fact, I have been so good that I'm very sure Santa Claus will bring me something very pretty."

This seemed to amuse the old clock mightily; in fact, the old clock fell to laughing

so heartily that she struck twelve instead of ten, which was exceedingly careless.

4. "Why, you silly little mauve mouse," said the old clock, "you don't believe in Santa Claus, do you?"

"Of course I do," answered the little mauve mouse. "Believe in Santa Claus? Why should n't I? Did n't Santa Claus bring me a beautiful butter-cracker last Christmas, and a lovely gingersnap, and a delicious rind of cheese, and — and — lots of things? I should be very ungrateful if I did not believe in Santa Claus, and I certainly shall not disbelieve in him at the very moment when I am expecting him to arrive with a bundle of goodies for me."

5. "But if you believe in Santa Claus, why aren't you in bed?" said the old clock.

"That 's where I shall be presently," answered the little mauve mouse, "but I must have my scamper, you know. It is very pleasant, I assure you, to frolic in the light of the moon; only I cannot understand why you are always so cold and so solemn and so still, you pale, pretty little moonbeam."

"Indeed, I do not know that I am so," said the moonbeam. "But I am very old, and I have traveled many, many leagues, and I have seen wondrous things. Sometimes I toss upon the ocean, sometimes I fall upon a slumbering flower. I see the fairies at their play, and I

bear mothers singing lullabies. Last night I swept across the frozen bosom of a river."

6. "How strangely you talk," said the old clock. "Now, I'll warrant me that, if you wanted to, you could tell many a pretty and wonderful story. You must know many a Christmas tale; pray, tell us one to wear away this night of Christmas watching."

"I know but one," said the moonbeam. "I have told it over and over again, in every land and in every home; yet I do not weary of it. It is very simple. Should you like to hear it?"

"Indeed we should," said the old clock; "but before you begin, let me strike twelve, for I should n't want to interrupt you."

7. When the old clock had performed this duty, the moonbeam began its story: —

"Upon a time — so long ago that I can't tell how long ago it was — I fell upon a hillside. It was in a far distant country; this I know, because, although it was the Christmas time, it was not in that country as it is wont to be in countries to the north. Hither the snow king never came; flowers bloomed all the year, and at all times the lambs found pleasant pasturage on the hillsides.

"The night wind was balmy, and there was a fragrance of cedar in its breath. There were violets on the hillside, and I fell amongst them and lay there. I kissed them

and they awakened. 'Ah, is it you, little moonbeam?' they said, and they nestled in the grass which the lambs had left uncropped.

8. "A shepherd lay upon a broad stone on the hillside; above him spread an olive tree, old, ragged, and gloomy. The shepherd's name was Benoni. Wearied with long watching, he had fallen asleep; his crook had slipped from his hand.

"Upon the hillside, too, slept the shepherd's flock. I had counted them again and again; I had stolen across their gentle faces and brought them pleasant dreams of green pastures and of cool water-brooks.

"'Ah, is it you, little moonbeam?' quoth the violets. 'You have come in good time. Nestle here with us, and see wonderful things come to pass.'

"'What are these wonderful things of which you speak?' I asked.

9. "'We heard the old olive tree telling of them to-night,' said the violets.

"'Do not go to sleep, little violets,' said the old olive tree, 'for this is Christmas night, and the Master shall walk upon the hillside in the glory of the midnight hour.'

"So we waited and watched; one by one the lambs fell asleep; one by one the stars peeped out; the shepherd nodded and crooned and crooned and nodded, and at last

he, too, went fast asleep, and his crook slipped from his keeping.

"Then we called to the old olive tree yonder, asking how soon the midnight hour would come; but all the old olive tree answered was, 'Presently, presently,' and finally we, too, fell asleep, wearied by our long watching, and lulled by the rocking and swaying of the old olive tree in the breezes of the night.

10. "'But who is this Master?' I asked.

"'A child, a little child,' they answered. 'He is called the little Master by the others. He comes here often and plays among the flowers of the hillside. Sometimes the lambs, gamboling too carelessly, have crushed and bruised us so that we lie bleeding and are likely to die; but the little Master heals our wounds and refreshes us once again.'

"I marveled much to hear these things. 'The midnight hour is at hand,' said I, 'and I will abide with you to see this little Master of whom you speak.' So we nestled among the verdure of the hillside, and sang songs one to another.

11. "'Come away!' called the night wind; 'I know a beauteous sea not far hence, upon whose bosom you shall float, float, float away out into the mists and clouds, if you will come with me.'

"But I hid under the violets and amid the tall grass,

that the night wind might not woo me with its pleading. 'Ho there, old olive tree!' cried the violets; 'do you see the little Master coming? Is not the midnight hour at hand?'

"'I can see the town yonder,' said the old olive tree. 'A star beams bright over Bethlehem, the iron gates swing open, and the little Master comes.'

12. "Two children came to the hillside. The one, older than his comrade, was Dimas, the son of Benoni. He was rugged and sinewy, and over his brown shoulders was flung a goatskin; a leathern cap did not confine his long, dark, curly hair. The other child was he whom they called the little Master; about his slender form clung raiment white as snow, and around his face of heavenly innocence fell curls of golden yellow.

"So beautiful a child I had not seen before, nor have I ever since seen such as he. And as they came together to the hillside, there seemed to glow about the little Master's head a soft white light, as if the moon had sent its tenderest, fairest beams to kiss those golden curls.

13. "'What sound was that?' cried Dimas, for he was exceeding fearful.

"'Have no fear, Dimas,' said the little Master. 'Give me thy hand, and I will lead thee.'

"Presently they came to the rock whereon Benoni, the shepherd, lay; and they stood under the old olive tree,

and the old olive tree swayed no longer in the night wind, but bent its branches reverently in the presence of the little Master. It seemed as if the wind, too, stayed in its shifting course just then; for suddenly there was a solemn hush.

"'Thy father sleeps,' said the little Master, 'and it is well that it is so; for that I love thee, Dimas, and that thou shalt walk with me in my Father's kingdom, I would show thee the glories of my birthright.'

14. "Then all at once sweet music filled the air, and light, greater than the light of day, illumined the sky and fell upon all that hillside. The heavens opened, and angels, singing joyous songs, walked to the earth. More wondrous still, the stars, falling from their places in the sky, clustered upon the old olive tree, and swung hither and thither like colored lanterns. The flowers of the hillside all awakened, and they, too, danced and sang.

"The angels, coming hither, hung gold and silver and jewels and precious stones upon the old olive, where swung the stars; so that the glory of that sight, though I might live forever, I shall never see again.

"When Dimas heard and saw these things he fell upon his knees, and catching the hem of the little Master's garment, he kissed it.

"'Greater joy than this shall be thine, Dimas,' said the little Master; 'but first must all things be fulfilled.'

15. "All through that Christmas night did the angels come and go with their sweet anthems; all through that Christmas night did the stars dance and sing; and when it came my time to steal away, the hillside was still beautiful with the glory and the music of heaven."

"Well, is that all?" asked the old clock.

"No," said the moonbeam; "but I am nearly done. The years went on. Sometimes I tossed upon the ocean's bosom, sometimes I scampered o'er a battlefield, sometimes I lay upon a dead child's face. I heard the voices of Darkness and mothers' lullabies and sick men's prayers, — and so the years went on.

16. "I fell one night upon a hard and furrowed face. It was of ghostly pallor. A thief was dying on the cross, and this was his wretched face. About the cross stood men with staves and swords and spears, but none paid heed unto the thief. Somewhat beyond this cross another was lifted up, and upon it was stretched a human body my light fell not upon.

"But I heard a voice that somewhere I had heard before, — though where I did not know, — and this voice blessed those that railed and jeered and shamefully entreated. And suddenly the voice called 'Dimas, Dimas!' and the thief upon whose hardened face I rested made answer.

17. "Then I saw that it was Dimas; yet to this wicked

criminal there remained but little of the shepherd child whom I had seen in all his innocence upon the hillside. Long years of sinful life had seared their marks into his face; yet now, at the sound of that familiar voice, somewhat of the old-time boyish look came back, and I seemed to see the shepherd's son again.

"'The Master!' cried Dimas, and he stretched forth his neck that he might see him that spake.

"'O Dimas, how art thou changed!' cried the Master, yet there was in his voice no tone of rebuke save that which cometh of love.

18. "Then Dimas wept, and in that hour he forgot his pain. And the Master's consoling voice and the Master's presence there wrought in the dying criminal such a new spirit that when at last his head fell upon his bosom, and the men about the cross said that he was dead, it seemed as if I shined, not upon a felon's face, but upon the face of the gentle shepherd lad, the son of Benoni.

"And shining on that dead and peaceful face, I bethought me of the little Master's words that he had spoken under the old olive tree upon the hillside: 'Your eyes behold the promised glory now, O Dimas,' I whispered, 'for with the Master you walk in Paradise.'"

19. Ah, little Dear-my-Soul, you know — you know whereof the moonbeam spake. The shepherd's bones are dust, the flocks are scattered, the old olive tree is gone,

the flowers of the hillside are withered, and none knoweth where the grave of Dimas is made. But last night again there shined a star over Bethlehem, and the angels descended from the sky to earth, and the stars sang together in glory.

And the bells, — hear them, little Dear-my-Soul, how sweetly they are ringing, — the bells bear us the good tidings of great joy this Christmas morning, that our Christ is born, and that with him he bringeth peace on earth and goodwill toward men.

THE STORY OF FLORINDA.

By ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

mŏc′cȧ sĭn	mĕs′sĕn ġĕr
ĕs pec′ial (pĕsh *a*l) lў	co*ŭ*r ā′*ġeo*ŭs

1. Mr. Bowen came over from England more than two hundred years ago, bringing his family with him. The country was then covered with woods. Indians, deer, wolves, and foxes had it pretty much to themselves.

There was one other house in the valley, and only one, and that belonged to a man named Moore. Four miles away, at the Point, there were some dozen or twenty houses, a store, and a mill; no road between, only a

blind pathway through the woods. Those woods reached hundreds of miles.

2. Mr. Bowen had lived in this country a little more than a year when his wife died, leaving three children, — Philip, not quite eleven, Nathaniel, six, and Polly, three.

He hired a young girl to take care of these children and to keep house for him. Her name was Florinda LeShore. She was born in France, but had spent the greater part of her life in England. She was only fifteen years old.

3. Florinda went to Mr. Bowen's house sometime in November. On the 29th of December, as Mr. Bowen and Mr. Moore were saddling their horses to go to the store, word came that they must start at once for a place about fifteen miles away to consult with other settlers as to what should be done to defend themselves against the Indians.

So the two men turned their horses' heads in the direction of Dermott's Crossing, and thought they should make good time and be back by noon of the next day.

4. Two days and two nights passed, and they had neither come nor sent any message. By that time there was not much left to eat in either house. Florinda and the children slept both nights at Mrs. Moore's. Mrs. Moore's house was built of heavy timbers, and its doors were oak, studded with spikes.

The Indians never attacked a strong house like that, especially if guarded by a white man with firearms. Mrs. Moore was a feeble woman. She had two little children, and her brother was then living with her, — a young man named David Palmer, at that time confined indoors on account of having frozen his feet badly.

5. On the second morning Philip said to Florinda that he would take his hand sled and go through the woods to the store and get some meal and some bacon for themselves and Mrs. Moore. Florinda felt loath to let him go. It was a long distance, the snow was deep, — no track, and woods nearly all the way. But Philip said that he was n't afraid; the oldest boy ought to take care of the family; and at last Florinda said he might go. For, unless he did, they might all starve, especially if there should come on a heavy snowstorm.

6. Florinda spent the day in spinning and in other work for the family. As soon as it began to grow dark, Mrs. Moore sent her little boy over to inquire. Florinda sent word back that Philip had not come, and that she should wait until he did come before going over to Mrs. Moore's.

After the boy had gone back, Florinda barred the door and shut all the window shutters but one. She left that open so that Philip might see the firelight shining through. The children began to cry because Philip was out all

alone in the dark woods, and Florinda did everything she could to take up their minds. Nathaniel told afterward of her rolling up the cradle quilt into a baby for little Polly, and pinning an apron on it, and of her setting him letters to copy on the bellows with chalk.

At last little Polly fell asleep and was put into bed. Nathaniel laid his head on Florinda's lap and dropped asleep there, and slept till she got up to put more wood on. It was then nearly twelve o'clock. Nathaniel woke in a fright. He had been dreaming about wolves, which made him cry.

7. In the midst of his crying there came a tap at the door. Florinda made no answer. Then a voice said softly, "Florinda?" It was the young man, David Palmer, Mrs. Moore's brother. He had crawled all the way between the two houses to see if they were safe and if they would not come over. Florinda said no, that she had plenty of work to do and was not afraid, and meant to stay and keep a good fire for Philip.

The young man told her the window shutter ought to be shut, to keep the light from shining out, in case any Indians might be going through the woods; that when Philip got within half a mile of the house he could keep his course by the brook. Florinda closed the shutter. He then told her something, in a tone of voice too low for the children to hear, which made her look quite thought-

ful. He pointed to a knot hole in the shutter, and she hung a shawl over it. Then he dried his fur mittens a few minutes longer at the blaze, and went back to stay with his sister.

8. When the young man had been gone a little while, Nathaniel climbed up and looked through the knot hole, and told Florinda he saw a fire in the woods. Florinda said she thought not, may be it was the moon rising, and kept on with her spinning. By and by he looked again, and said he did see a fire and some Indians sitting down by it.

Florinda left her wheel then and looked through, and said yes, it was so. She kept watch afterwards, and saw them put out the fire and go away into the woods toward the Point. By this time it was pretty near morning.

On the back side of the hut, near the fireplace, there had been in the summer a hole or tunnel dug through to the outside under the logs. It was begun by a tame rabbit that belonged to Nathaniel.

9. The children at play dug the hole deeper and wider, and it came quite handy in getting in firewood. This passage was about four feet deep. They called it the "back doorway." When winter came on it was filled up with sand and moss. No doubt Florinda planned exactly what to do in case of an attack, as she spent the latter

part of that night in taking the filling from the "back doorway."

She said a great deal to Nathaniel about taking care of little Polly, — told him that if any bad Indians came to the door, he must catch hold of her hand and run just as fast as he could, through the "back way," to Mrs. Moore's.

10. While she was talking to Nathaniel, in the way I have said, they all heard a step outside. It was then a little after daybreak. Some one tapped at the door, and a strange voice said, "A friend, open *quick!*" She opened the door and found a white man standing there. This white man told her that unfriendly Indians were prowling about to rob, to kill, and to burn dwelling-houses.

The man was a messenger sent to warn people. As soon as he had gone Florinda double-barred the door, raked up the fire, put on her things and the children's things, and got ready to go over with them to Mrs. Moore's. But before starting she opened the shutter a crack and looked out and saw two Indians coming toward the door.

She whispered to Nathaniel, "Run! Run! You'll have time! I'll keep them out till you get away!" He heard the Indians yell and saw Florinda brace herself against the door.

11. Nathaniel ran with little Polly, and on the way they met the young man, David Palmer, creeping along with his gun. He was coming to tell Florinda to hurry

away. He presently saw two Indians start from the house and run into the woods. He then crept round the corner of the house. The door had been cut away. Florinda lay across the chest, dead, as he thought, — and indeed she was badly hurt.

FLORINDA DEFENDS THE HOUSE AGAINST THE INDIANS.

David Palmer did everything he could do to make her show some signs of life. At last Florinda came to her senses. She soon recovered and lived to a good old age, and often told her adventure with the Indians to her grandchildren.

Glancing toward the door, David saw a man on horseback, leading a horse with his right hand, and with his left drawing something heavy on a sled.

12. As the man on horseback came nearer, it proved to be Mr. Moore. He was leading Mr. Bowen's horse with his right hand, and with the other he was dragging along Mr. Bowen on Philip's hand sled.

Coming home from Dermott's Crossing Mr. Bowen had been taken sick and was only able to travel slowly, with Mr. Moore's assistance. When they had nearly reached home, Mr. Moore's dog in racing through the woods found Philip's sled in a clump of bushes and barked till the men went to the spot. Mr. Moore covered the sled with boughs, laid Mr. Bowen on them, and drew him along.

13. During all this time Philip had met with strange adventures. The day he went to the Point he had to wait for corn to be ground, which made him late in starting for home. He heard a good many reports concerning the Indians, and thought that it would be safer to take a roundabout course back; by doing this he lost his way and wandered in the woods till almost twelve o'clock at night, when he came out upon a cleared place where there were several log huts.

The people in one of these let him come in and sleep on the floor, and they gave him a good meal of meat and potatoes. He set out again between four and five in the morning, guided by a row of stars that those people pointed out to him.

14. A little after daybreak, being then about a quarter of a mile from home in a hilly place, he thought he would leave his sled, the load was so hard to draw, and run ahead and tell the folks about the Indians. So he pushed it under some bushes, and then, to mark the spot, he took one of his shoestrings and tied one of his mittens high up on the limb of a tree.

He heard strange sounds and climbed up into a hemlock tree which overhung a brook to hide out of sight and to look about. He lay along a branch listening, and presently saw Nathaniel hurrying toward the brook, leading little Polly, and was just going to call out when he caught sight of three Indians standing behind some trees, watching the two children.

15. Philip moved a little to see better, and by doing this lost sight of them a moment, and when he looked again they were both gone. He heard a crackling in the bushes, and caught sight of little Polly's blanket flying through the woods, and knew then that those Indians had carried off Nathaniel and little Polly. Without stopping to consider, he jumped down and followed on, thinking to find out where they went and tell his father.

Philip, by one way or another, kept on the trail of the Indians the whole day. Once it was by seeing a shred of a blanket. Another time it was by coming across a knife the Indians had stolen from some house.

And he had wit enough to break a limb or gash a tree now and then so as to find his way back; also to take the bearings of the hills. When the Indians halted to rest he had a chance to rest too.

16. At last they stopped for the night in a valley where there were two or three wigwams. He watched them go into one of these, and then he could not think what to do next. The night was setting in bitter cold.

The shoe he took the string from had come off in running, and that foot was nearly frozen, and would have been quite, only for his having tied some moss to the bottom of it with his pocket handkerchief. The hand that had no mitten was frozen. He had eaten nothing but boxberry plums and boxberry leaves.

He lay down on the snow. Then he began to feel sleepy, and knew nothing more till he woke inside of a wigwam, and found two Indian women rubbing him with snow. He did not see Nathaniel and little Polly. They were in another wigwam. There were two Indians squatting on the floor, one of them quite old.

Philip suffered dreadful pain in his foot and hand, but he shut his mouth tight for fear he might groan. He said afterward, when questioned about this part of his story, that *he* was not going to let them hear a white boy groan.

17. It was probably seeing him so courageous that

gave them the idea of offering him to their chief's wife. It was a custom among them, when a chief's wife lost a male child by death, to offer her another, usually a captive taken in war. If, after seeing the child offered in this way, she refused to adopt him, he was not suffered to live.

Now one of those two squaws in the wigwam felt inclined to keep Philip from being carried to where the chief lived; so next morning before light, when the Indians went off hunting, she sent the other squaw out on some errand, and then told Philip in broken English that he must run away that very morning. She bound up his foot, gave him a moccasin to wear on it, a bag of pounded corn, and a few strips of meat.

18. As soon as it began to grow light he went along without much trouble by means of the signs on the trees. But as he got farther on, there being fewer of these signs, he took the wrong course, — very luckily as it proved, for by doing so he fell in with two men on horseback, and one of these carried him home.

Philip described the place where the Indians were encamped, and that very night a party was sent out which captured the Indians and brought back Nathaniel and little Polly.

THE FATE OF THE INDIANS.

By CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Charles Sprague was born in Boston in 1791. Although he was employed for nearly forty years as cashier in a bank, he spent much time in writing.

He was a great favorite as an orator. His speeches were marked by strength and a brilliant style.

He was a large-hearted man, and the fate of the Indian race aroused his sympathy. He felt that they had been wronged by the white men.

The following selection is taken from a speech which he delivered at Boston on the Fourth of July, 1825.

ġĕn ĕr ā′tions (shŭns)	sĕdġ′ў
ĕm bĕl′lĭsh ĕs	ăck nŏwl′ĕdġed

1. Not many generations ago, where you now sit encircled by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared.

Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over our heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and the daring.

2. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the defying death song, both were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

3. He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a Pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native.

4. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people.

The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the hero

of the pathetic tale, is gone! And his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil, where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

5. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs have dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying away to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains and read their doom in the setting sun.

They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever.

— — —

CHARLES DICKENS.

ŏp prĕssed′	ġĕn′ŭ ĭne
pŏp ŭ lăr′ĭ tў	ĭg′nō rançe
chal et′ (shà lā′)	sўm′pà thў

1. There once lived in England a little boy whose name was Charles Dickens. He was born at Portsmouth, on the 7th of February, 1812, his father being a clerk in the Navy Pay Office at that place. Mr. Dickens lost this

CHARLES DICKENS

position and the family moved to Chatham when Charles was four years old.

Charles' first teacher was his mother, who taught him to read. When he was seven years old he attended a day school, and the master soon saw that his little pupil was very clever. The boy was not well and strong, so he could not join his playmates in their games of ball and cricket; but he would lie on the grass for hours watching them with great interest.

2. He was soon reading the best authors. Often when suffering from pain he turned to books for comfort, and the people of whom he read became real friends. His father had some books which he kept in an empty room,

where Charles spent many an hour, and he would imagine for weeks at a time that he was some character in them. He said: "Robinson Crusoe and others came out, a glorious host, to keep me company."

In spite of his ill health Charles was a light-hearted, merry little fellow, full of fun and very fond of singing. His sister Fannie was musical, and she and Charles sang together. When he became a man he amused his friends and his children with these funny songs.

3. It was fortunate that he had this happy nature, for it helped him through the dark days that came to him early in life. Soon after he was nine years old his father had to leave Chatham and moved to London. Charles was sorry to leave the place which was so dear to him. No more sailing trips with his father, no more happy days with his schoolmates.

The night before he went away his schoolmaster came in and gave him a book, "The Bee," by Oliver Goldsmith. The boy prized this very highly and kept it many years.

His father had lost money and the new home was in a poor part of London. Charles could find no companions there, and he used often to sit in his little garret room and long for the home at Chatham with its woods and fields, and for his schoolmates. He had no companions of his own age, for there was no school for him to attend, and his sister Fannie was away studying music.

4. Darker days yet were before him. His father lost what little he had, and Charles went to work in a blacking factory. No more schooling for him now; he must bravely do his part and earn his own living. He was paid six shillings a week and felt very proud as he carried them home, gazing in at the shop windows and thinking of what his six shillings would buy.

Mr. Dickens, being unable to pay his debts, was sent to the debtor's prison soon after little Charles went to work. The boy now gave up all hope of ever going to school. Sadly, but bravely, he bade farewell to the hope of doing and being something in this world. He was alone and must struggle along by himself.

5. Mrs. Dickens and the other children went to the prison to live; but Charles was sent to lodge with an old lady in Camden Town. Every Sunday he used to walk to the prison, where he spent the day with the family.

The poor boy was so lonely that he finally begged his father to let him hire a room near the prison where he might see the family more often. His father consented and Charles found a little attic room near by.

Two years slowly passed by while the boy worked nobly in the smoky old factory. He was often too ill to do his work well, and the days were long and dreary.

He tried to study by himself, for he was not willing to grow up in ignorance, but was too tired after his day's

work to accomplish much. These years of suffering made his heart very tender toward children who were alone in the world or oppressed in any way, and his beautiful nature was not harmed by his low surroundings.

6. But brighter days were at hand. His father had some money left to him, and was able to pay his debts and make a home for his family.

It was a happy day when little Charles said good-bye to the factory and went home again. He was able to attend school once more, and soon became a leader in all boyish sports.

His health improved, and at twelve years of age he was a bright, handsome boy, full of fun, but always kind and thoughtful of others. His books were dearer than ever to him, and his favorite motto was, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

His schoolmates soon discovered his talent for story-telling, and would listen with interest to his tales of adventure, and he and several of his friends published a little paper.

7. After his school course was over, his father wished him to study law, and he became a clerk in a lawyer's office. He held the position for over a year, then decided to be a reporter. He spent some time working at the study of shorthand, studying at the same time at the

reading room of the British Museum. In his eighteenth year he entered the House of Commons as reporter.

He also found time to write for a magazine. These sketches were full of wit and humor, and the style was so new that they soon made the author famous. He

DICKENS' HOME AT GADSHILL.

signed them "Boz," a nickname which he had given in sport to his youngest brother.

8. In 1836 Dickens published "Sketches by Boz" and "The Pickwick Papers." These placed him at once in the highest rank of English authors. Many other books followed, and his writing increased in popularity. He

was always hard at work, and lived in the book he was writing, suffering or rejoicing with his characters.

He was married in 1836, the year his first books were published, and his home was soon made glad with the sound of childish voices. How dear to the great man were these little ones, and what a gentle, loving father they had! He had never shut his heart against suffering, and was full of sympathy for every childish sorrow.

9. When he was a very small boy and lived in Chatham, he used once in a while to walk by a large old-fashioned house on the top of a hill called "Gadshill." He had a great liking for this house, perhaps because of two fine cedars that grew near it.

His father used to tell him that if he worked hard he might live there when he was a man. After he became successful he bought this very house and spent many happy years in it. In this beautiful home he received his friends.

10. He had a little chalet or summer-house where he wrote. He says of it: "My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the light and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company."

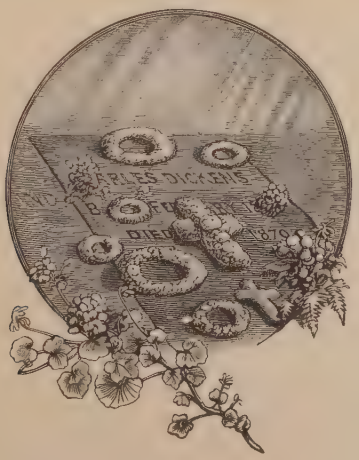
Many of his stories were played on the stage, and he gave readings from his own books. There was a wonder-

ful charm in his voice and expression, and his hearers were moved to tears or laughter by the magic of his tones.

He made two visits to this country, where he met with the heartiest reception.

11. Dickens died on the 9th of June, 1870, in his home at Gadshill, and lies buried among England's honored dead in Westminster Abbey.

Wreaths of flowers are placed by his fond admirers many times every year upon the stone that marks his burial place in the old Abbey.



DICKENS' GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE DOLLS' DRESSMAKER.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

This is a brief extract from "Our Mutual Friend." This novel is not especially interesting to boys and girls save those parts of it which pertain to Jenny Wren, the dolls' dressmaker. Jenny is one of the quaintest and oddest creations of this masterly writer who has delineated so many lovable characters which appeal to the hearts of young people.

This extract has been compiled from Book II, Chapter I, of the novel.

More extended selections from this chapter and from several other chapters which describe Jenny Wren and her friends should be arranged by the teacher for the pupils, as time may permit.

ŭn à void'à ble	prē'vĭ oŭs lў	sciṯ'sors (zẽrz)
dĕx tĕr'ĭ tў	ăc'cū râte lў	ĭn cŏn sĭd'ĕr âte

1. Bradley Headstone and Charley Hexam crossed the bridge and made along the shore toward Millbank. At the point where Church Street and Smith Square joined, there were some little quiet houses in a row. At one of these they stopped.

The boy knocked at a door, and the door promptly opened with a spring and a click, and disclosed a child — a dwarf, a girl — sitting in a low, old-fashioned armchair which had a kind of a little working bench before it.

"I can't get up," said the child, "because my back

is bad and my legs are queer. But I'm the person of the house. What did you want, young man?"

"I wanted to see my sister."

"Many young men have sisters," returned the child. "Give me your name, young man."

2. The queer little figure and the queer little face, with its bright gray eyes, were so sharp that the sharpness of manner seemed unavoidable; as if, turned out of that mould, it must be sharp.

"Hexam is my name."

"Ah, indeed?" said the person of the house. "I thought it might be. Your sister will be in in about a quarter of an hour. I am very fond of your sister. She's my particular friend. And this gentleman's name?"

"Mr. Headstone, my schoolmaster."

"Take a seat. And would you please to shut the street door first? I can't very well do it myself."

3. They complied in silence. The little figure went on with its work of gluing together certain pieces of cardboard and thin wood, previously cut into various shapes.

The scissors and knives upon the bench showed that the child herself had cut them. The bright scraps of velvet and silk and ribbon also strewn upon the bench showed that, when duly stuffed, she was to cover them smartly.

4. The dexterity of her nimble fingers was remarkable. As she brought two thin edges accurately together

JENNY WREN AT HOME.

by giving them a little bite, she would glance at her visitors out of the corners of her gray eyes with a look that outsharpened all her other sharpness.

"You can't tell me the name of my trade, I'll be bound," she said, after taking several of these observations.

"You make pincushions," said Charley.

"What else do I make?"

"Penwipers," said Bradley Headstone.

"Ha! ha! What else do I make? You're a schoolmaster, but you can't tell me."

5. "You do something with straw," he returned, pointing to a corner of the little bench, "but I don't know what."

"Well done. I only make pincushions and penwipers to use up my waste. But my straw really does belong to my business. Try again. What do I make with my straw?"

"Ladies' bonnets?"

"Fine ladies'," said the person of the house. "Dolls' —I'm a dolls' dressmaker."

"I hope it's a good business?"

6. The person of the house shrugged her shoulders and shook her head.

"No. Poorly paid. And I'm often so pressed for time. I had a doll married last week and was obliged to work all night."

They looked at the little creature with a wonder that did not diminish, and the schoolmaster said, "I'm sorry your fine ladies are so inconsiderate."

"It's the way with them," said the person of the house, shrugging her shoulders again. "And they take no care of their clothes, and they never keep to the same fashions a month. I work for a doll with three daughters. Bless you, she's enough to ruin her husband!"

7. She gave a weird little laugh here, and another look out of the corners of her eyes.

"Are you always as busy as you are now?"

"Busier. I'm slack just now. I finished a large mourning order the day before yesterday. Doll I work for lost a canary bird."

"Are you alone all day?" asked Bradley Headstone. "Don't any of the neighboring children — ?"

8. "Don't talk of children!" cried the person of the house with a little scream, as if the word had pricked her.

"I can't bear children. I know their tricks and their manners. Always running about and screeching, always playing and fighting, always skip, skip, skipping on the pavement and chalking it for their games.

"And that's not all. Ever so often calling names in through a person's keyhole and imitating a person's back and legs. No, no, no! No children for me. Give me grown-ups."

9. It was difficult to guess the age of this strange creature, for her poor figure furnished no clew to it, and her face was at once so young and so old. Twelve, or at the most thirteen, might be near the mark.

"I always did like grown-ups," she went on, "and always kept company with them. So sensible. Sit so quiet. Don't go prancing and capering about."

She listened to a step outside that caught her ear, and there was a soft knock at the door. Pulling at a handle within her reach, she said, with a pleased laugh, "Now, here is a grown-up that's my particular friend!" and Lizzie Hexam entered the room.

"Charley! You?"

10. Taking her brother to her arms in the old way — of which he seemed a little ashamed — she saw no one else.

"There, there, there! All right, my dear. See! Here 's Mr. Headstone come with me."

Her eyes met those of the schoolmaster, and a murmured word of salutation passed between them. . . . After their departure Mr. Eugene Wrayburn called.

11. He fell to talking playfully to Jenny Wren. "I think of setting up a doll, Miss Jenny," he said.

"You had better not," replied the dressmaker.

"Why not?"

"You are sure to break it. All you children do."

"But that makes it good for trade, you know, Miss Wren."

"I don't know about that," Miss Wren retorted; "but you had better by half set up a penwiper and turn industrious and use it."

"If we all set to work as soon as we could use our hands it would be all over with the dolls' dressmakers."

"There 's something in that," replied Miss Wren. "You have a sort of an idea in your noddle sometimes." Then in a changed tone, "Talking of ideas, Lizzie, I wonder how it happens that when I am work, work, working here all alone in the summer time I smell flowers."

"As a commonplace individual, I should say," suggested the schoolmaster, "that you smell flowers because you do smell flowers."

12. "No, I don't," said the little creature, resting one arm upon the elbow of her chair, resting her chin upon that hand, and looking vacantly before her; "this is not a flowery neighborhood. It 's anything but that. And yet, as I sit at work, I smell miles of flowers. I smell roses till I think I see the rose leaves lying in heaps, bushels, upon the floor.

"I smell fallen leaves till I put down my hand — so — and expect to make them rustle. I smell the white and the pink May in the hedges, and all sorts of flowers that I never was among, for I have seen very few flowers indeed in my life."

"Pleasant fancies to have, Jenny dear!" said her friend.

13. "So I think, Lizzie, when they come to me, and the birds I hear! Oh!" cried the little creature, holding out her hand and looking upward, "how they sing!"

There was something in the face and action for the moment quite inspired and beautiful. Then the chin dropped musingly upon the hand again.

"I dare say my birds sing better than other birds and my flowers smell better than other flowers; for when I was a little child," in a tone as if it were ages ago, "the

children that I used to see early in the morning were very different from any others that I ever saw. They were not like me; they were never in pain.

"They were not like the children of the neighbors; they never made me tremble all over by setting up shrill noises, and they never mocked me. Such numbers of them, too! All in white dresses and with something shining on the borders and on their heads that I have never been able to imitate with my work, though I know it so well.

14. "They used to come down in long, bright, slanting rows, and say all together: 'Who is this in pain? Who is this in pain?' When I told them who I was, they answered, 'Come play with us!' When I said, 'I never play! I can't play!' they swept about me and took me up and made me light.

"Then it was all delicious ease and rest till they laid me down and said, all together: 'Have patience, and we will come again.'

"Whenever they came back, I used to know they were coming before I saw the long, bright rows by hearing them ask, all together, a long way off: 'Who is this in pain? Who is this in pain?' And I used to cry out: 'O my blessed children, it 's poor me. Have pity on me. Take me up and make me light.'"

Lizzie, who had not taken off her bonnet, rather

hurriedly proposed that as the room was getting dark they should go out into the air.

They went out, the visitors saying good-night to the dolls' dressmaker, whom they left leaning back in her chair with her arms crossed, singing to herself in a sweet, thoughtful little voice.

A STORY OF THE FLAG.

By VICTOR MAPES.

pā trĭ ŏt′ĭc	ȧ māze′ment
bo͝ol′ĕ värd	ĕn thū′s̱ĭ ăsm

1. I do not know how you feel about the American flag, but it has often occurred to me that most of us have very little feeling about it.

I do not mean by this that we are not patriotic — that we would not march up to the cannon's mouth, if we were called upon to do so, as quickly as the Englishman, the German, or anybody else. But our country is so peaceful, and we see so many flags drooping so lazily from flagpoles on the tops of big buildings, or carried on picnic parades, or stuck in the collars of horses, that we are very apt to pass by a flag without noticing it.

If it does chance to engage our attention, we remark, perhaps, that it is faded or bright, large or small, of silk or bunting, or something of the sort, and that is as much feeling as the sight of it ever inspires.

2. At any rate that is what a little boy I know thought about it when he went abroad with me last May. But two little adventures this boy took part in, some time after he arrived on the other side of the ocean, have changed this feeling somewhat. These two adventures that Frank, the little boy I speak of, had in Paris were, perhaps, worth while telling about.

When the Fourth of July came, we had been in Paris nearly two months, and during that time I think we had not seen a single American flag.

3. On the morning of the Fourth, however, we walked out on the boulevard, and a number of flags were hanging out from the American shops. They looked strange to us, and the idea came to Frank, for the first time, that the United States was one of a great many nations living next to one another in this world — that it was his own nation, a kind of big family to which he belonged. The Fourth of July was a sort of a big family birthday, and the flags were out to tell the Frenchmen and everybody not to forget the fact.

4. A feeling of this nature came over Frank that morning, and he called out "There 's another!" every

time a new flag came in view. He stopped two or three times to count the number in sight, and showed in various ways that he, America, and the American flag had come to a new relation.

During the morning Frank's cousin George, a boy two or three years older than he, came to our hotel, and they went off together to see the sights and have a good time.

When Frank returned and came up to the room where I was writing, I noticed a small American flag pin stuck into the lapel of his coat.

5. "George had two," he said in answer to my question, "and he gave me this one. He 's been in Paris a year now, and he says we ought to wear them so people may know that we are Americans. But say, Uncle Jack, where do you think I got that?" He opened a paper bundle he had under his arm and unrolled a weather-beaten American flag.

"Where?" asked I, supposing it had come from George's house.

"We took it off Lafayette's tomb."

I opened my eyes in astonishment, while he went on:

6. "George says the American Consul put it on the tomb last Fourth of July for our government, because Lafayette helped us in the Revolution.

"They ought to put on a new flag every year, George says," explained Frank, seeing my amazement, "on Fourth

of July morning, but the American Consul is a new man, George thinks, for he forgot to do it. So we bought a new flag and we did it. We went to a store on the boulevard, and for twenty francs bought a new flag just like the old one. George and I each paid half.

"There were two women and a little girl at the tomb when we returned, and we waited till they went away. Then we unrolled the new flag and took the old one off the tomb.

7. "We thought we ought to say something when we put the new flag on, but we did n't know what to say. George said they always made a regular speech, thanking Lafayette for helping us in the Revolution, but we thought it did n't matter much. So we just took off our hats when we spread the new flag on the grave, and then we rolled up the old flag and came away.

"We drew lots for it afterward, and I am going to take it home with me.

"Somebody ought to have done it, and as we were both American boys, it was all right, was n't it?"

Right or wrong, the flag that travelers saw on Lafayette's tomb that year as a mark of the American nation's respect for that great Frenchman was the one put there by two boys. And the flag put there the year before, Frank has carefully hung on the wall of his little room in America.

8. Ten days after this adventure came the Fourteenth of July, — the great day on which the French people stormed the grim old Bastille and cried: "Down with the tyranny of kings!"

It is much the same sort of day to the French as our Fourth of July is to us, only they show a great deal more enthusiasm. The little French boys do not shoot off fire crackers all day in the streets, to frighten horses, scorch their fingers, and make mothers anxious.

There is a great military parade reviewed by the President, there are bands of music on the corners and public places throughout Paris; and at night, while fireworks are being set off, men, women, and children throng the streets and dance and sing till daylight is about ready to share the fun.

9. The morning of that great day George came round to the hotel, and I asked the two boys if they would like to go after lunch to see the great military parade, where President Carnot was going to have some thirty thousand French soldiers march by his stand and salute him.

George thought it would be more fun to take a carriage and drive about Paris to see all the people celebrating. It would be hot and crowded at the review and we could not hope to see President Carnot, so Frank and I agreed with George.

10. Before we started out, Frank suggested that we

should buy two big flags, the same size, one American, red, white, and blue, and the other French, red, white, and blue, and take them with us. "Don't you see," he explained, "we will carry the American flag to show that we are Americans, and the French flag will show that we 're glad they are celebrating!"

So they bought the two flags, — fine large ones, — and Frank with the American flag sat with the coachman on the box, while George and I put the French flag between us, to fly out behind.

11. After driving about from place to place, we found ourselves once more back on the boulevards, when suddenly Frank gave a shout.

"Look!" he called out, "there come some soldiers!"

Yes, there were soldiers on horseback coming towards us. Then far-away shouts reached our ears from the crowds ahead, where the soldiers were.

"Look at the pistols," cried Frank from the box. "They are holding them right up in the air. What is that for?"

"They are a bodyguard," George said. "It must be somebody."

"It is the President," said the coachman, as the soldiers came toward us at a rapid pace.

12. We were within fifty yards of them now and could see everything. There in front were the two officers,

with shining breastplates and helmets, each with a cocked revolver held out at arm's length.

Behind came the President's carriage drawn by four coal-black horses, then two more officers with drawn pistols, followed by a troop of cavalry.

On they came! Our coachman stopped his horses.

FRANK SALUTES THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

The people were shouting and cheering on all sides, "Le President!" "Carnot!"

He was almost abreast of us and close by when suddenly I noticed he was looking in our direction, and all eyes were turned toward our carriage.

It was the American flag!

There it was floating proudly aloft in the hands of our little boy in the front seat.

13. When Frank saw the President abreast of him and everybody looking at his flag, without a sign of hesitation he stood straight, held the flag as high as he could, and dipped a salute to the President of the French Republic!

The crowd cheered wildly. President Carnot moved forward in his seat, lifted his hat, and bowed low to Frank and the American flag.

And then in a second he had passed.

14. This flag, I think, is prized by Frank even more than the other, for whenever he takes anybody to his room, he always says first, "This is the flag that was on Lafayette's tomb; and then, in a more impressive voice, "That is the one President Carnot took off his hat to."

But these two flags are not the only ones that are dear to him. Every flag he sees on the street he realizes might have been on Lafayette's tomb or saluted by President Carnot.

A WELCOME TO LAFAYETTE.

By EDWARD EVERETT.

During the visit of Lafayette the corner-stone of the monument was laid at Bunker Hill, the scene of one of the first and most celebrated battles of the Revolutionary War, fought June 17, 1775. This is a brief extract from an oration delivered by Mr. Everett at Cambridge in 1824.

1. With the present year will be completed the half-century from that most important era in human history, the commencement of our Revolutionary War.

A few still survive among us to reap the rich fruits of their labors and suffering, and one has yielded himself to the united voice of a people, and returned in his age to receive the gratitude of the nation to whom he devoted his youth.

2. It is recorded on the pages of American history that when this friend of our country applied to our commissioners at Paris, in 1776, for a passage to America, they were obliged to answer him that they possessed not the means nor the credit for providing a single vessel in all the ports of France.

"Then," exclaimed the youthful hero, "I will provide my own"; and it is a literal fact that when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to our

shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our struggle.

3. Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph such as never monarch enjoyed, — the assurance that throughout America there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at your name. Welcome, thrice welcome, to our shores; and whithersoever throughout the limits of the continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, "Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!"

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

By CHARLES SUMNER.

Charles Sumner was one of our most prominent American statesmen. He was born in Boston, Mass., January, 1811, was graduated at Harvard, and then studied and practised law.

In 1845 he delivered the Fourth of July oration at Boston with so much eloquence and force that he gained high rank as an orator. Five years later he was elected to the United States Senate, and held that position until his death, in 1873.

Although there were many who disagreed with his views, they never questioned his honor and integrity. His speeches were

finished and scholarly, and always impressed his audience with his power and sincerity. He was a great and good man, and gained the respect of the whole country.

1. THERE is the national flag! He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments.

Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation?

It has been called a floating piece of poetry, and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.

2. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it

speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state.

The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stripes, stars, and colors blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country — to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

N. P. Willis.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

mär′vĕl *o*ŭs	spĭr′ĭt ŭ *a*l
ĭn cŏr rŭpt′ĭ bl*e*	la*u*′rē āt*e*

1. Alfred Tennyson was born in Somersby, England, on the sixth day of August, 1809. His father was the village rector, and there, in the white rectory house among the hills and beneath leafy elms, came the tiny babe who was destined to become the greatest poet of his age.

His mother was a gentle lady with a lively imagination, so kind-hearted that the bad boys of the village used sometimes to beat their dogs under her window in order to be bribed to leave off.

2. There were twelve children in the Tennyson family, and they lived in a little world of their own. The seven

boys would play that they were knights defending a castle or rescuing maidens. Sometimes they fought mimic battles, dividing themselves into two camps, each having a willow wand set up in its midst for a king. Each party tried to overthrow the other's king with a stone.

The love of beauty was very strong in them, and they told marvelous tales and fancied themselves the knights and heroes of which they read.

They liked to write about their play, and used to put the histories of their battles under the potato bowl on the dinner table so that their father might read them. They were a very happy family, and the poems in which Tennyson refers to early days are full of warmth and tenderness.

But it was not all playtime. The children were taught at home and in the village school. The books surrounding them in the rector's library and the pleasant home instruction awakened an early fondness for learning.

3. Alfred showed thought beyond his years when very young. When he was five years of age, as the wind swept through the garden of the rectory, he spread out his little arms and was blown along by it, crying in great glee, "I hear a voice that 's speaking in the wind," and the voices which spoke in the babbling of the brook, the sighing of the pines, and the murmur of the waves soon shaped themselves into verse.

Alfred always loved the sea. He heard many voices in its varying sounds, and the music of the restless waves awakened an answering echo in the heart of the young poet. He once ran bareheaded to the shore to listen to the moaning music of the sea.

4. Charles Tennyson, next older than Alfred, was his constant companion. He, too, had poetical tastes, and wrote throughout his life; but his genius was less than his brother's. The two boys were sent to the Louth Grammar School for a short time, but returned to Somersby and attended a school called "Cadney's." During their course there they wrote verses.

In 1827 they carried their work to a publisher, who gave them twenty pounds for it and published it under the title of "Poems by Two Brothers." The critics paid little attention to this work, and its sale was confined to the family friends. The world little dreamed that a great poet was springing up in its midst.

5. The following year Charles and Alfred went to Trinity College, Cambridge. Their older brother had spent two years there, and had taken the college prize for the Greek poem. This life was a great change from the sleepy village of Somersby, and the influence of the strong, thoughtful minds gathered there was of great benefit to Tennyson.

At that time there were a number of young men at

TENNYSON IN HIS LIBRARY.

Trinity who had unusual talent. The Tennyson boys found friends of their own age who had the same tastes, and they used to meet and tell stories and talk and plan for the future. Those college days were full of delight and profit.

6. It was here that Alfred Tennyson met Arthur Hallam, a young man of rare sweetness of character, who gave promise of great genius. Hallam and Tennyson were soon drawn to each other in a friendship closer than that of the two brothers.

Both young men wrote, and Tennyson afterward said, "He still outstripped me in the race."

In 1829 Tennyson gained the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem on Timbuctoo. This poem received praise from the critics, who said that it would have done honor to any man that ever wrote. In 1830 Tennyson published a little book of verses, which was most favorably received by some critics and ridiculed by others.

A great sorrow was hanging over the young poet. Arthur Hallam, who became dearer with every passing year, died suddenly while at Vienna.

"God's finger touched him, and he slept."

7. The loss of this very dear friend stirred the young poet's soul to its inmost depths and turned his thoughts to the mysteries of life and death. For seventeen years he secretly relieved the burden of his grieving heart in a memorial poem; but his cry of sorrow and despair grew more confident in the later years, and the closing verses expressed the confidence that the God of love made life and death and is King of both.

Meanwhile he was writing other poems, and his work was becoming better known. The volume published in 1842 took the world by storm. These later poems showed a rare skill in poetic expression and melody. They were full of pictures of English scenery, — the castles and baronial halls, the homesteads and well-kept gardens, the glorious summer woods and the ever-changing sea.

But beyond all these pictures and delicate fancies were spiritual feeling, heart throbs of emotion, and purity of thought.

Charles Dickens was one of the first to recognize Tennyson's genius. He was always a great admirer of the poet, and writes, "Tennyson I have been reading again and again. What a great creature he is!"

8. In 1850 Tennyson gave to the world "In Memoriam," his lament for Arthur Hallam. These verses placed him at the head of all poets of his time, and he was made poet laureate. That was also the year of his marriage to Emily Sellwood. They had long been engaged, and it was her faithful love that had brought gladness into his life.

Two sons, Hallam and Lionel, were born at the beautiful home at Farringford. The house there is delightfully situated. Its park, grove, and pastures are fresh and green, and stately trees grow all about the house.

In the midst of all this beauty and comfort lived Tennyson, grand and noble, but always sad and gloomy.

He lived a very quiet life, spending his time in writing. His pen was never idle, and his last poems were as beautiful and full of melody as any that he ever wrote.

9. His most famous poems are, "Maud," "The Princess," and "Idyls of the King," although some of his shorter poems sing themselves into many hearts.

His poems are high and noble and full of truth as well as beautiful visions. No blot, no stain mars their beauty. His verse is the most faultless in our language, both as regards the music of its flow and the art displayed in the choice of words. As a word-painter no modern poet has equaled him.

His language, although consisting for the most part of strong and pithy Saxon words, is yet the very perfection of all that is elegant and musical in the art of versification.

The great Poet's faith grew brighter and more hopeful during the last years of his life, and when he died in 1892 and was laid with kings and queens in Westminster Abbey his own words came to many a sorrowing heart:

"Come away; for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious, —
A great and distant city, — have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!"

SIR GALAHAD.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sir Galahad was a knight who was seeking for the Holy Grail, — the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper.

A knight who undertook this pilgrimage must be pure in thought, word, and deed.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

When on my goodly charger borne,
  Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
  The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail—
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, what'e'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

LITTLE ROSALIE.

(Abridged.)

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Part I.

Mrs. Spofford was born at Calais, Me., but she has spent the greater part of her life in the old town of Newburyport, Mass. She now lives near this quaint city, in a delightful home, on the banks of the Merrimac River.

She began writing when quite young, and her story "In a Cellar," which appeared in one of the first numbers of the "Atlantic Monthly," was greatly admired. Her writings show a wide range of reading and insight into character.

Her magazine stories are especially fine, and are filled with music, beauty, and color.

măt ĭ née′ (ā)	căl cū lā′tions (shŭns)
chŏc′ō lāt*es*	cŏn′fĭ dĕn çe*s*

1. It was a little "play-acting girl," as the children's nurse called her. Her name, on the advertising bills posted up at every street corner, was "Little Rosalie"; and the great delight of the children was to be allowed to go to a matinée on a Saturday afternoon when they could hear and see her.

Sometimes Little Rosalie was one character in the play and sometimes she was another. Once she was a moonlight fairy in a little white silk gown whose long

folds fell about her feet; her soft hair was loose on her shoulders, a star gleamed on her forehead, and another star tipped the lily's stem she held for a wand.

With her eyes uplifted and a white light on her face, Rosalie sang, and the children thought a little angel from heaven would sing and look in just that way.

2. And when, in another scene, she came dancing on in short, gauzy skirts, with two butterfly wings of peacock feathers upon her shoulders, and, springing upon a cloud, went sailing up out of sight as the play ended with soft music, they always found it difficult thoroughly to believe that she was not a fairy indeed.

"Going to see Little Rosalie," said Tom, "is n't like going to the theater generally. It 's — "

"It 's just because we love her so," said Bessy.

"And wish to see her," added Johnny.

"And I really think she knows us now," said Maidie. "I should have liked so much to throw her my bunch of violets, if I had dared, the very last time we were there."

3. "Mamma," said Kitten, "is she weally alive, or do they only wind her up and make her go?"

"I don't believe she 's alive just as we are," said Fanny. "She has those lovely wings, you know."

"She does n't have them all the time," said Joe; "she does n't have them when she 's kneeling by her dying mother or selling the things in the street."

"Oh, then," said Bessy, "she 's acting! And the wings are probably folded up under her ragged gown."

"But I should think they 'd show just a little bit."

"Well, they don't. Oh, should n't you like to know her, Maidie, and talk with her once?"

4. "I am acquainted with her," said their mother.

"You, mamma, you?" came a chorus. "O mamma, you can't mean so! How did it happen? Tell us all about it, please!"

"Is she a truly person?" asked Kitten.

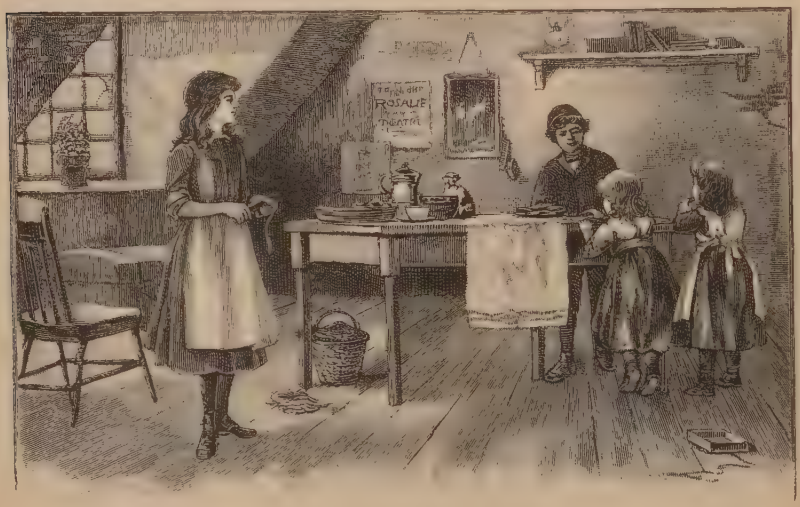
"Yes, she is a 'truly' person," answered their mother. "She lives on a street around the corner a little way from the theater. She has a mother, — a very sick mother, — and an old grandmother and a number of brothers and sisters. And she takes care of all of them."

"Takes care?" said Maidie, drawing her puzzled brows together.

5. "Yes, actually takes care. In the first place, there is no money for the family but that which she herself earns. And more than that. This lovely little fairy creature who seems to you a being of wings and colors, of light, music, and grace, rises in the morning and makes the fire and dresses the children, — they are all younger than she herself.

"Then she prepares the breakfast and makes her mother comfortable, helps her poor old grandmother, and arranges

the rooms. Some of the younger ones help her in that. And then she goes to rehearsal; that is, to the empty theater, where they practice portions of the evening work, with nobody to look on or applaud.



LITTLE ROSALIE AT HOME.

6. "Well, then, rehearsal over," resumed their mother, with a smile, "our Little Rosalie goes to market, and comes home, gets dinner, and clears it away. And if she has a new part to learn, she sits down to study it. She has to practice her dances sometimes for hours, and her songs, too. Oh, she works every day for many hours harder than you ever worked any hour in your lives.

"When the play is over she comes out of the stage

door into the night. It is often snowy and slippery, or dark and muddy from a heavy rain, with not a star to be seen. Sometimes she has a little supper with her grandmother before she creeps into bed, tired out; but often she goes to bed hungry."

7. "O mamma," cried Maidie, with tears in her sweet eyes, "I think it is so cruel. If she could only come and live with us!"

"And what would become then of her mother and grandmother, of her sisters and brothers? They have nobody but Rosalie to do anything for them, and would have to go to the almshouse or die of starvation if it were not for her earnings."

"Oh, I forgot!"

"Papa could take care of them!" exclaimed Johnny.

"There are people worse off than these," resumed mamma; "people who have n't even any Rosalie to earn money for them. And such people need all the time and money that papa and I have to spare."

8. "But it all seems so strange," said Fanny, "that I can't get quite used to it. She lives around the corner there, in some rooms, and cooks and sweeps and sews, and has a mother and brothers and sisters as we do?"

"Yes, and I suppose her mother's heart aches to have poor little Rosalie doing so much; no doubt she often grieves over it. All the children look upon Rosalie as

the one who gives them everything they have, as their guardian angel.

"When you saw her in that singing-play hovering over the children asleep in the wood, with the great rosy wings arching up above her head and pointing down below her feet, you did n't dream that she really was a guardian angel to so many, did you?"

9. "O mamma," cried Maidie, with tears in her eyes, "and I am of no use at all! Can't we go and see her at her real home, mamma, or have her come to see us?" she added, wistfully.

"I am afraid it would do her no good, my dear. It is no kindness to make her discontented with her own home. And ours is very different."

"We all wish Rosalie to like us," said Maidie.

"Rosalie 's too busy for that sort of thing!" said Tom, with great contempt.

"I don't know that she is," said Maidie. "Once — I — I never told anybody — but once when she was so very near our box, you know, I really did throw her a little lace bag full of chocolates — those lovely chocolates that Uncle John gives us. And she caught it and looked over and laughed, and actually slipped one into her mouth — "

10. "Well," interrupted Tom, looking up from the heavy calculations that he had been making, "we can't go next Saturday — unless Aunt Lydia 'chips in.'" And,

to everybody's amazement, Aunt Lydia did "chip in" a bright two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece on the spot.

That night, in their little beds in the big bedroom, most of the children, as usual, could hardly close their eyes for joy over the expected outing.

"Say, Maidie, are you asleep?" whispered Bessy.

"Of course not," answered Maidie. "How do you suppose I can sleep when I'm going over in my mind the music that Rosalie is going to sing and dance to next Saturday? And — O Bessy, how beautiful it is for anybody to do all the good that Rosalie does in the world! Oh, if I could only be of use to people —"

11. "Oh, you are, Maidie dear, you are of the greatest use to me! I don't know what I should do without you!" exclaimed her little bedfellow, clasping Maidie in her arms and able to speak her heart fully because it was dark. "You see to my work, and you make up our quarrels, and you get mamma to let us do things, and — and —"

"But, you see, if I died, — to-morrow, say, — you would all get along as well without me in a little while. I'm not really necessary to anybody. And she is really necessary just to keep ever so many people alive, and to bring them up and help them on in the world.

"And, then, think to how many people she gives pleasure; and how many children just count the days, the way

we do, before they go to see 'Little Rosalie.' Oh, if I could but be as useful in the world as she is — "

And there Maidie stopped her confidences, for the faintly murmured assents showed that Bessy would soon be sound asleep in spite of herself.

LITTLE ROSALIE.

Part II.

ôr'ches (kĕs) trȧ sŭf fi'cient (fĭsh ent)
pĭr o͝u ĕt'tĭng ăd'mĭ rȧ ble

1. What a merry party it was that set out for the "Old Prospero" that frosty Saturday afternoon. Something detained the mother at home; but Aunt Nan went in her place, and there was Nurse and Aunt Lydia and — the door-keeper laughed to see the rest of them; he did n't pretend to count them, and so why should I?

Maidie laughed, though, — she could n't help it, — when Aunt Lydia, after settling herself, took a phial of water from her muff.

"There!" said Aunt Lydia. "I never go to the theater without it. For, you know, if there should be a fire and one were in danger of suffocating from the smoke, only let the handkerchief be wet in cold water and held over

the mouth and nose and one can breathe through that and keep alive a great while longer."

2. "Nonsense, Lydia!" said Aunt Nan. "What do you want to frighten the children for?"

But as Maidie heard Aunt Lydia her eyes grew bigger and bigger, so big that she could see only the daily danger in which Little Rosalie lived. But after awhile, and when Little Rosalie had come on the scene, Maidie forgot that trouble in her present delight.

She was rapt in seeing a huge blossom open and let Rosalie out, to the sound of soft music. She leaned far from the box in her forgetful gazing; and soon it seemed as though Rosalie, whirling very near, gave them a smile of recognition, and then none of the children had either eyes or thoughts for anything but this floating, flashing sylph.

At that moment a child down in the audience cried about something and diverted from the stage the glances of the audience,— the glances of all but Maidie. In that brief moment her eye beheld a dreadful sight.

Some one on the stage, however, had seen it, and the next instant down rolled the drop scene and hid the stage from view.

3. But not a moment too soon. For a spark had shot out and one little flame had sprung up and another had followed it, racing and chasing upwards till a hundred tiny tongues of fire were flying up the inner drapery

and far aloft. At the same instant some one in the back of the audience shouted "Fire!"

It is a terrible sound in a crowded building. It made Aunt Lydia's heart stop beating for a second, and then she began to cry, in spite of Aunt Nan's calm voice, and to huddle the children together to rush for the door.

But it came upon Maidie in that moment that if everybody rushed to the door at once nobody could get there. Those in front would be crowded and knocked down by others piling upon them, and all buried under one another, stifled and killed, — so that fire itself could do no more.

Oh, why was there nobody to prevent it? If papa were but there! Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven, he was not, — if there was no escape! Could nobody hinder?

4. This was all realized in two breaths. And in a third breath the drop scene was pulled aside a trifle, some of the orchestra took up the music that had stopped for only a few beats, and out bounded Little Rosalie with her long scarf and basket, spinning and pirouetting halfway across the stage, and pausing in the middle of the prettiest attitude of the "Great Bonbon Act."

Out of the charming basket on her arm she caught and whirled hundreds of bonbons as far as her hand could throw them among the babies in the audience.

The thought rushed into Maidie's mind that the stage

people were afraid of the panic and the crush, and so had sent Little Rosalie out with the bonbons to dance as if nothing were the matter, hoping thus to prevent the sudden attempt of so many to get out at once.

5. For Maidie herself had seen the fire. And she knew it was actually in there, climbing higher and higher; and she could hear from where she was the breathless movements of those behind the curtain who were trying to smother it.

But something else rushed over Maidie, too. It was that if Little Rosalie stayed there another moment she would herself be burned alive, and then what would become of the mother and the grandmother and the twins, who had nobody but Rosalie in the whole wide world?

And before Maidie fairly knew what she was doing she sprang from the box — it was but a single step — and had run across the stage before all the people and had clasped Little Rosalie, crying quickly and softly, —

"Oh, run, run, Little Rosalie, run! Save yourself! For I really saw the fire! And," as Rosalie did not run, "what will they do at home without you if you are killed here? And there are so many of us at home that nobody will miss me very much! I will stay instead of you!"

6. Poor Maidie! As if her staying would have been

of the least use! But she never thought of that. She only thought that if some child must stay there it would better be she than Rosalie. And even while she pleaded up went the great drop scene, rolling to the top, and out flocked all the players of the scene.

And then a group of the strangest looking people were caressing Maidie, and little Rosalie herself was hanging on her neck one moment, and somebody took her by the hand and led her round by some back way to the box again.

Aunt Lydia was just resuming her seat, but was still quite determined to go out and take the children with her. The children were quite as determined not to go. And, indeed, their pleadings finally carried the day.

7. But that night Maidie's father came into the room where she lay in her little bed much too excited to sleep. "It was one of the bravest things I ever heard of,—Little Rosalie's act," said he. "Such a child as that must not be wasted. And a subscription is to be taken up that will bring a sufficient sum to complete her education in whatever way is thought best."

"Oh, you don't mean so, papa!" came a chorus from all the beds. "Oh, how glad I am! And to take care of all her folks at home, too, papa?"

"But as for you, my little darling," continued her father to Maidie, "how could you possibly think you

were of so little use at home as to be willing to break our hearts by risking the loss of your life? What if I had come home to-night and found no Maidie to meet me?"

8. And Maidie started up and threw her arms about her father, touched to the heart by her sudden feeling of what his grief might have been. "I want you never to forget, little daughter," he went on, "that you are of great and important use in the family. Are you not my little comforter?

"How are all these children to grow up without the example and the care of their eldest sister? Our duties all begin at home. Heroic actions are great and admirable. But there are other actions just as admirable.

"Among these are the daily acts of duty done, with which you make life pleasant and easy for your mother and me, for Tom, for Kitten, and for all of us. When I remember that I never saw my Maidie out of temper in my life —"

9. "Nor heard her speak rudely to any one," interrupted the listening Bessy.

"Nor knew of her telling anything but the truth," cried Tom from the other room.

"Nor heard her say 'I can't' when you ask her to tie your ribbons or to do your sum or to find your needle," added Fanny.

"Nor knew her to do anything but to try to make everybody about her happy and keep her own sweet soul white in the eyes of Heaven," continued her father. "When I remember this of Maidie, I think all this daily service is of as much worth as the one heroic deed that risks life to save the lives of others."

DOWN TO SLEEP.

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

November woods are bare and still;
  November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning chill;
  The morning snow is gone by night;
  Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
  Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
  I never knew before how much
  Of human sounds there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
  Tucked in and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
  Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
  I hear their chorus of "good-night."
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still;
  November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
  Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
  Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us "down to sleep."

THE SHIPWRECK.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

From "David Copperfield."

This is a selection from Chapter LV of "David Copperfield," Dickens' masterpiece. This chapter contains the famous description of a great storm at Yarmouth. Ham Peggotty, one of the noblest characters in Dickens, attempts to reach the wreck and loses his life. Other parts of this chapter should be read to the pupil in connection with this brief extract.

ăġ ĭ tā′tion (shŭn)
ŭn′dŭ lāt ĭng
tŭ mŭl′tŭ oŭs lў
ĕx′ĭ ġen çў
prŏ dĭ′ġioŭs
ĭn′fĭ nĭte lў
ĭn tĕr′mĭ nȧ ble
ĭn cŏn çēiv′ȧ ble
cŏm mū nĭ cā′tion (shŭn)
ăn tĭç′ĭ pā tĭve

1. I put up at an old inn at Yarmouth and went down to look at the sea, staggering along the street which was strewn with sand and seaweed and with flying blotches of sea foam, afraid of falling slates and tiles and holding by people I met at angry corners.

Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town lurking behind buildings; some now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety.

2. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads as they looked from water to sky and muttering to one another. Even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, leveled their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high, watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would ingulf the town.

As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out a deep cave in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster.

3. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary stormbird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of

water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound.

Every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and quick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

4. Not finding Ham among the people, I made my way to his house. It was shut, and as no one answered to my knocking, I went, by backways and by-lanes, to the yard where he worked. I learned there that he had gone to Lowestoft to meet some sudden exigency of ship-repairing in which his skill was required, but that he would be back to-morrow morning in good time.

I went back to the inn; and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire when the waiter, coming to stir it, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away; and that some other ships had been seen laboring hard in the Roads and trying in great distress to keep off shore.

5. If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of

the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea were more fearful than in the morning.

But there was now a great darkness besides, and that invested the storm with new terrors, real and fanciful. At length, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed.

6. When I awoke it was broad day — eight or nine o'clock ; the storm was raging, and some one was knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprang out of bed, and asked, "What wreck?"

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

7. The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea. Having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, it was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last.

8. In the difficulty of hearing anything but the wind and waves, and in the crowd and the unspeakable confusion and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves.

A half-dressed boatman standing next to me pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then I saw it close in upon us.

One mast was broken short off six or eight feet from the deck and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat, — which she did without a moment's pause and with a violence quite inconceivable, — beat the side as if it would stave it in.

9. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes.

But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys into the boiling surge.

10. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags

of a rent sail and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again.

I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long.

There was a bell on board, and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck as she turned on her beam-ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel as she sprang wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang and its sound was borne toward us on the wind.

11. Again we lost her, and again she rose. The lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago and could do nothing; and as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try.

All at once I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach and saw them part and Ham coming breaking through them to the front. I ran to him, held him back with both arms, and implored the men not to let him stir from off that sand! I might as hopefully have entreated the wind.

12. I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some

distance, where the people around me made me stay, urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested.

I don't know what I answered or what they rejoined; but I saw them hurrying on the beach and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me.

Then I saw him standing alone in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand or slung to his wrist, another round his body, and several of the best men holding at a little distance to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore at his feet.

13. The wreck was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam, then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

14. He was hurt, but he took no thought of that. He

THE SHIPWRECK.

seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free — or so I judged from the motion of his arm — and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly.

At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when a high, green, vast hillside of water moved on shoreward from beyond the ship. He seemed

to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

15. Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet — insensible, dead.

He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

MAGGIE TULLIVER AND THE GYPSIES.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

From "The Mill on the Floss."

Marian C. Evans, known to the literary world by her pen-name of "George Eliot," was born in the north of England about 1820. She was an odd child and a great pet of her father, who delighted in her quaint speeches and thoughts. She had a brother, three years older than herself, who was very dear to her, and the little girl would follow him about the farm, with eyes full of love and admiration.

In her novel "The Mill on the Floss" is a picture of their early home life, Maggie and Tom being herself and her brother.

Her school life began when she was five years old, but she learned slowly. In her ninth year she was sent to a larger school and began to love her books, reading everything she could find. She was full of enthusiasm for all that was brave and heroic, and thirsty for knowledge.

During her girlhood she went to London and there took a course of severe study. She did not begin writing for the public until she was over thirty, "Adam Bede," her first book, being published in 1857.

Her pen was busy the rest of her life, and she took her place as one of the ablest English writers. She wrote a large number of novels, each making her more famous.

Her genius is best shown in her pictures of country life and studies of character. Her busy life closed in 1880.

Maggie Tulliver was an odd little girl, but she was devoted to her brother Tom. A pretty little cousin named Lucy was visiting at her house, and Tom paid so much attention to her that Maggie was neglected.

This made her so angry that she pushed Lucy into the mud and then ran away, thinking she would go and live with the gypsies.

rĕc′ŏn çīled	vict′ual (vĭt′l)
sĕm ĭ çĭr′cŭ lar (lĕr)	dī′ à lŏg*ue*
căt′ė chism (kiz′m)	pŏr tĕnt′oŭs

1. The gypsies, Maggie considered, would gladly receive her and pay her much respect on account of her superior knowledge. She had once mentioned her views on this point to Tom, and suggested that he should stain his face brown and they should run away together; but Tom rejected the scheme with contempt, observing that

gypsies were thieves and hardly got anything to eat and had nothing to drive but a donkey.

To-day, however, Maggie thought her misery had reached a point at which gypsydom was her only refuge, and she rose from her seat on the roots of the tree with the sense that this was a great crisis in her life; she would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies, and cruel Tom and the rest of her relations who found fault with her should never see her any more.

2. She thought of her father as she ran along, but she reconciled herself to the idea of parting with him by determining that she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, who would run away without telling where she was, and just let him know that she was well and happy and always loved him very much.

Maggie soon got out of breath with running and stopped to pant a little, reflecting that running away was not a pleasant thing until one had got quite to the common where the gypsies were. But her resolution had not abated; she presently passed through the gate into the lane, not knowing where it would lead her.

3. She was used to wandering about the fields by herself, and was less timid there than on the highroad. Sometimes she had to climb over high gates, but that was a small evil; she was getting out of reach very fast.

At last, however, the green fields came to an end, and Maggie found herself looking through the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it.

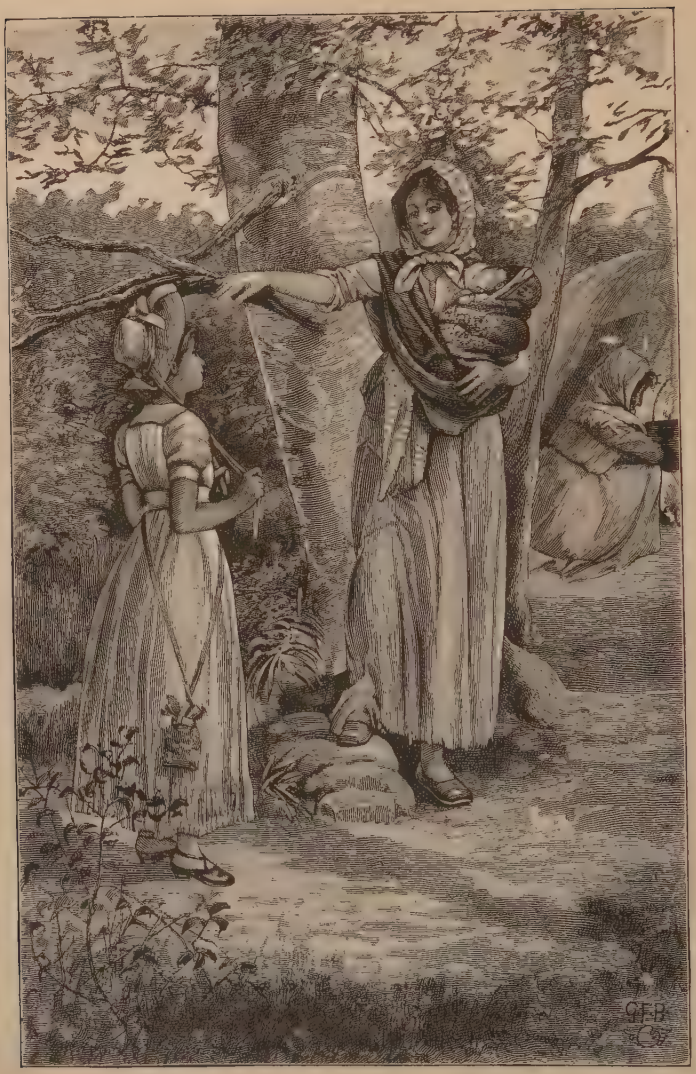
She crept through the bars of the gate and walked on with new spirit, though not without haunting images of a highwayman with a pistol and a blinking dwarf in yellow with a mouth from ear to ear; for poor little Maggie had at once the timidity of an active imagination and the daring that comes from impulse.

4. It was not without a leaping of the heart that she caught sight of a small pair of bare legs sticking up, feet uppermost, by the side of a hillock. It was a boy asleep; and Maggie trotted along faster and more lightly, lest she should wake him.

It did not occur to her that he was one of her friends, the gypsies, who in all probability would have very genial manners. But the fact was so, for at the next bend in the lane Maggie actually saw the little semicircular black tent, with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge.

She even saw a tall female figure by the column of smoke, — doubtless the gypsy mother, who provided the tea and other groceries; it was astonishing to herself that she did not feel more delighted.

5. It was plain she had attracted attention, for the tall figure, who proved to be a young woman with a



MAGGIE MEETS THE GYPSY.

baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her. Maggie looked up in the new face rather tremblingly as it approached.

"My little lady, where are you going to?" the gypsy said, in a tone of coaxing deference.

It was delightful and just what Maggie expected; the gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly.

"Not any farther," said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream. "I'm come to stay with you, please."

"That's pretty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure," said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, but wished she had not been so dirty.

6. There was quite a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy woman was seated on the ground; two small shock-headed children were lying prone and resting on their elbows, and a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of excellent stolen hay.

The slanting sunlight fell kindly upon them, and the scene was very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the tea-cups. Everything would be quite charming when she had

taught the gypsies to use a washing-basin and to feel an interest in books.

7. It was a little confusing, though, that the young woman began to speak to the old one in a language which Maggie did not understand, while the tall girl who was feeding the donkey sat up and stared at her without offering any salutation. At last the old woman said:

"What, my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit ye down and tell us where you come from."

It was just like a story; Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said:

"I'm come from home because I'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I'll live with you, if you like, and I can teach you a great many things."

8. "Such a clever little lady," said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie and allowing baby to crawl; "and such a pretty bonnet and frock," she added, taking off Maggie's bonnet and looking at it, while she made an observation in the unknown language to the old woman. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head hind-foremost, with a grin; but Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this subject.

"I don't want to wear a bonnet," she said; "I'd rather wear a red handkerchief like yours."

"Oh, what a nice little lady! — and rich, I'm sure," said the old woman. "Did n't you live in a beautiful house at home?"

9. "Yes, my home is pretty, and I'm very fond of the river where we go fishing; but I 'm often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books, I 've read them so many times, and that will amuse you. And I can tell you something about geography, too — that 's about the world we live in — very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?"

10. Maggie's eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks to flush — she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies and gaining great influence over them. The gypsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie's pocket, which the friend at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

"Is that where you live, my little lady?" said the old woman at the mention of Columbus.

"Oh, no!" said Maggie, with some pity; "Columbus was a very wonderful man who found out half the world, and they put chains on him, and treated him very badly, you know — it 's in my catechism of geography — but

perhaps it 's rather too long to tell before tea. I want my tea so."

11. "Why, she 's hungry, poor little lady," said the younger woman. "Give her some o' the cold victual. You 've been walking a good way, I 'll be bound, my dear. Where 's your home?"

"It 's Dorlcote Mill, a good way off," said Maggie. "My father is Mr. Tulliver; but we must n't let him know where I am, else he 'll fetch me home again. Where does the queen of the gypsies live?"

"What! do you want to go to her, my little lady?" said the younger woman.

"No," said Maggie; "I 'm only thinking that if she is n't a very good queen you might be glad when she died and you could choose another. If I was a queen, I 'd be a very good queen and kind to everybody."

"Here 's a bit o' nice victual, then," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread, which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

12. "Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it; "but will you give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don't like bacon."

"We 've no tea nor butter," said the old woman, with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

"Oh, a little bread and treacle would do," said Maggie.

"We 've no treacle," said the old woman crossly; whereupon there followed a sharp dialogue between the two women in their unknown tongue, and one of the small children snatched at the bread and bacon and began to eat it.

At this moment the tall girl, who had gone a few yards off, came back and said something which produced a strong effect. The old woman, seeming to forget Maggie's hunger, poked the skewer into the pot with new vigor, and the younger crept under the tent and reached out some platters and spoons.

13. Maggie trembled a little and was afraid the tears would come into her eyes. But the springing tears were checked by a new terror when two men came up. The elder of the two carried a bag, which he flung down, addressing the women in a loud and scolding tone, while a black cur ran barking up to Maggie and threw her into a tremor.

Maggie felt that it was impossible she should ever be queen of these people or ever communicate to them amusing and useful knowledge.

Both the men now seemed to be inquiring about Maggie, for they looked at her, and the tone of the conversation became of that kind which implies curiosity on

one side and the power of satisfying it on the other. At last the younger woman said, in her coaxing tone:

"This nice little lady 's come to live with us; aren't you glad?"

14. "Ay, very glad," said the younger, who was looking at Maggie's silver thimble and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. He returned them all, except the thimble, to the younger woman, and she immediately restored them to Maggie's pocket, while the men seated themselves and began to attack the contents of the kettle, — a stew of meat and potatoes, — which had been taken off the fire and turned out into a yellow platter.

Maggie began to think that Tom must be right about the gypsies; they must certainly be thieves, unless the man meant to return her thimble by and by. She would willingly have given it to him, for she was not at all attached to her thimble; but the idea that she was among thieves prevented her from feeling any comfort in the revival of attention toward her. All thieves except Robin Hood were wicked people. The woman saw that she was frightened.

15. "We 've got nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman, in her coaxing tone. "And she 's so hungry, sweet little lady."

"Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit o' this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a

brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie, who, remembering that the old woman had seemed angry with her for not liking the bread and bacon, dared not refuse the stew, though fear had chased away her appetite.

If her father would but come by in the gig and take her up! Or even if Jack the Giant-killer, or Mr. Greatheart, or St. George, who slew the dragon on the half-pennies, would happen to pass that way! But Maggie thought with a sinking heart that these heroes were never seen in the neighborhood of St. Ogg's. Nothing very wonderful ever came there.

16. Her ideas about the gypsies had undergone a rapid modification in the last five minutes. From having considered them very respectful companions, she had begun to think that they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark. It was no use trying to eat the stew, and yet the thing she most dreaded was to offend the gypsies.

"What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear," said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit, come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, trying to smile in a friendly way. "I have n't time, I think; it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and nice things."

17. Maggie rose from her seat; but her hope sank when the old gypsy woman said, "Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady; we 'll take you home, all safe, when we 've done supper. You shall ride home like a lady."

Maggie sat down again, with little faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

"Now, then, little missis," said the younger man, rising and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live; what 's the name o' the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie eagerly. "My father is Mr. Tulliver; he lives there."

"What! a big mill a little way this side o' St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

18. "No, no, it 'll be getting dark; we must make haste. And the donkey 'll carry you as nice as can be; you 'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke and set her on the donkey.

"Here 's your pretty bonnet," said the younger woman, putting that recently despised but now welcome article of costume on Maggie's head; "and you 'll say we 've been very good to you, won't you? and what a nice little lady we said you was?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Maggie. "I'm very much obliged to you. But I wish you'd go with me, too." She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone.

"Ah! you're fondest o' me, aren't you?" said the woman. "But I can't go; you'll go too fast for me."

19. It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him. When the woman had patted her on the back and said "Good-bye," the donkey, at a strong hint from the man's stick, set off at a rapid walk along the lane toward the point Maggie had come from an hour ago. The tall girl and the rough urchin, also furnished with sticks, obligingly escorted them for the first hundred yards, with much screaming and thwacking.

Much terrified was poor Maggie in this entirely natural ride on a short-paced donkey, with a gypsy behind her, who considered that he was earning half a crown.

The red light of the setting sun seemed to have a portentous meaning, with which the alarming bray of the second donkey with the log on its foot must surely have some connection.

20. Two low, thatched cottages — the only houses they passed in this lane — seemed to add to its dreariness; they had no windows to speak of, and the doors were closed. It was probable that they were inhabited by

witches, and it was a relief to find that the donkey did not stop there.

At last — oh, sight of joy! — this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad highroad, where there was actually a coach passing! The gypsy really meant to take her home, then; he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she did n't like coming with him alone.

This idea became stronger as she felt more and more certain that she knew the road quite well, and she was considering how she might open a conversation with the injured gypsy when, as they reached a cross-road, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.

21. "Oh, stop, stop!" she cried out. "There 's my father! O, father, father!"

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tulliver's wonder, for he had made a round from Basset and had not yet been home.

"Why, what 's the meaning o' this?" he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

"The little miss lost herself, I reckon," said the gypsy. "She 'd come to our tent at the far end o' Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was.

It 's a good way to come arter being on the tramp all day."

22. "Oh, yes, father, he 's been very good to bring me home," said Maggie. "A very kind, good man!"

"Here, then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. "It 's the best day's work you ever did. I could n't afford to lose my darling girl; here, lift her up before me."

"Why, Maggie, how 's this? how 's this?" he said as they rode along, while she laid her head against her father and sobbed. "How came you to be rambling about and lose yourself?"

23. "O father," sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because I was so unhappy. Tom was so angry with me. I could n't bear it."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Tulliver soothingly, "you must n't think o' running away from father. What would father do without his little girl?"

"Oh, no, I never will again, father — never."

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening. Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother or one taunt from Tom about her running away to the gypsies.

Maggie was rather awe-stricken by this unusual treatment and sometimes thought that her conduct had been too wicked to be alluded to.

THE SHELL.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurled,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through his dim water world?

Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger nail on the sand!
Small, but a work divine!
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

THE TWO HERD-BOYS.

(Abridged.)

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

măn ū făc′tūre	ĭn tĕl′lĭ ġençe
ĕs tăb′lĭsh ments	coun′tē nançe
grŏsch′en	kō′bŏlds
thä′lĕr	dĭs ĭn clīned′

1. When I was in Germany I spent several weeks of the summer time in a small town among the Thuringian Mountains. There is not much farming land. The men cut wood, the women spin flax and bleach linen, and the children gather berries, tend cattle on the high mountain pastures, or act as guides to the summer travelers.

A great many find employment in the manufacture of toys, for which there are several establishments in this region, producing annually many thousands of crying and speaking dolls, bleating lambs, barking dogs, and roaring lions.

2. Behind the town where I lived, there was a spur of the mountains, crowned by the walls of a castle built by one of the dukes who ruled over that part of Saxony eight or nine hundred years ago.

In many places the forest had been cut away, leaving open tracts where the sweet mountain grass grew thick and strong, and where there were always masses of heather, harebells, foxgloves, and wild pinks.

Every morning all the cattle of the town were driven up to these pastures, each animal with a bell hanging to its neck, and the sound of so many hundred bells tinkling all at once made a chime which could be heard at a long distance.

3. One of my favorite walks was to mount to the ruined castle and pass beyond it to the flowery pasture slopes, from which I had a wide view of the level country to the north and the mountain ridges on both sides.

One day during my ramble I came upon two smaller herds of cattle, each tended by a single boy. They were near each other, but not on the same pasture, for there was a deep hollow, or dell, between.

As I came out of a thicket upon the clearing on one side of the hollow, the herd-boy tending the cattle nearest to me was sitting among the grass and singing with all his might the German song commencing,

"Tra, ri, ro!
The summer 's here, I know!"

His back was towards me, but I noticed that his elbows were moving very rapidly. Curious to learn what he was doing, I slipped quietly around some bushes to a point where I could see him distinctly, and found that he was knitting a woolen stocking. Presently he lifted his head, looked across to the opposite pasture, and cried out, "Hans! the cows!"

4. I looked also, and saw another boy of about the same age start up and run after his cattle, the last one of which was entering the forests. Then the boy near me gave a glance at his own cattle, which were quietly grazing on the slope a little below him, and went on with his knitting.

I prevailed upon him to tell me his name and age. He was called Otto and was twelve years old; his father was a woodcutter, and his mother spun and bleached linen.

"And how much," I asked him, "do you get for taking care of the cattle?"

5. "I am to have five thalers" (about four dollars), he answered, "for the whole summer. But it does n't go to me; it 's for father. But then I make a good many groschen by knitting, and that 's for my winter clothes.

"Last year I could buy a coat, and this year I want to get enough for trousers and new shoes. Since the cattle know me so well, I have only to talk and they mind me; and that, you see, gives me plenty of time to knit."

"I see," I said; "it 's a very good arrangement. I suppose the cattle over on the other pasture don't know their boy? He has not got them all out of the woods yet."

"Yes, they know him," said Otto, "and that 's the reason they slip away. But then cattle mind some persons better than others; I 've seen that much."

6. Here he stopped talking and commenced knitting again. He evidently wanted to make the most of his time. Then I again looked across the hollow, where Hans — the other boy — had at last collected his cows.

He stood on the top of a rock flinging stones down the steep slope. When he had no more he stuck his hands in his pockets and whistled loudly to draw Otto's attention; but the latter pretended not to hear.

7. A few days afterwards I went up to the pasture again, and came, by chance, to the head of the little dell dividing the two herds. The first object which attracted

my attention was Otto, knitting, as usual, beside his herd of cows.

Then I turned to the other side to discover what Hans was doing. His cattle this time were not straying; but neither did he appear to be minding them in the least. He was walking on the mountain side with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

Sometimes he would walk on, pull a blue flower and then a yellow one, look at them sharply, and throw them away. "What is he after?" I said to myself.

8. The cattle were no doubt acquainted with his ways (it is astonishing how much intelligence they have!) and they immediately began to move towards the forest and would soon have wandered away if I had not headed them off and driven them back. Then I followed them, much to the surprise of Hans, who had been aroused by the noise of their bells as they ran from me.

"You don't keep a very good watch, my boy!" I said.

As he made no answer, I asked, "Have you lost anything?"

"No," he then said.

"What have you been hunting so long?"

He looked confused, turned away his head, and muttered, "Nothing."

9. This made me sure he had been hunting something, and I felt a little curiosity to know what it was. But,

although I asked him again and offered to help him hunt it, he would tell me nothing. He had a restless and rather unhappy look, quite different from the bright, cheerful eyes and pleasant countenance of Otto.

His father, he said, worked in a mill below the town and got good wages; so he was allowed half the pay for tending the cattle during the summer.

"What will you do with the money?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll soon spend it," he said. "I could spend a hundred times that much if I had it."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "No doubt it's all the better that you have n't it."

10. He did not seem to like this remark and was afterwards disinclined to talk; so I left him and went over to Otto, who was as busy and cheerful as ever.

"Otto," said I, "do you know what Hans is hunting all over the pasture? Has he lost anything?"

"No," Otto answered, "he has not lost anything, and I don't believe he will find anything, either. Because, even if it's all true, they say you never come across it when you look for it, but it just shows itself all at once when you're not expecting it."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

11. Otto looked at me a moment and seemed to hesitate. He appeared also to be a little surprised. He finally asked, "Don't you know, sir, what the shepherd

found, somewhere about here, a great many hundred years ago?"

"No," I answered.

"Not the key-flower?"

Then I did know what he meant and understood the whole matter in a moment. But I wanted to know what Otto had heard of the story, and therefore said to him, "I wish you would tell me all about it."

12. "Well," he began, "some say it was true and some that it was n't. At any rate, it was a long, long while ago, and there 's no telling how much to believe. My grandmother told me; but, then, she did n't know the man. She only heard about him from her grandmother. He was a shepherd and used to tend his sheep on the mountain — or maybe it was cows, I 'm not sure — in some place where there were a great many kobolds and fairies.

13. "It was in summer, and he was walking along after his sheep, when all at once he saw a wonderful, sky-blue flower, of a kind he had never seen before in all his life. Some people say it was sky-blue and some that it was golden yellow; I don't know which is right. Well, however it was, there was the wonderful flower, as large as your hand, growing in the grass.

"The shepherd stooped down and broke the stem; but just as he was lifting up the flower to examine it he saw

that there was a door in the side of the mountain. Now, he had been over the ground a hundred times before and had never seen anything of the kind.

"He looked into it for a long time and at last plucked up heart and in he went. After forty or fifty steps he found himself in a large hall full of chests of gold and diamonds. There was an old kobold with a white beard sitting in a chair beside a large table in the middle of the hall.

"The shepherd was at first frightened, but the kobold looked at him with a friendly face and said, 'Take what you want, and don't forget the best!'

14. "So the shepherd laid the flower on the table and went to work and filled his pockets with the gold and diamonds. When he had as much as he could carry the kobold said again, 'Don't forget the best!' 'That I won't,' the shepherd thought to himself, and took more gold and the biggest diamonds he could find, and filled his hat so that he could scarcely stagger under the load.

"He was leaving the hall when the kobold cried out, 'Don't forget the best!' But he could n't carry any more and went on, never minding. When he reached the door on the mountain side, he heard the voice again for the last time, 'Don't forget the best!'

15. "The next minute he was out on the pasture. When he looked around, the door had disappeared; his

pockets and hat grew light all at once, and instead of gold and diamonds he found nothing but dry leaves and pebbles. He was as poor as ever, and all because he had forgotten the best.

"Now, sir, do you know what the best was? Why, it was the flower which he had left on the table in the kobold's hall. That was the key-flower. When you find it and pull it, the door is opened to all the treasures under ground.

"If the shepherd had kept it, the gold and diamonds would have stayed so; and, besides, the door would have been always open to him, and he could then help himself whenever he wanted."

16. "Did you ever look for the key-flower?" I asked Otto.

He grew a little red in the face, then laughed, and answered: "Oh, that was the first summer I tended the cattle, and I soon got tired of it. But I guess the flower does n't grow any more now."

"How long has Hans been looking for it?"

"He looks every day," said Otto, "when he gets tired of doing nothing. But I should n't wonder if he was thinking about it all the time, or he 'd look after his cattle better than he does."

17. As I walked down the mountain that afternoon I thought a great deal about these two herd-boys and the

story of the key-flower. Up to this time the story had only seemed to me to be a curious and beautiful fairy tale; but now I began to think it might mean something more. Here was Hans neglecting his cows and making himself restless and unhappy in the hope of some day finding the key-flower; while Otto, who remembered that it can't be found by hunting for it, was attentive to his task, always earning a little, and always contented.

Therefore, the next time I walked up to the pastures I went straight to Hans. "Have you found the key-flower yet?" I asked.

18. There was a curious expression upon his face. He appeared to be partly ashamed of what he must now and then have suspected to be a folly, and partly anxious to know if I could tell him where the flower grew.

"See here, Hans," said I, seating myself upon a rock. "Don't you know that those who hunt for it never find it? Of course you have not found it, and you never will, in this way. But even if you should, you are so anxious for the gold and diamonds that you would be sure to forget the best, just as the shepherd did, and would find nothing but leaves and pebbles in your pockets."

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed; "that 's just what I would n't do."

19. "Don't you forget your work every day?" I asked. "You are forgetting the best all the time, — I mean the

best that you have at present. Now, I believe there is a key-flower growing on these very mountains; and, what is more, Otto has found it!"

He looked at me in astonishment.

"Don't you see," I continued, "how happy and contented he is all the day long? He does not work as hard at his knitting as you do in hunting for the flower; and, although you get half your summer's wages and he nothing, he will be richer than you in the fall. He will have a small piece of gold, and it won't change into a leaf. Besides, when a boy is contented and happy he has gold and diamonds."

20. I saw that Hans was not a bad boy; he was simply restless, impatient, and perhaps a little inclined to envy those in better circumstances. I knew it would be difficult for him to change his habits of thinking and wishing. But, after a long talk, he promised me he would try, and that was as much as I expected.

Now you may want to know whether he did try, and I am sorry that I cannot tell you. I left the place soon afterwards and have never been there since. Let us all hope, however, that he found the real key-flower.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

By ROBERT BROWNING.

A GREAT English poet, much praised by his admirers, and yet by no means popular or widely read, is Robert Browning. He was born near London in 1812, and received a good education.

At an early age he began to write poetry and continued to write during all his long life. From the first he showed originality and was little governed by popular opinion. He married Elizabeth Barrett, the author of many beautiful poems.

Mr. Browning is best known by a few short poems which have been widely read. Among these are the following: "Incident of the French Camp," "How we Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Mr. Browning died in Venice in 1889.

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall."

NAPOLEON AND THE WOUNDED BOY

Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect
So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through—
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said,
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

MARY ELIZABETH.

HER TRUE STORY.

(Abridged.)

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

It may be remembered that we had in the Third Reader a most interesting selection by Miss Phelps, called "Tiny's First and Only Lie."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was the daughter of Austin Phelps, a famous preacher and professor at the Theological Seminary in Andover, Mass., and also the granddaughter of Moses Stuart, another famous professor at the same theological school.

Miss Phelps began to write stories at an early age and has been busy with her pen for these many years. Her "Trotty" and "Gypsy" books have been widely read. These popular juveniles still hold a high rank with young readers.

You will wish to read some day her sketch entitled "The Tenth of January," a most vivid and romantic story of the terrible catastrophe at Lawrence, almost forty years ago, when the Pemberton Mill fell.

While Miss Phelps has written notable juvenile books, she is most favorably known by her novels intended for adult readers. She gained fame by the signal ability shown by the publication of "Gates Ajar," published in 1868.

No doubt you will wish to read, when you are older, "The Silent

Partner"; "Hedged In"; "A Singular Life"; "Jack the Fisherman"; "A Madonna of the Tubs"; and other famous books by this talented author.

Miss Phelps was married a few years ago to Mr. Ward, but she is known to the literary world by her maiden name.

dĕs pĕr ā′tion (shŭn)	dĭs′sĭ pā tĕd
dē bą̈uch′	cŏr′rĭ dōr

1. Mary Elizabeth was a little girl with a long name. She was poor, she was sick, she was ragged, she was dirty, she was cold, she was hungry, she was frightened. She had no home, she had no mother, she had no father. She had no supper, she had had no dinner, she had had no breakfast. She had no place to go and nobody to care whether she went or not.

In fact, Mary Elizabeth had not much of anything but a short pink calico dress, a little red cotton-and-wool shawl, and her long name. Besides this, she had a pair of old rubbers too large for her.

2. She was walking up Washington Street in Boston. It was late in the afternoon of a bitter January day. Already the lamplighters were coming with their long poles, and gaslights began to flash upon the grayness — neither day nor night — through which the child watched the people moving dimly, with a wonder in her heart. This wonder was as confused as the half-light in which the crowd hurried by.

"God made so many people," thought Mary Elizabeth, "he must have made so many suppers. Seems as if there 'd ought to been one for one extry little girl."

But she thought this in a gentle way. She was a very gentle little girl. All girls who had n't anything were not like Mary Elizabeth.

. . . . . .

3. So now she was shuffling up Washington Street, not knowing exactly what to do next, — peeping into people's faces, timidly looking away from them, hesitating, heartsick (for a very little girl can be very heartsick), colder, she thought, every minute and hungrier each hour than she was the hour before.

The child left Washington Street at last, where everybody had homes and suppers without one extra one to spare for a little girl, and turned into a short, bright, showy street, where stood a great hotel.

4. Whether the door-keeper was away, or busy, or sick, or careless, or whether the head waiter at the dining-room door was so tall that he could n't see so short a beggar, or whether the clerk at the desk was so noisy that he could n't hear so still a beggar, or however it was, Mary Elizabeth did get in; by the door-keeper, past the head waiter, under the shadow of the clerk, over the smooth, slippery, marble floor the child crept on.

She came to the office door and stood still. She looked around her with wide eyes. She had never seen a place like that. Lights flashed over it, many and bright. Gentlemen sat in it smoking and reading. They were all warm. Not one of them looked as if he had had no dinner and no breakfast and no supper.

5. "How many extry suppers," thought the little girl, "it must ha' taken to feed 'em all. I guess maybe there 'll be one for me in here."

Mary Elizabeth stood in the middle of it, in her pink calico dress and red plaid shawl. The shawl was tied over her head and about her neck with a ragged tippet.

She looked very funny and round behind, like the wooden women in the Noah's ark. Her bare feet showed in the old rubbers. She began to shuffle about the room, holding out one purple little hand.

6. One or two of the gentlemen laughed; some frowned; more did nothing at all; most did not notice, or did not seem to notice, the child. One said:

"What 's the matter here?"

Mary Elizabeth shuffled on. She went from one to another, less timidly; a kind of desperation had taken possession of her. The odors from the dining-room came in, of strong, hot coffee and strange, roast meats. Mary Elizabeth thought of Jo.

It seemed to her she was so hungry that, if she could

not get a supper, she should jump up and run and rush about and snatch something and steal, like Jo. She held out her hand, but only said:

"I 'm hungry!"

7. A gentleman called her. He was the gentleman who had asked, "What 's the matter here?" He called her in behind his daily newspaper which was big enough to hide three of Mary Elizabeth, and when he saw that nobody was looking he gave her a five-cent piece in a hurry, as if he had committed a sin, and quickly said:

"There, there, child! go, now, go!"

Then he began to read his newspaper quite hard and fast and to look severe, as one does who never gives anything to beggars, as a matter of principle.

But nobody else gave anything to Mary Elizabeth. She shuffled from one to another hopelessly. Every gentleman shook his head. One called for a waiter to put her out. This frightened her and she stood still.

8. Over by a window, in a lonely corner of the great room, a young man was sitting, apart from the others. He sat with his elbows on the table and his face buried in his arms. He was a well-dressed young man, with brown, curling hair.

Mary Elizabeth wondered why he looked so miserable and why he sat alone. She thought, perhaps, if he weren't so happy as the other gentlemen, he would be

more sorry for cold and hungry girls. She hesitated, then walked along and directly up to him.

9. One or two gentlemen laid down their papers and watched this; they smiled and nodded at each other. The child did not see them, to wonder why. She went up and put her hand upon the young man's arm.

He started. The brown, curly head lifted itself from the shelter of his arms; a young face looked sharply at the beggar girl, — a beautiful young face it might have been.

It was haggard now and dreadful to look at, — bloated and badly marked with the unmistakable marks of a wicked week's debauch. He roughly said:

"What do you want?"

"I'm hungry," said Mary Elizabeth.

"I can't help that. Go away."

"I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day — a whole day!" repeated the child.

10. Her lip quivered. But she spoke distinctly. Her voice sounded through the room. One gentleman after another had laid down his paper or his pipe. Several were watching this little scene.

"Go away!" repeated the young man irritably. "Don't bother me. *I* haven't had anything to eat for three days!"

His face went down into his arms again. Mary Elizabeth stood staring at the brown, curling hair. She stood

perfectly still for some moments. She evidently was greatly puzzled. She walked away a little distance, then stopped and thought it over.

And now paper after paper and pipe after cigar went down. Every gentleman in the room began to look on. The young man with the beautiful brown curls and dissipated, disgraced, and hidden face was not stiller than the rest.

The little figure in the pink calico and the red shawl and big rubbers stood for a moment silent among them all. The waiter came to take her out, but the gentlemen motioned him away.

11. Mary Elizabeth turned her five-cent piece over and over slowly in her purple hand. Her hand shook. The tears came. The smell of the dinner from the dining-room grew savory and strong. The child put the piece of money to her lips as if she could have eaten it, then turned and, without further hesitation, went back.

She touched the young man — on the bright hair this time — with her trembling little hand.

The room was so still now that what she said rang out to the corridor, where the waiters stood, with the clerk behind looking over the desk to see.

"I'm sorry you are so hungry. If you haven't had anything for three days, you must be hungrier than me. I've got five cents. A gentleman gave it to me. I wish

MARY ELIZABETH'S GENEROUS DEED.

you would take it. I've only gone one day. You can get some supper with it, and — maybe — I — can get some somewheres! I wish you'd please to take it!"

12. Mary Elizabeth stood quite still, holding out her five-cent piece. She did not understand the stir that went all over the bright room. She did not see that some of the gentlemen coughed and wiped their spectacles.

She did not know why the brown curls before her came up with such a start, nor why the young man's wasted face flushed red and hot with noble shame.

She did not in the least understand why he flung the five-cent piece upon the table, and, snatching her in his

arms, held her fast and hid his face on her plaid shawl and sobbed. Nor did she know what could be the reason that nobody seemed amused to see this gentleman cry.

The gentleman who had given her the money came up, and some more came up, and they gathered round, and she in the midst of them, and they all spoke kindly, and the young man with the bad face that might have been so beautiful stood up, still clinging to her, and said aloud:

"She 's shamed me before you all, and she 's shamed me to myself! I 'll learn a lesson from this beggar, so help me God!"

13. So then he took the child upon his knee, and the gentlemen came up to listen, and the young man asked her what her name was.

"Mary Elizabeth, sir."

"Names used to mean things — in the Bible — when I was as little as you. I read the Bible then. Does Mary Elizabeth mean angel of rebuke?"

"Sir?"

"Where do you live, Mary Elizabeth?"

"Nowhere, sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"In Mrs. O'Flynn's shed, sir. It 's too cold for the cows. She 's so kind, she lets us stay."

"Whom do you stay with?"

14. "Nobody, only Jo."

"Is Jo your brother?"

"No, sir. Jo is a girl. I have n't got only Jo."

"What does Jo do for a living?"

"She — gets it, sir."

"And what do you do?"

"*I* beg. It 's better than to — get it, sir, I think."

"Where 's your mother?"

"Dead."

"What did she die of?"

"Drink, sir," said Mary Elizabeth, in her distinct and gentle tone.

"Ah — well. And your father?"

"He is dead. He died in prison."

"What sent him to prison?"

"Drink, sir."

"Oh!"

15. "I had a brother once," continued Mary Elizabeth, who grew quite eloquent with so large an audience, "but he died, too."

"I do want my supper," she added, after a pause, speaking in a whisper, as if to Jo or to herself, "and Jo 'll be wondering for me."

"Wait, then," said the young man. "I 'll see if *I* can't beg enough to get you your supper."

"I thought there must be an extry one among so many

folks!" cried Mary Elizabeth ; for now, she thought, she should get back her five cents.

And, truly, the young man put the five cents into his hat, to begin with. Then he took out his purse, and put in something that made less noise than the five-cent piece and something more and more and more.

Then he passed around the great room, walking still unsteadily, and the gentleman who gave the five cents and all the gentlemen put something into the young man's hat.

16. So when he came back to the table he emptied the hat and counted the money, and, truly, it was forty dollars.

"Forty dollars!"

Mary Elizabeth looked frightened.

"It 's yours," said the young man. "Now come to supper. But see! this gentleman who gave you the five-cent piece shall take care of the money for you. You can trust him. He 's got a wife, too. But we 'll come to supper now."

. . . . .

17. So the young man took her by the hand, and the gentleman whose wife knew all about what to do with orphans took her by the other hand, and one or two more gentlemen followed, and they all went out into the dining-room, and put Mary Elizabeth in a chair at a

clean white table, and asked her what she wanted for her supper.

Mary Elizabeth said that a little dry toast and a cup of milk would do nicely. So all the gentlemen laughed. And she wondered why.

And the young man with the brown curls laughed, too, and began to look quite happy. But he ordered chicken and cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes and celery and rolls and butter and tomatoes and an ice cream and a cup of tea and nuts and raisins and cake and custard and apples and grapes.

18. And Mary Elizabeth sat in her pink dress and red shawl and ate the whole; and why it did n't kill her nobody knows; but it did n't.

The young man with the face that might have been beautiful — that might yet be, one would have thought who had seen him then — stood watching the little girl.

"She 's preached me a better sermon," he said below his breath; "better than all the ministers I ever heard in all the churches. May God bless her! I wish there were a thousand like her in this selfish world!"

And when I heard about it I wished so, too.

THE OLD WAR HORSE TELLS HIS STORY.

By ANNA SEWALL.

"Black Beauty" is well known to many of the boys and girls. It is the story of a horse and his companions which has been widely read, and each reader becomes one of Black Beauty's friends before he finishes the book.

Mrs. Sewall has studied animals until she understands what they would wish to say if they could talk, and her delightful story makes us more thoughtful and kind to them.

The old war horse was in the stable with Black Beauty and told him his story.

bā*y*′ō nĕts slą*ugh*′tĕr

1. Captain had been broken in and trained for an army horse; his first owner was an officer of cavalry going out to the Crimean War. He said he quite enjoyed the training with all the other horses, trotting together, turning together to the right hand or the left, halting at the word of command, or dashing forward at full speed at the sound of the trumpet or signal of the officer.

He was, when young, a dark, dappled, iron gray, and considered very handsome. His master, a young, high-spirited gentleman, was very fond of him, and treated him from the first with the greatest care and kindness.

He told me he thought the life of an army horse was very pleasant; but when it came to being sent abroad over the sea in a great ship he almost changed his mind.

2. "That part of it," said he, "was dreadful! Of course we could not walk off the land into the ship; so they were obliged to put strong straps under our bodies, and then we were lifted off our legs, in spite of our struggles, and were swung through the air over the water to the deck of the great vessel.

"There we were placed in small, close stalls, and never for a long time saw the sky or were able to stretch our legs. The ship sometimes rolled about in high winds, and we were knocked about and felt bad enough.

"However, at last it came to an end, and we were hauled up and swung over again to the land; we were very glad and snorted and neighed for joy when we once more felt firm ground under our feet.

3. "We soon found that the country we had come to was very different from our own and that we had many hardships to endure besides the fighting; but many of the men were so fond of their horses that they did everything they could to make them comfortable, in spite of snow, wet, and all things out of order."

"But what about the fighting?" said I. "Was not that worse than anything else?"

"Well," said he, "I hardly know. We always liked to hear the trumpet sound and to be called out, and were impatient to start off, though sometimes we had to stand for hours, waiting for the word of command. When

the word was given we used to spring forward as gayly and eagerly as if there were no cannon balls, bayonets, or bullets.

"I believe so long as we felt our rider firm in the saddle and his hand steady on the bridle not one of us gave way to fear, not even when the terrible bombshells whirled through the air and burst into a thousand pieces.

4. "I, with my noble master, went into many actions together without a wound; and, though I saw horses shot down with bullets, pierced through with lances, and gashed with fearful saber cuts, though we left them dead on the field or dying in the agony of their wounds, I don't think I feared for myself.

"My master's cheery voice, as he encouraged his men, made me feel as if he and I could not be killed. I had such perfect trust in him that whilst he was guiding me I was ready to charge up to the very cannon's mouth.

"I saw many brave men cut down, many fall mortally wounded from their saddles. I had heard the cries and groans of the dying, and frequently had to turn aside to avoid trampling on a wounded man or horse; but until one dreadful day I had never felt terror. That day I shall never forget."

5. Here old Captain paused for a while and drew a long breath; I waited, and he went on.

"It was one autumn morning, and, as usual, an hour before daybreak our cavalry had turned out, ready for the day's work, whether it might be fighting or waiting. The men stood by their horses waiting, ready for orders.

"As the light increased there seemed to be some excitement among the officers; and before the day was well begun we heard the firing of the enemy's guns.

"Then one of the officers rode up and gave the word for the men to mount. In a second every man was in his saddle and every horse stood expecting the touch of the rein or the pressure of his rider's heels, all animated, all eager.

"We had been trained so well that, except by the champing of our bits and the restive tossing of our heads from time to time, it could not be said that we stirred.

6. "My dear master and I were at the head of the line, and, as all sat motionless and watchful, he said, 'We shall have a day of it to-day, my beauty; but we 'll do our duty as we have done.' He stroked my neck that morning more, I think, than he had ever done before,—quietly, on and on, as if he were thinking of something else.

"I loved to feel his hand on my neck and arched my crest proudly and happily; but I stood very still, for I knew all his moods and when he liked me to be quiet and when gay.

"I cannot tell all that happened on that day, but I will tell of the last charge that we made together. It was across a valley right in front of the enemy's cannon. By this time we were well used to the roar of heavy guns, the rattle of musket fire, and the flying of shot near us; but never had I been under such a fire as we rode through on that day.

7. "From the right, from the left, and from the front shot and shell poured in upon us. Many a brave man went down, many a horse fell, flinging his rider to the earth.

"Many a horse without a rider ran wildly out of the ranks, then, terrified at being alone, with no hand to guide him, came pressing in amongst his old companions, to gallop with them to the charge.

"Fearful as it was, no one stopped, no one turned back. Every moment the ranks were thinned, but as our comrades fell we closed in to keep them together; and, instead of being shaken in our pace, our gallop became faster and faster as we neared the cannon, all clouded in white smoke, while the red fire flashed through it.

8. "My master, my dear master, was cheering on his comrades with his right arm raised on high, when one of the balls, whizzing close to my head, struck him. I felt him stagger with the shock, though he uttered no cry.

"I tried to check my speed, but the sword dropped from his right hand, the rein fell loose from the left, and,

sinking backward from the saddle, he fell to the earth. The other riders swept past us, and by the force of their charge I was driven from the spot where he fell.

"I wanted to keep my place by his side and not leave him under that rush of horses' feet, but it was in vain; and now, without a master or a friend, I was alone on that great slaughter ground.

"Fear took hold on me, and I trembled as I had never trembled before; and I, too, as I had seen other horses do, tried to join in the ranks and gallop with them. But I was beaten off by the swords of the soldiers.

9. "Just then a soldier, whose horse had been killed under him, caught at my bridle and mounted me; and with this new master I was again going forward. But our gallant company was cruelly overpowered, and those who remained alive after the fierce fight for the guns, came galloping back over the same ground.

"Some of the horses had been so badly wounded that they could scarcely move from the loss of blood; other noble creatures were trying on three legs to drag themselves along. After the battle the wounded men were brought in and the dead were buried."

"And what about the wounded horses?" I said. "Were they left to die?"

"No; the army farriers went over the field with their pistols and shot all that were ruined. Some that had only

slight wounds were brought back and attended to; but the greater part of the noble, willing creatures that went out that morning never came back! In our stables there was only about one in four that returned.

10. "I never saw my dear master again. I believe he fell dead from the saddle. I never loved my other master so well. I went into many other engagements, but was only once wounded, and then not seriously; and when the war was over I came back again to England, as sound and strong as when I went out."

I said, "I have heard people talk about war as if it was a very fine thing."

"Ah!" said he, "I should think they never saw it. No doubt it is very fine when there is no enemy, when it is just exercise and parade and sham fight. Yes, it is very fine then; but when thousands of good, brave men and horses are killed or crippled for life it has a very different look."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

prĭv′ĭ lĕġ ĕs cŏn vey′ (vā) *ançe*

1. Washington Irving, one of the most eminent of American authors, was born in the city of New York in the year 1783. His father came from one of the Orkney Islands and belonged to one of the best and oldest Scottish families.

During the War of the Revolution Mr. and Mrs. Irving were very kind to the American prisoners, giving them food, clothes, and other comforts.

The Irvings were so deeply interested in the war and the struggle for liberty that they decided to name their boy Washington, for the great and noble man who had done so much toward making his country free. His

mother said: "Washington's work is ended, and the child shall be named for him." His name was the means of his being introduced to the Father of his Country when he came to New York, then the seat of the government.

2. A young Scotch maid, seeing how the President was honored, followed him into a shop and, pointing to the boy, said: "Please, your honor, here 's a bairn was named after you." Washington smiled at the little fellow and, placing his hand upon the boy's head, gave him his blessing.

Washington Irving was sent to school in his fourth year to a Mrs. Kilmaster. He spent two years there, but learned very little. He was then sent to a school taught by Benjamin Romaine, who had been a soldier in the War of the Revolution. The boy cared little for study, but was very fond of reading.

3. When Irving was eleven years old, he became deeply interested in books of travel. "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Robinson Crusoe" were the first books of the kind that awakened this feeling, and then he came across a set of twenty volumes of voyages called "The World Displayed." This set of books was a mine of treasure to the boy, and he longed to visit other countries. He explored every nook and corner of his own city and spent his holidays in long walks about the country.

He had already shown a talent for writing, and when

he was thirteen years old, wrote a little play which was acted at the house of one of his friends.

4. Young Irving left school when he was sixteen. His health was poor and he cared more for reading and exploring than for study. His two older brothers had been sent to Columbia College, and he wished in his afterlife that he had received the same advantages.

On leaving school, Irving joined his brother John who was studying in a law office. He spent two years there, but law books were only a small share of his reading. During this time he made his first voyage up the Hudson. There were no steamboats in those days, and he sailed on board a sloop.

5. During this trip were planted the seeds of future writing, for it was then that he received his first impression of the Catskill Mountains, where is laid the scene of "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow." He says that the Catskill Mountains had the most witching effect on his boyish imagination.

During this visit to his sisters, who were living in the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, Irving spent much time in rambling about the forests and along the Hudson. He thus became familiar with the country, with its legends and old customs. Some of his best tales owe their charm to these rambles.

6. When Irving was nineteen, he began writing for a

newspaper published by his brother Peter. These articles, signed "Jonathan Oldstyle," were filled with the same humor shown in his later writings and were copied extensively by other newspapers.

The young author was invited the year following, in 1803, to join Judge Hoffman and a party on a journey to Ogdensburg, Montreal, and Quebec. He gladly accepted the invitation. They had a very exciting trip, traveling in whatever conveyance they could find through the wild country, meeting with Indians, sleeping in hunters' cabins, and were once unable to get food for a whole day.

7. The next year Irving's health failed so rapidly that his two brothers sent him to Europe, and he sailed for France the 19th of May, 1804. The captain as he saw him helped on board thought he would never reach his journey's end.

He was very heavy-hearted as the boat sailed away; but the sea air and the thought of the new scenes before him cheered him, and he began to gain strength. At the end of the voyage, which was six weeks long, he was quite able to climb the mast. Imagine his feelings as his vessel entered the port and he saw the land of which he had so often dreamed.

8. After two years abroad, Irving returned to New York and became a lawyer. There was much to make

his return happy. He was improved in health, and the little fame he had gained was increased by this trip.

Washington and his older brother William, together with Mr. James K. Paulding, started a serial called "Salmagundi." It was filled with witty articles about the follies of the times and was very popular during its year of publication.

9. Irving's next work was a humorous history of New York, which is one of the wittiest books ever written. Just before it was finished he received a blow that left him little heart for writing. Matilda Hoffman, who was to have been his wife, died in her eighteenth year. He bravely went on with his work, but felt the loss so deeply that he could never bear to speak of her. The dearest hope of his life was overthrown.

Irving was never married, and after his death there were found among his private papers her picture, — a sweet, girlish face, — a braid of fair hair, her Bible and prayer book, and these words : "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful."

10. In 1813 Mr. Irving edited a magazine in Philadelphia. The year following he joined the staff of General Tompkins, and the next year he went a second time to Europe. After spending some time in travel he was obliged to return to his writing on account of his brothers' failure in business.

SUNNYSIDE, IRVING'S HOME.

He wrote "The Sketch Book" under the name of "Geoffrey Crayon" and sent it to New York, where it was published. It was afterwards published in London through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, who read it and admired it greatly.

This book met with a hearty reception in both countries. The delicate pathos and humor, the freshness of feeling, and the refined and finished style gave it a high position in the literary world.

11. This was in 1818. In 1822 he published "Bracebridge Hall." This was written in Paris, where the author was a companion of the poet Moore. It was a success, but not so popular as "The Sketch Book." In

December, 1824, he published "The Tales of a Traveler." These were followed, in 1828, by "The History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus" and other works.

In 1832 he returned to America, where he was heartily welcomed. Soon after his return he made a journey to the country west of the Mississippi.

Washington Irving was appointed minister to Spain in 1842. He lived there four years and then came home. His last and most elaborate work was "The Life of Washington," in five volumes.

12. In 1835 Mr. Irving had bought an estate in Tarrytown on the Hudson. His brother Peter and others of his family lived there, and it was in this charming country seat that Irving spent the last years of his life.

He called this home "The Roost," but it was re-named "Sunnyside." The house was originally a small Dutch cottage built of stone; but Mr. Irving remodeled and enlarged it and planted ivy slips from Melrose Abbey all about it.

Here, surrounded by loving relatives, Washington Irving died on the 28th of November, 1859. His life had been a successful one. His bright, happy nature never deserted him, and he kept his simple tastes and sweet temper to the last.

He was an artist in his style, and his works excite our admiration and love.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

(Abridged.)

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

From "The Sketch Book."

Part I.

dĕs′ĭg nā tĕd	fȧ tigued′ (tēgd)
pẽr sė̄ vēr′*a*nç*e*	prĕç′ĭ pĭç*e*
rṳ′bĭ cŭnd	ȧ lăc′rĭ tў
ăl tẽr′nȧ tĭv*e*	fȧ mĭl′ĭ ăr ĭ tў

1. Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. When the weather is fair and settled they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village

whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province.

In that same village and in one of these very houses there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle.

2. He was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, and the children, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians.

Whenever he went dodging about the village he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts and clambering on his back. Not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble.

3. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild

pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences.

In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; and the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do.

4. His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son, Rip, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off breeches, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle if left to himself would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

5. Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van

Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray.

The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs. He sneaked about casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door yelping.

6. Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of club of idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third.

Here they used to sit in the shade of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip or telling endless, sleepy stories about nothing.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught.

7. Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the

contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll that crowned the brow of a precipice.

8. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long, blue shadows over the valleys. He saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

9. As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back and, giving

a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

Rip looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely place, but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

10. On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion, — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees.

He bore on his shoulders a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

11. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, toward which their rugged path conducted. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow surrounded by precipices.

During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

12. On entering the hollow, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style to that of the guide's.

Their faces, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors.

13. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious

silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed.

Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them they stared at him with such strange, uncouth countenances that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together.

14. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they drank the liquor in silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and fear subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught.

One taste provoked another, and he repeated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Part II.

ŏc cŭr′*re*n çĕs	hȧ răng*u*′ĭng
ȧ băn′dȯn*e*d	rĕf′ū ġē*e*
ăs sĕm′blā̇ġ*e*	cŏr rŏb′ō rā tĕd

1. On waking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze.

"Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. "Oh, that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten.

He now suspected that the grave jokers of the mountain had put a trick upon him and, having dosed him with liquor, robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared.

RIP VAN WINKLE WAKING FROM HIS LONG SLEEP.

2. He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity.

With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it.

He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, and at length reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs; but no trace of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand.

3. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed.

They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. This gesture induced Rip to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

4. He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered.

There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched.

5. It was with some difficulty that he found his way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges.

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort,

the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle."

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall pole with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes.

6. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly changed.

The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. A fellow with his pockets full of handbills was haranguing about election — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words which were a perfect jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

7. The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted attention.

A knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp,

cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and, planting himself before Van Winkle, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

8. "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order. Rip humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

9. There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years!"

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony

Point, others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

10. Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time and of matters which he could not understand; war — Congress — Stony Point — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does anybody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder leaning against the tree."

11. Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain, — apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else. I was myself last

night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun and everything's changed and I'm changed and I can't tell what 's my name or who I am!"

12. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush; the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

13. Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where 's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since."

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am

your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now. Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other and put their tongues in their cheeks, and the self-important man in the cocked hat screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head.

14. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He recollected Rip at once and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner.

He assured the company that it was a fact handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings.

That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the

scenes of his enterprise and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name.

That his father had seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard one summer afternoon the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

15. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her, and he resumed his old walks and habits.

He took his place once more on the bench at the inn door and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village. It was some time before he could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place.

How there had been a revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States.

16. He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at the hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awakened. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it and insisted that Rip had been out of his head.

The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder storm about the Catskill but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins.

POCAHONTAS.

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

One of the most eminent novelists of our time was William M. Thackeray, who was born in Calcutta in 1811. His father left him a large fortune, which enabled the future author to secure an university education. Although Thackeray's first ambition was to become an artist, he devoted himself to literature after the loss of his fortune. He wrote for many years before he gained a reputation, but at last his great novels, "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," secured for him the highest rank among the great masters of fiction.

No writer of his time had such a command of English, and his language is full of purity and strength.

Thackeray had a wonderful insight into human nature. He had no patience for falsehood or wrong; but there was a world of tenderness and sympathy in his heart.

Thackeray was highly respected and deeply beloved for his rare personal qualities. He died on the morning of December 24, 1863.

Wearied arm and broken sword
  Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
  He is but a single knight.

Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 't is hard to die by fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd;
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng with sudden start,
See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!

In the woods of Powhatan,
  Still 't is told by Indian fires
  How a daughter of their sires
Saved a captive Englishman.

RAIN IN THE GARRET.

By DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

Donald G. Mitchell, widely known by his pen-name of "Ik Marvel," was born in Norwich, Conn., in April, 1822. Not being very strong, he was sent for a few years to his grandfather's farm. The farm life interested him greatly, and he loved the country. The breadth of a country life was a delight to him. He says, "In the fields of God's planting there is room. The boy grows to manliness instead of growing to be like men."

In 1841 he graduated at Yale College. Three years later he went to England, traveling through every county on foot, and wrote letters about his trip for the newspapers.

On his return he wrote a book of travels. A few years later he went abroad again, and wrote a second book of travel. His most popular works are "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor."

In 1853 he was sent as consul to Venice. He returned in 1855 and bought a beautiful farm near New Haven, Conn., which he called Edgewood.

There he leads a happy life, enjoying his home and writing. His books are full of beauty and grace, and the later writings are strong, healthful, with a dash of wit and fun.

The following selection is from "Dream Life," and is probably one of Mr. Mitchell's memories of the days spent in the old farmhouse where his grandfather lived.

Mr. Mitchell wrote a book for children called "Among Old Story Tellers," which is very interesting.

păt′rŏn ī zĭng	măg nĭf′ĭ çent
mĭs′chiĕ voŭs	chĭv′al rў
pŭnch′ eons	vĕn′ tūre sŏme

1. It is an old garret with big brown rafters, and the boards between are stained with the rainstorms of fifty years. And as the sportive April shower quickens its flood, it seems as if its torrents would come dashing through the shingles upon you and upon your play. But it will not, for you know that the old roof is strong.

You love that old garret roof, and you nestle down under its slope with a sense of its protecting power that no castle walls can give to your maturer years.

It seems a grand old place, and it is capital fun to search in its corners and drag out some bit of quaint old furniture with a leg broken, and lay a cushion across it, and fix your reins upon the lion's claws of the feet, and then — gallop away!

And you offer sister Nelly a chance if she will be good; and throw out very patronizing words to little

Charlie, who is mounted upon a much humbler horse — as he of right should be, since he is three years your junior.

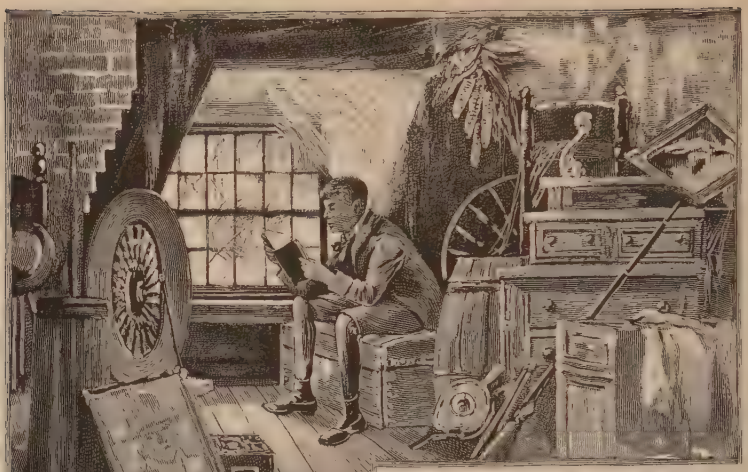
2. I know no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry.

The heavy rafters, the dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners like ghosts — are great!

There is great fun in groping through a tall barrel of books and pamphlets, on the lookout for startling pictures; and there are chestnuts in the garret, drying, which you have discovered on a ledge of the chimney, and you slide a few into your pocket and munch them quietly — giving now and then one to Nelly and begging her to keep silent, for you have a great fear of its being forbidden fruit.

3. But you grow tired of this; you tire even of the swing and of the pranks of Charlie, and you glide away into a corner with an old dog's-eared copy of "Robinson Crusoe."

And you grow heart and soul into the story, until you tremble for the poor fellow with his guns behind the palisade, and are yourself half dead with fright when



A RAINY DAY IN THE GARRET.

you peep cautiously over the hill with your glass and see the cannibals around the fire.

Yet, after all, you think the old fellow must have had a capital time with a whole island to himself; and you think you would like such a time yourself, if only Nelly and Charlie could be there with you.

But this thought does not come till afterward; for the time you are nothing but Crusoe — you are living in his cave with Poll the parrot and are looking out for your goats and man Friday.

4. You dream what a nice thing it would be for you to slip away some pleasant morning — not to York, as young Crusoe did, but to New York — and take passage as a sailor; and how, if they knew you were going, there would be such a world of good-byes, and how, if they did not know it, there would be such a world of wonder!

And then the sailor's dress would be altogether such a jaunty affair, and it would be such rare sport to lie off upon the yards far aloft, as you have seen sailors in pictures looking out upon the blue and tumbling sea.

No thought now in your boyish dreams of sleety storms and cables stiffened with ice and crashing spars and great icebergs towering fearfully around you!

5. You would have better luck than even Crusoe; you would save a compass and a Bible and stores of hatchets and the captain's dog and great puncheons of sweetmeats (which Crusoe altogether overlooked); and you would save a tent or two, which you could set up on the shore, and an American flag and a small piece of cannon, which you could fire as often as you liked.

At night you would sleep in a tree — though you wonder how Crusoe did it — and would say the prayers you had been taught to say at home, and fall to sleep, dreaming of Nelly and Charlie.

6. At sunrise, or thereabouts, you would come down, feeling very much refreshed, and make a very nice break-

fast off of smoked herring and sea-bread with a little currant jam and a few oranges. After this you would haul ashore a chest or two of the sailor's clothes, and, putting a few large jackknives in your pocket, would take a stroll over the island and dig a cave somewhere and roll in a cask or two of sea-bread.

And you fancy yourself growing after a time very tall and wearing a magnificent goatskin cap trimmed with green ribbons and set off with a plume. You think you would have put a few more guns in than Crusoe did and charged them with a little more grape.

7. After a long while, you fancy, a ship would arrive which would carry you back, and you count upon very great surprise on the part of your father and little Nelly as you march up to the door of the old family mansion with plenty of gold in your pocket and a small bag of cocoanuts for Charlie, and with a great deal of pleasant talk about your island far away in the south seas.

And so, with your head upon your hand, in your quiet, garret corner, over some such beguiling story, your thought leans away from the book into your own dreamy cruise over the sea of life.

THE SEA VOYAGE.

By JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

From "Arthur Bonnicastle." Copyright, 1882, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Josiah G. Holland, widely known by the pen-name of "Timothy Titcomb," was born July, 1819, in a Massachusetts village called Belchertown. He began life as a doctor, but after a few years of practice gave up this profession and went to Vicksburg as superintendent of schools.

From this city he went to Springfield, Mass., and became an editor of "The Springfield Republican." He wrote first for the papers, but soon devoted more time to general literary work. He wrote a number of novels, two very popular poems, "Bitter Sweet" and "Kathrina," and several volumes of essays.

In 1870 he became editor of "Scribner's Monthly" in New York.

Dr. Holland was a delightful man and made many friends. His novels are very interesting as stories. They contain many pictures of village life, and the thought and lessons taught by them are strong and helpful. His numerous essays, first published in periodicals and afterwards in book form, are widely read. They are full of homely wisdom and kindly advice.

Dr. Holland died in 1881.

The following selection is taken from "Arthur Bonnicastle," one of Holland's best novels.

Arthur, the hero of the book, was visiting a lady who was very fond of him. He and Jenks, the stable man, were friends, although his eccentric hostess did not know of their friendship.

hy̆p′ȯ crĭte ĕn coŭr′ȧ ġĭng ly̆
ĭn tẽr rŏg′ȧ tĭve ly̆ dū′bĭ oŭs ly̆

1. After dinner I asked liberty to go to the stable. I was fond of horses and all domestic animals. I made my request in the presence of Jenks, and that old hypocrite had the hardihood to growl and grumble and mutter. I looked at him inquiringly.

"Don't mind Jenks," said Madame.

Jenks went growling out of the room, but as he passed me I caught the old cunning look in his little eyes and followed him. When the door was closed he cut a pigeon-wing, and ended by throwing one foot entirely over my head.

Then he whispered: "You go out and stay there until I come. Don't disturb anything." So I went out, thinking him quite the queerest old fellow I had ever seen.

2. I passed half an hour patting the horse's head, calling the chickens around me, and wondering what the plans of Jenks would be. At length he appeared. Walking tiptoe into the stable, he said: "The old woman is down for a nap, and we 've got two good hours for a voyage. Now, messmate, let 's up sails and be off!"

At this he seized a long rope which depended from one of the great beams above, and pulled away with a "Yo! heave, oh!" (letting it slide through his hands at every

call), as if an immense spread of canvas were to be the result.

"Belay there!" he said at last, in token that his ship was under way and the voyage begun.

"It 's a bit cold, my hearty, and now for a turn on the quarter-deck," he said, as he grasped my hand and walked with me back and forth across the floor. I was seized with a fit of laughter, but walked with him, nothing loth. "Now we plow the billow," said Jenks; "this is what I call gay."

3. After giving our blood a jog and getting into a glow, he began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" I inquired.

"She made me promise that I would n't tease or trouble you, she did!" and then he laughed again. Then he suddenly sobered, and suggested that it was time to examine our chart. Dropping my hand, he went to a bin of oats, built like a desk and opening from the top with a falling lid.

Then he brought forth two three-legged milking-stools and placed them before it, and, plunging his hand deep down into the oats drew out my atlas neatly wrapped in an old newspaper. This he opened before me, and we took our seats.

"Now where are we?" said Jenks.

4. I opened to the map of the world, and said: "Here

is New York and there is Boston. We can't be very far from either of 'em, but I think we are between 'em."

"Very well; let it be between 'em," said Jenks. "Now what?"

"Where will you go?" I inquired.

"I don't care where I go; let us have a big sail now that we are in for it," he replied.

"Well, then, let 's go to Great Britain," I said.

"Is n't there something that they call the English Channel?" inquired Jenks with a doubtful look.

"Yes, there is," and, cruising about among the fine type, I found it.

"Well, I don't like this idea of being out of sight of land. It 's dangerous, and if you can't sleep there is no place to go to. Let 's steer straight for the English Channel."

5. "But it will take a month," I said; "I have heard people say so a great many times."

"My! A month? Out of sight of land? Hey de diddle! Very well, let it be a month. Hullo! it 's all over! Here we are; now where are we on the map?"

"We seem to be pretty near to Paris," I said, "but we don't quite touch it. There must be some little places along here that are not put down. There 's London, too; that does n't seem to be a great way off, but there 's a strip of land between it and the water."

"Why, yes, there 's Paris," said Jenks, looking out of the stable window and down upon the town. "Don't you see? It 's a fine city. I think I see just where Napoleon Bonaparte lives. But it 's a wicked place; let 's get away from it. Bear off now"; and so our imaginary bark, to use Jenks' large phrase, "swept up the Channel."

6. Here I suggested that we had better take a map of Great Britain, and we should probably find more places to stop at. I found it easily with the "English Channel" in large letters.

"Here we are!" I said; "see the towns!"

"My! Ain't they thick!" responded Jenks. "What is that name running lengthwise there right through the water?"

"That 's the 'Strait of Dover,'" I replied.

"Well, then, look out! We 're running right into it! It 's a narrow place, anyway. Bear away there; take the middle course. I 've heard of the Straits of Dover before. They are dangerous; but we 're through, we 're through. Now where are we?"

"We are right at the mouth of the Thames," I replied, "and here is a river that leads straight up to London."

7. "Cruise off! cruise off!" said Jenks. "We 're in an enemy's country. Sure enough, there 's London"; and he looked out of the window with a fixed gaze as if the dome of St. Paul's were as plainly in sight as his own nose.

After satisfying himself with a survey of the great city, he remarked interrogatively, "Have n't we had about enough of this? I want to go where the spicy breezes blow. Now that we have got our sea-legs on let us make for the equator. Bring the ship round; here we go; now what?"

8. "We have got to cross the Tropic of Cancer, for all that I can see," said I.

"Can't we possibly dodge it?" inquired Jenks, with concern.

"I don't see how we can," I replied. "It seems to go clean around."

"What is it, anyway?" said he.

"It does n't seem to be anything but a sort of dotted line," I answered.

"Oh, well, never mind; we 'll get along with that," he said encouragingly. "Steer between two dots."

9. Here Jenks covered his mouth and nose, and held them until the danger was past. At last, with a red face, he inquired, "Are we over?"

"All over," I replied; "now where do you want to go?"

"Is n't there something that they call the Channel of Mozambique?" said Jenks.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, I 've always thought it must be a splendid sheet of water! Yes; Channel of Mozambique — splendid sheet of water! Mozambique! Grand name, is n't it?"

10. "Why, here it is," said I, "away round here. We 've got to run down the coast of Africa and around the Cape of Good Hope and up into the Indian Ocean. Shall we touch anywhere?"

"No, I reckon it is n't best. The natives will think we are after 'em and we may get into trouble. But look here, boy! We 've forgot the compasses. How we ever managed to get across the Atlantic without 'em is more than I know. That 's one of the carelessest things I ever did. I don't suppose we could do it again in trying a thousand times."

Thereupon he drew from a corner of the oat-bin an old pair of carpenter's compasses, between which and the mariner's compass neither he nor I knew the difference, and said: "Now let us sail by compasses in the regular way."

"How do you do it?" I inquired.

11. "There can't be but one way, as I see," he replied. "You put one leg down on the map where you are, then put the other down where you want to go and just sail for that leg."

"Well," said I, "here we are, close to the Canary Islands. Put one leg down there and the other down here at St. Helena."

After considerable questioning and fumbling and adjusting of the compasses, they were held in their place

while we drove for the lonely island. After a considerable period of silence, Jenks broke out with: "Does n't she cut the water beautiful?"

"Here we are," he exclaimed at last. "Now let 's double over and start again."

ARTHUR AND JENKS ON THEIR OCEAN VOYAGE.

12. So the northern leg came round with a half circle and went down at the Cape of Good Hope. The Tropic of Capricorn proved less dangerous than the northern corresponding line, and so, at last, sweeping around the Cape, we brought that leg of the compasses which we had left behind toward the equator again, and, working up on the map, arrived at our destination.

"Well, here we are in the Channel of Mozambique," I said.

"What 's that blue place there on the right-hand side of it?" he inquired.

"That 's the Island of Madagascar."

"You don't tell me!" he exclaimed. "Well! I never expected to be so near that place. The Island of Madagascar! The Island of Mad-a-gas-car! Let 's take a look at it."

13. Thereupon he rose and took a long look out of the window. "Elephants — mountains — tigers — monkeys — golden sands — cannibals," he exclaimed slowly. Then he elevated his nose and began to sniff the air as if some far-off odor had reached him on viewless wings. "Spicy breezes, upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Don't you notice 'em, boy? Smell uncommonly like hay; what do you think?"

We had after this a long and interesting cruise, running into various celebrated ports and gradually working toward home. I was too busy with the navigation to join Jenks in his views of the countries and islands which we passed on the voyage, but he enjoyed every league of the long and eventful sail. At last Jenks cast anchor by dropping a huge stone through a trapdoor in the floor.

14. "It really seems good to be at home again and to feel everything standing still, does n't it?" said he. "I

wonder if I can walk straight," he went on, and then proceeded to ascertain by actual experiment.

I have laughed a hundred times since at the recollection of the old fellow's efforts to adapt himself to the imaginary billows of the stable floor.

I enjoyed the play quite as well as my companion did, but even then I did not comprehend that it was simply play with him. I supposed it was a trick of his to learn something of geography before cutting loose from service and striking out into the great world by way of the ocean. So I said to him: "What do you do this for?"

"What do I do it for? What does anybody go to sea for?" he inquired, with astonishment.

"Well, but you don't go to the real sea, you know," I suggested.

15. "Don't I! That 's what the atlas says, anyway, and the atlas ought to know," said Jenks. "At any rate, it 's as good a sea as I want at this time of year, just before winter comes on. If you only think so, it 's a great deal better sailing on an atlas than it is sailing on the water. You have only to go a few inches and you need n't get wet and you can't drown.

"You can see everything there is in the world by looking out of the window and thinking you do; and what 's the use spending so much time as people do traveling

to the ends of the earth? If I could only have had a real sail on the ocean and got through with it, I don't know but I should be ready to die."

"But you will have some time, you know," I said encouragingly.

"Do you think so?"

"When you run away you will," I said.

"I don't know," he responded dubiously. "I think perhaps I 'd better run away on an atlas a few times first, just to learn the ropes."

WILL O' THE MILL.

(Abridged.)

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born November 30, 1850, at Edinburgh, Scotland, within sight of the great Edinburgh Castle.

His father and grandfather were famous lighthouse engineers. He was proud, when a boy, to think of his father as the builder of the great sea lights along the northern coast of Great Britain. He liked to think of the sailors that were watching far out on the ocean for the first glimpse of the rays they flashed.

Robert expected to follow the same profession; but he was not strong, and soon learned that he would never be able to become an engineer. He was fond of rambling about the wild Scottish coast, and often made sketches of it.

The Stevensons had a beautiful country home at Swanston, and there he spent many happy days. He was an "awful laddie for asking questions," said an old Scotchman of Swanston, "and when your back is turned he goes and writes it down."

He took a course at the University of Edinburgh, and later studied law, but gave it up because of his ill health. He was a great reader and especially fond of the writings of Charles Dickens. After giving up law he went to France, where he studied art, and there began to write for the magazines.

A large part of his life was spent in traveling. He journeyed through the mountains of France, driving a donkey to carry his camp-kit, paddled a canoe through the canals of Holland, hunted and fished in the Adirondacks, crossed America with an emigrant train, and sailed among the islands of the Pacific.

In 1879 he went to California for his health, and made his home in that state for some years.

His life so full of adventure and his wonderful power and genius as a writer soon placed him among the foremost of modern authors. One of them calls him "the dear king of us all."

In 1887 he built a beautiful home on the Island of Samoa. The house was on the side of a mountain, and as he looked up from its broad veranda he could see the great forests, and tiny silver waterfalls glistening among the foliage.

The dull roaring of the breakers as they dashed against the coral reefs which formed the island never ceased, and the sound came softly up to the house a thousand feet from the shore.

And there, within sight and sound of the sea, so dear to him, this great writer of fiction died in December, 1894.

ĕm′ĭ nençe	ĭn nū′mĕr å ble
bå rouche′ (rōōsh)	ĕc′stå sў
wēir	är tĭ fi′cial (fĭsh al)

1. The mill where Will lived with his adopted parents stood in a falling valley between pine woods and great mountains. A long gray village lay some way up like a seam, or a rag of vapor on a wooded hillside; and when the wind was favorable the sound of the church bells would drop down, thin and silvery, to Will.

Below, the valley grew ever steeper and steeper and at the same time widened out on either hand. From an eminence beside the mill it was possible to see its whole length and away beyond it over a wide plain where the river turned and shone and moved on from city to city on its voyage toward the sea.

2. It chanced that over this valley there lay a pass into a neighboring kingdom. All through the summer traveling carriages came crawling up or went plunging briskly downward past the mill; and, as it happened that the other side was very much easier of ascent, the path was not much frequented except by people going in one direction.

Of all the carriages that Will saw go by, five-sixths were plunging briskly downward and only one-sixth crawling up.

Much more was this the case with foot passengers. All the light-footed tourists, all the peddlers laden with strange wares were tending downward, like the river that accompanied their path.

3. Whither had they all gone? Whither went all the tourists and peddlers with strange wares? Whither the water of the stream, ever coursing downward and ever renewed from above?

Even the wind blew oftener down the valley, and carried the dead leaves along with it in the fall. They all went downward, fleetly and gayly downward, and only he, it seemed, remained behind like a stock upon the wayside.

It sometimes made him glad when he noticed how the fishes kept their heads upstream. They, at least, stood faithfully by him while all else were posting downward to the unknown world.

4. One evening he asked the miller where the river went.

"It goes down the valley," answered he, "and turns a power of mills — six score mills, they say — and is none the wearier after all. And then it goes out into the lowlands and waters the great corn country and runs through a sight of fine cities (so they say) where kings live all alone in great palaces, with a sentry walking up and down before the door.

"And it goes under bridges with stone men upon them looking down and smiling so curious at the water, and living folks leaning their elbows on the wall and looking over, too.

"And then it goes on and on and down through marshes and sands, until at last it falls into the sea where the ships are that bring parrots and tobacco from the Indies. Ay, it has a long trot before it as it goes singing over our weir, bless its heart!"

5. "And what is the sea?" asked Will.

"The sea!" cried the miller. "Lord help us all, it is the greatest thing God made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake.

"There it lies as flat as my hand and as innocent-like as a child; but they do say when the wind blows it gets up into water mountains bigger than any of ours and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land."

From that day forward Will was full of new hopes and longings. Something kept tugging at his heart-strings; the running water carried his desires along with it as he dreamed, over its fleeting surface.

6. He spent long whiles on the hilltop looking down the river shed and abroad on the flat lowlands, and watched the clouds that traveled forth upon the sluggish wind and trailed their purple shadows on the plain. He would

linger by the wayside and follow the carriages with his eyes as they rattled downward by the river.

It did not matter what it was; everything that went that way, were it cloud or carriage, bird or brown water in the stream, he felt his heart flow out after it in an ecstasy of longing.

Bit by bit he pieced together broken notions of the world below: of the river, ever moving and growing until it sailed forth into the majestic ocean; of the cities, full of brisk and beautiful people, playing fountains, bands of music and marble palaces, and lighted up at night from end to end with artificial stars of gold.

7. The true life, the true, bright sunshine lay far out upon the plain. And, oh! to see this sunlight once before he died! to hear the trained singers and sweet church bells and see the holiday gardens!

"And oh, fish!" he would cry, "if you would only turn your noses downstream, you could swim so easily into the fabled waters and see the vast ships passing over your head like clouds, and hear the great water hills making music over you all day long!"

But the fish kept looking patiently in their own direction, until Will hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.

8. A time came at last when this was to be changed. The miller turned the mill house into a little wayside inn. It now became Will's duty to wait upon people as

they sat to break their fasts in the little arbor at the top of the mill garden; and you may be sure that he kept his ears open and learned many new things about the outside world.

One day, when Will was about sixteen, a young man arrived at sunset to pass the night. He was a contented-looking fellow with a jolly eye, and carried a knapsack. While dinner was preparing he sat in the arbor to read a book; but as soon as he had begun to observe Will, the book was laid aside.

Will soon began to take a great deal of pleasure in his talk, which was full of good nature and good sense, and at last conceived a great respect for his character and wisdom.

9. They sat far into the night; and Will opened his heart to the young man and told him how he longed to leave the valley and what bright hopes he had connected with the cities of the plain. The young man whistled and then broke into a smile.

"My young friend," he remarked, "you are a very curious little fellow, to be sure, and wish a great many things which you will never get. Why, you would feel quite ashamed if you knew how the little fellows in these fairy cities of yours are all after the same sort of nonsense and keep breaking their hearts to get up into the mountains.

"And, let me tell you, those who go down into the plains are a very short while there before they heartily wish themselves back again. The air is not so light nor so pure; nor is the sun any brighter. As for the beautiful men and women, you would see many of them in rags."

10. "You must think me very simple," answered Will. "Although I have never been out of this valley, believe me, I have used my eyes. I do not expect to find all things right in your cities. That is not what troubles me. But you would not have me die and not see all that is to be seen and do all that a man can do? You would not have me spend all my days between this road here and the river, and not so much as make a motion to be up and live my life?"

"Thousands of people," said the young man, "live and die like you and are none the less happy."

"Ah!" said Will, "if there are thousands who would like, why should not one of them have my place?"

11. It was quite dark; there was a hanging lamp in the arbor which lighted up the table and the faces of the speakers, and along the arch the leaves upon the trellis stood out, illuminated against the night sky, a pattern of transparent green upon a dusky purple.

The young man rose, and, taking Will by the arm, led him out under the open heavens.

"Did you ever look at the stars?" he asked, pointing upward.

"Often and often," answered Will.

"And do you know what they are?"

"I have fancied many things."

"They are worlds like ours," said the young man. "Some of them less; many of them a million times greater; and some of the least sparkles that you see are not only worlds, but whole clusters of worlds turning about each other in the midst of space.

12. "We do not know what there may be in any of them, — perhaps the answer to all our difficulties or the cure of all our sufferings; and yet we can never reach them. Not all the skill of the craftiest of men can fit out a ship for the nearest of these our neighbors, nor would the life of the most aged suffice for such a journey.

"When a great battle has been lost or a dear friend is dead, there they are unweariedly shining overhead. We may stand down here, a whole army of us together, and shout until we break our hearts and not a whisper reaches them. We may climb the highest mountain and we are no nearer them."

Will hung his head a little and then raised it once more to heaven. The stars seemed to expand and emit a sharper brilliancy; and, as he kept turning his eyes

higher and higher, they seemed to increase in multitude under his gaze.

13. One day after dinner Will took a stroll among the firs. He kept smiling to himself and the landscape as he went. The river ran between the stepping-stones with a pretty wimple; a bird sang loudly in the wood.

His way took him to the eminence which overlooked the plain; and there he sat down upon a stone and fell into deep and pleasant thought.

The plain lay abroad with its cities and silver river; everything was asleep except a great eddy of birds which kept rising and falling and going round and round in the blue air. The river might run forever; the birds fly higher and higher till they touched the stars.

He saw it was empty bustle, after all; for here, without stirring a foot, waiting patiently in his own narrow valley, he also had attained the better sunlight.

THE CLOUD.

(Abridged.)

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was the son of a wealthy English baronet, and was born in Sussex, England, in 1792.

He led a somewhat roving life, but is said to have been upright and generous.

Shelley is best known through some of his shorter poems. "The Cloud," "To the Skylark," and "The Sensitive Plant" are filled with pictures and overflow with beauty of thought and language. The poet was drowned in the Bay of Spezzia in 1822.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds, every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;

And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

TOM, THE WATER BABY, MAKES FRIENDS.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A little village, called Holne, in England, was the early home of Charles Kingsley. His father was the rector there, and was also somewhat of an artist and sportsman. Charles was like him, but had the force and romance of his mother.

When Charles was eleven years old the family removed to Clovelly, on the coast. Here Charles and his brothers had their boat and ponies and began to study natural history. In the little story of the "Water Babies," from which this selection has been made, he tells some of the wonderful changes which take place in the water.

The rector's parish was largely made up of fishermen's families, and when the fishing fleets went out to sea, Mr. Kingsley, his wife, and the boys always went to the quay to hold a short service, where they all joined in singing the one hundred and twenty-first psalm. Kingsley's poem of the "Three Fishers" is a picture from real life.

After his education was finished, Charles became a rector also and went to Everly, which was his home for thirty years. In addition to his parish work he wrote a number of books which made him famous.

Several years were spent in travel, and, among other places, he visited America. The climate in this country delighted him, and he enjoyed meeting Mr. Longfellow and other literary men.

On his return to England he found much sickness among his people, and he overworked in caring for them. The serious illness of his wife was too great a shock for him in his feeble health, and he died in December, 1874.

o͝u′sel	căd′dĭs	ĭm′pū dençe
ŭn dĕ fīled′	rĭ dĭc′ū loŭs	cŏn′jŭr ẽrs

1. Tom was a poor little chimney sweep. He was treated unkindly by his master and was always dirty and black. One day when he was very hungry and thirsty he longed to go to the river and bathe in it.

He could hear it sing:

"Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ousel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,
Undefiled for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child."

2. Tom was so hot and thirsty and longed so to be clean for once that he tumbled himself as quick as he could into the clear, cool stream.

He had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep — into the quietest, cosiest sleep that he had ever had in his life.

The reason for his falling into such a delightful sleep was that the fairies took him. And now comes the most wonderful part of this story. When Tom awoke he found himself swimming about in the stream. He was about four inches long.

3. In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water baby. He had nothing to do now but enjoy himself and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool, clear water world.

Now, you must know that all the things under the water talk; only not such a language as ours, but such as horses and dogs and cows and birds talk to each other.

And Tom soon learned to understand them and to talk to them, so that he might have had very pleasant company if he had only been a good boy. But, I am sorry to say, he was too like some other little boys, very fond of hunting and tormenting creatures for mere sport.

Some people say that boys cannot help it; that it is nature. But, whether it is nature or not, little boys can help it and must help it.

4. But Tom did not know that, and he pecked and jerked the poor water things about sadly, till they were all afraid of him and got out of his way or crept into their shells; so he had no one to speak to or play with.

The water fairies, of course, were very sorry to see him so unhappy and longed to tell him how naughty he was and teach him to be good and to play and romp with him, too; but they had been forbidden to do that.

Tom had to learn his lesson for himself, as many another foolish person has to do, though there may be many a

kind heart yearning over him all the while and longing to teach him what he can only teach himself.

At last, one day, he found a caddis and wanted it to peep out of its house; but its house door was shut. He had never seen a caddis with a house door before, so what must he do but pull it open to see what the poor lady was doing inside.

5. So Tom broke to pieces the door, which was the prettiest little grating of silk, stuck all over with shining bits of crystal; and when he looked in, the caddis poked out her head, and it had turned into just the shape of a bird's.

But when Tom spoke to her she could not answer, for her mouth and face were tight tied up in a new night-cap of neat pink skin. However, if she did n't answer, all the other caddises did; for they held up their hands and shrieked, "Oh, you horrid boy; there you are at it again!

"And she had just laid herself up for a fortnight's sleep, and then she would have come out with such beautiful wings and flown about and laid such lots of eggs; and now you have broken her door and she can't mend it because her mouth is tied up for a fortnight, and she will die."

6. So Tom swam away. He was very much ashamed of himself and felt all the naughtier, as little boys do when they have done wrong and won't say so.

Then he came to a pool full of little trout and began tormenting them and trying to catch them; but they slipped through his fingers and jumped out of the water in their fright.

But as Tom chased them, he came close to a great dark hover under an alder-root, and out jumped a huge old brown trout ten times as big as he was and ran right against him and knocked all the breath out of his body; and I don't know which was the more frightened of the two.

7. Then he went on, sulky and lonely, as he deserved to be; and under a bank he saw a very ugly creature sitting, about half as big as himself, which had six legs and a big stomach and a most ridiculous head with two great eyes and a face just like a donkey's.

"Oh," said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow, to be sure!" and he began making faces at him, and put his nose close to him and halloed at him like a very rude boy.

8. When, hey presto! all the thing's donkey face came off in a moment, and out popped a long arm with a pair of pincers at the end of it and caught Tom by the nose. It did not hurt him much, but it held him quite tight.

"Yah, ah! Oh, let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet. I want to split."

Tom promised to let him alone and he let go. "Why do you want to split?" said Tom.

"Because my brothers and sisters have all split and turned into beautiful creatures with wings; and I want to split, too. Don't speak to me. I am sure I shall split. I will split!"

9. Tom stood still and watched him. And he swelled himself and puffed and stretched himself out stiff, and at last — crack, puff, bang — he opened all down his back and then up to the top of his head.

And out of his inside came the most slender, elegant, soft creature, as soft and smooth as Tom, but very pale and weak, like a little child who has been ill a long time in a dark room. It moved its legs very feebly; and then it began walking slowly up a grass stem to the top of the water.

Tom was so astonished that he never said a word. And he went up to the top of the water, too, and peeped out to see what would happen.

10. And, as the creature sat in the warm, bright sun, a wonderful change came over it. It grew strong and firm; the most lovely colors began to show on its body, blue and yellow and black, spots and bars and rings.

Out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze; and its eyes grew so large that they filled all its head and shone like ten thousand diamonds.

"Oh, you beautiful creature!" said Tom; and he put out his hand to catch it.

But the thing whirred up into the air and hung poised on its wings a moment and then settled down again by Tom, quite fearless.

11. "No!" it said, "you cannot catch me. I am a dragon fly now, the king of all the flies; and I shall dance in the sunshine and over the river and catch gnats and have a beautiful wife like myself. I know what I shall do. Hurrah!" And he flew away into the air and began catching gnats.

"Oh! come back, come back," cried Tom, "you beautiful creature! I have no one to play with and I am so lonely here. If you will but come back I will never try to catch you."

"I don't care whether you do or not," said the dragon fly, "for you can't. But when I have had my dinner and looked a little about this pretty place I will come back and have a little chat about all I have seen in my travels."

12. The dragon fly did come back and chatted away with Tom. He was a little conceited about his fine colors and his large wings; but you know he had been a poor, ugly creature all his life before, so there were great excuses for him.

He was very fond of talking about all the wonderful

things he saw in the trees and the meadows, and Tom liked to listen to him. So in a little while they became great friends.

And I am very glad to say that Tom learned such a lesson that day that he did not torment creatures for a long time after. And then the caddises grew quite tame and used to tell him strange stories about the way they built their houses and changed their skins and turned at last into winged flies; till Tom began to long to change his skin and have wings like them some day.

13. And the trout and he made it up. So Tom used to play with them at hare and hounds, and great fun they had. And he used to try to leap out of the water, head over heels, as they did before a shower came on; but somehow he never could manage it.

And very often Tom caught the alder flies and the caperers and gave them to his friends the trout. Perhaps he was not quite kind to the flies; but one must do a good turn to one's friends when one can.

And at last he gave up catching even the flies, for he made acquaintance with one by accident and found him a very merry little fellow. This was the way it happened; and it is all quite true.

14. He was basking at the top of the water one hot day in July, feeding the trout, when he saw a dark gray little fellow with a brown head. He was a very little

fellow indeed; but he made the most of himself, as people ought to do.

Instead of getting away, the little fellow hopped upon Tom's finger and sat there as bold as nine tailors, and he cried out in the tiniest, shrillest, squeakiest little voice you ever heard:

"Much obliged to you, indeed; but I don't want it yet."

"Want what?" said Tom, quite taken back by his impudence.

"Your leg, which you are kind enough to hold out for me to sit on. I must just go and see after my wife for a few minutes. When I come back I shall be glad of it, if you 'll be so good as to keep it sticking out just so"; and off he flew.

15. Tom thought him a very cool sort of personage; and still more so when in five minutes he came back and said, "Ah, you were tired waiting? Well, your other leg will do as well."

And he popped himself down on Tom's knee and began chatting away in his squeaking voice.

"So you live under the water? It 's a low place. I lived there for some time and was very shabby and dirty. But I did n't choose that that should last. So I turned respectable and came up to the top and put on this gray suit. It 's a very business-like suit, you think, don't you?"

"Very neat and quiet, indeed," said Tom.

"But I 'm tired of it, that 's the truth. I 've done quite enough business, I consider, in the last week to last me my life. So I shall put on a ball dress and go out and be a smart man and see the gay world and have a dance or two. Why should n't one be jolly if one can? And here I go."

16. And as he spoke he turned quite pale and then quite white.

"Why, you 're ill!" said Tom. But he did not answer.

"You 're dead," said Tom, looking at him as he stood on his knee, as white as a ghost.

"No, I 'm not!" answered a little squeaking voice over his head. "This is me up here in my ball dress, and that 's my skin. Ha, ha! you could not do such a trick as that!"

And no more Tom could, nor all the conjurers in the world. For the little rogue had jumped out of his own skin and left it standing on Tom's knee, eyes, wings, legs, tail, exactly as if it had been alive.

"Ha, ha!" he said, and he jerked and skipped up and down, never stopping an instant. "Am I not a pretty fellow now?"

17. And so he was; for his body was white and his tail orange and his eyes all the colors of a peacock's tail. And, what was the oddest of all, the whisks at the end of his tail had grown five times as long as they were before.

"Ah!" said he, "now I will see the gay world. My living won't cost me much, for I have no mouth, you see, and no inside; so I can never be hungry nor have the stomach-ache neither."

No more he had. He had grown as dry and hard and empty as a quill, as such silly, shallow-hearted fellows deserve to grow.

18. But, instead of being ashamed of his emptiness, he was quite proud of it, as a good many fine gentlemen are, and began flirting and flipping up and down and singing:

"My wife shall dance and I shall sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away."

And he danced up and down for three days and three nights till he grew so tired that he tumbled into the water and floated down. But what became of him Tom never knew and he himself never minded; for Tom heard him singing to the last as he floated down:

"To drive dull care away-ay-ay!"

THE SUGAR CAMP.

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Charles Dudley Warner is one of our best-known American writers. He was born at Plainfield, Mass., in September, 1829. His early home was in the country, and he delighted in outdoor life and nature. He has given his readers many pictures of his boyhood days, as well as of his travels in later years. There is much kindly humor in his views of nature and in his garden experiences.

Mr. Warner was graduated at Hamilton College in 1851. He spent several years exploring the West with a surveying party, and then studied law, practising for several years in Chicago.

In 1860 he went to Hartford, Conn., and is still living there. His home is beautifully located on a hill near the home of Mark Twain and that of the late Mrs. Stowe.

Mr. Warner devotes his time to writing and the study of literature. His essays and novels are widely read.

The following piece is taken from a well-known juvenile book by Mr. Warner, entitled "Being a Boy."

ḗ văp′ō̤ rā tĕd
clăr′ĭ fīed
crў̆s′*tal* līze

pĕr pĕt′ū̆ *al* lў̆
pḗ cūl iar′ (yăr) ĭ tў̆
cŏn ġēaled′

1. I THINK there is no part of farming the boy enjoys more than the making of maple sugar; it is better than "blackberrying" and nearly as good as fishing.

. . . . . .

In my day maple-sugar-making used to be something between picnicking and being shipwrecked on a fertile island, where one saved from the wreck tubs and augers and great kettles and pork and hens' eggs and rye-and-indian bread, and began at once to lead the sweetest life in the world.

2. I am told that it is the custom now to carefully collect the sap and bring it to the house, where there are built brick arches, over which it is evaporated in shallow pans, and that pains is taken to keep the leaves, sticks, and ashes and coals out of it, and that the sugar is clarified.

In short, that it is a money-making business, in which there is very little fun, and that the boy is not allowed to dip his paddle into the kettle of boiling sugar and lick off the delicious syrup.

3. As I remember the New England boy, he used to be on the alert in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins, — a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which

tempted him to stand on his head or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted.

The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little.

4. The country boy goes barefoot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds which were packed and varnished over in the fall to keep the water and the frost out.

Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple trees with his jackknife; at any rate, he is pretty sure to announce the discovery as he comes running into the house in a great state of excitement with "Sap 's runnin'!"

And then, indeed, the stir and excitement begin. The sap-buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the woodhouse, are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded. The snow is still a foot or two feet deep in the woods, and the ox-sled is got out to make a road to the sugar camp.

5. It is a great day when the cart is loaded with the buckets and the procession starts into the woods. The sun shines into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it, and the snow is soft and beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling up every-

where. The snowbirds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting and of the blows of the axe echoes far and wide.

In the first place, the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and hang the buckets under. The boy wishes that sometime when a hole is bored in a tree the sap would spout out in a stream as it does when a cider barrel is tapped; but it never does, it only drops, sometimes almost in a stream, but on the whole slowly.

6. Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is recovered with boughs. In front of it two great logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them.

Forked sticks are set at each end, and a long pole is laid on them, and on this are hung the great kettles. The huge hogsheads are turned right side up and cleaned out to receive the sap that is gathered.

The great fire that is kindled up is never let out, night or day, as long as the season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap; somebody is required to watch the kettles that they do not boil over and to fill them.

7. The boy has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling-place of his own with small logs and a tiny kettle.

In the great kettles the boiling goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to another, until in the end kettle it is reduced to syrup and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar off."

To "sugar off" is to boil the syrup until it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event and is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his kettle down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes, and he is apt to burn his sugar.

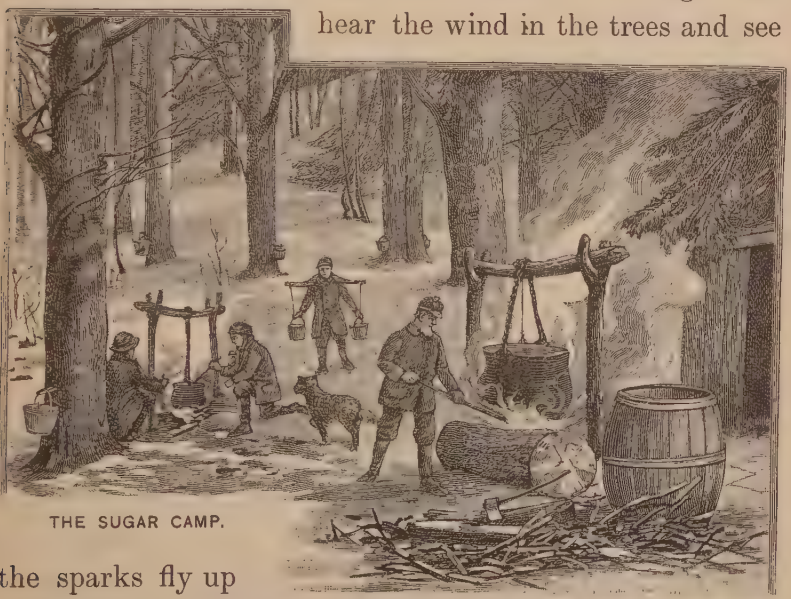
8. If he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle he is happy. A good deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and on his clothes; but he does not care.

Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles, with a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass when it threatens to go over. He is constantly tasting of it, however, to see if it is not almost syrup. He has a long, round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for his purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue.

The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes. He is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness that his own mother would n't know him.

9. He likes to boil eggs in the hot sap. He likes to roast potatoes in the ashes, and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted. Some of the hired men sleep in the bough shanty and keep the fire blazing all night.

To sleep there with them and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees and see



THE SUGAR CAMP.

the sparks fly up to the sky is a perfect realization of all the stories of adventures he has ever read.

He tells the other boys afterwards that he heard something in the night that sounded very much like a bear.

10. The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be

done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited; sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter.

The white snow still lies on all the ground except the warm spot about the camp. The tree branches all show distinctly in the light of the fire, which sends its ruddy glare far into the darkness and lights up the bough shanty, the hogsheads, the buckets on the trees, and the group about the boiling kettles, until the scene is like something taken out of a fairy play.

11. At these sugar parties every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practised in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple sugar that, though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick, you will want it the next day more than ever.

At the "sugaring-off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed into a sort of wax, which I do suppose is the most delicious substance that was ever invented. And it takes a great while to eat it.

If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it he would be unable to open his mouth until it dissolved. The sensation while it is melting is very pleasant, but one cannot converse.

12. The boy used to make a big lump of it and give it to the dog, who seized it and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will on anything. It was funny the next moment to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face when he found that he could not open his jaws.

He shook his head; he sat down in despair; he ran round in a circle; he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled. But that was the one thing he could not do.

SPRING.

By HENRY TIMROD.

Henry Timrod, a favorite lyric poet of the South, was a native of Charleston, and died in 1867, after having endured ill health and poverty brought about by the ravages of the war. His war lyrics and poems of nature are marked by vigor and a genuine pathos.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair —
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,

And there 's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there 's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate,

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from some beech's heart
A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

măn′ŭ scrĭpt mĭn′strĕl sў pȧ răl′ў sĭs

1. Walter Scott, the great master of fiction, was born in the beautiful old city of Edinburgh, Scotland, in the year 1771. His father was a lawyer, and Walter was his third son. The boy was strong and healthy as a baby, but when he was about two years old he lost the use of his right leg as the result of a fever. He was sent to his grandfather's farm at Sandy-Know.

One of the boy's first memories was of being wrapped in a sheep's skin and trying to creep after a watch which was dragged along the floor by his grandfather. When the day was fine he was usually carried out and laid

beside the old shepherd among the rocks where he fed his sheep.

2. The free life in the open air and upon the heather-covered hills gave him strength, and he became a strong, robust man, although he was somewhat lame all his life. Scott's father and mother belonged to famous old Scottish families, and many were the tales of the border life and its heroes to which the boy listened.

His mother had inspired him with a fondness for poetry, and he used to read Pope and Homer to her. He was much interested in the old ballads of border warfare and legends of his own country, which he soon knew by heart.

3. Little Walter spent the greater part of his time up to his eighth year at Sandy-Know with his aunt and grandmother, who were very fond of him. His aunt went with him one year to Bath, hoping the waters there would help him, and in his eighth year he was sent to another famous shore resort.

There he met an old soldier who had been in all the German wars, and loved to tell the stories of his battles to the bright-eyed boy. The War of the Revolution was then going on, and they often talked about that.

It was about that time that General Burgoyne sailed for America with his men. Walter had just been shown a picture of the American coast, and the country looked so rugged and had so many lakes that he said he didn't

ABBOTSFORD, SCOTT'S HOME.

believe the General would succeed. This made the old Captain very indignant, and after Burgoyne's defeat he would have little to do with the boy.

4. When Walter was nine years old, he returned to Edinburgh and entered the high school there. He had had little preparation, and was backward in Latin and Greek. He did his best to make up for his lameness, and his playmates thought him a brave, fearless little fellow, who could tell capital stories.

They spent many a winter's evening around the fireplace, listening to his stories and looking up to him with as much admiration as if he had been the best football or cricket player in the school.

This was good training for the future novelist, and the keen-witted Scotch laddies, with their eager faces glowing in the ruddy light of the hearth fire, were no mean critics.

5. At twelve years of age he was sent to the Edinburgh University, where he spent three years. Scott's father wished him to become a lawyer like himself, so the future novelist turned his attention to the studies which would help in the legal profession. He spent much of his time in reading stories of adventure, travel, and voyages, and soon tried to imitate what he so admired.

After leaving college, he entered his father's office. He disliked the work there; but his love for his father made him wish to please him, and he was admitted to the bar in 1792. He soon became as famous for his story-telling among the young lawyers as he had been among the schoolboys. There were leisure hours, and Scott was able to read many things outside of his law books.

6. He was greatly interested in old ballads and relics. Many of the Scotch ballads and old war songs had never been printed, but were held in the memories of the old peasants. These old Scottish songs had much strength

and expression, and the airs to which they were sung were full of weird music.

The young lawyer made many journeys among the Scottish hills, visiting the cabins of the old Highlanders, whose eyes would flash as they poured forth the songs of their early days.

One of Scott's friends, Mr. Shortreed, traveled with him on several of these trips. There was no inn where they might stop, so the travelers went from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, gathering songs and relics.

7. "It was in this same season, I think," says Mr. Shortreed, "that Sir Walter got from Dr. Elliot the large, old, border war horn, which you may still see hanging in the armory at Abbotsford. How great he was when he was made master of that! I believe it had been found in Hermitage Castle, and one of the doctor's servants had used it many a day as a grease horn for his scythe before they discovered its history. When cleaned out it was never a hair the worse — the original chain, hoop, and mouthpiece of steel were all entire.

"Sir Walter carried it home all the way slung about his neck like Johnny Gilpin's bottle, while I was entrusted with an ancient bridle bit, which we had likewise picked up."

8. Scott's fancy for ballads led him to study German, that he might read this style of poetry in that language,

and his first attempt at writing a poem was the turning of the German ballad "Leonora" into English verse. This he did in a single night, at the request of a young lady. When he read it to her at the breakfast table she told him that she thought he was going to be a poet.

He was pleased with his own success, and followed this work with some ballads of his own. In 1802 he sent out a book called "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." In the meantime he had married Charlotte Carpenter, and had also been appointed a sheriff, an office with a good salary and light duties.

9. He was able to continue his writing. His first book was followed by "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and other poems, each adding to his fame. He was a word painter, and his writing was filled with pictures of sunset, sea, and forest; but his portraits were still truer to life, and his historical characters walk before the eyes of his readers as in the olden days.

In the summer of 1798 Scott hired a pretty cottage at Laiswade, about six miles from Edinburgh, and there he and his wife spent several happy summers. It was a small house, but there was a garden which was a great source of pleasure to the poet.

He once said that he never was prouder of his handiwork than after finishing a rustic archway at the entrance of the Edinburgh road. It was here that he began to

feel something of his real power and wrote some of those ballads which made his name great.

10. In 1805 Scott began writing a novel called "Waverly." He showed the first seven chapters to a friend, who was not pleased with it; so he laid the manuscript aside. He afterwards felt sure that a Highland romance would succeed, and thought he would complete it, but was unable to find it.

Some years later, when looking for some fishing tackle for a friend, he came across it in an old desk; he finished it, and it was published in 1814 without the name of any author, as Scott was a little fearful that it might not succeed, and left it to win its own way in the world.

The book soon attracted attention, and Scott was suspected of having written it. "Waverly" was followed by other novels, and Scott became the popular author of his day.

11. In 1811 Walter Scott bought a hundred acres of moorland, bleak and bare, on the river Tweed, near Melrose. The place was filled with historic memories, and Scott planted it with trees and flowers. He transformed the house into a castle, with an armory, a library of poetry and history, and a museum; for the relics of ancient Scotland were still dear to him.

Walter Scott had four children, two girls and two boys. They were a constant delight to their father, who took

SCOTT'S LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.

interest in all their joys and sorrows, and they thought no pleasure complete without his presence.

Washington Irving visited Scott in 1817, and wrote thus to his brother Peter:

"It is a perfect picture to see Scott and his household assembled of an evening, — the dogs, stretched before the fire, the cat perched on a chair, Mrs. Scott and the girls sewing, and Scott either reading out of some old romance or telling border stories. Our amusements were occasionally diversified by a border song from Sophia, who is as well versed in border minstrelsy as her father."

12. Thus passed the happy days at Abbotsford, as Scott named his home; and one of Scott's uncles said: "God bless thee, Walter, my man! Thou hast risen to be great; but thou wast always good." In 1821 Scott was made Sir Walter Scott, Baronet of Abbotsford.

In the year 1826 the firm in which he had become a partner failed. Scott gave his fortune toward paying the creditors, keeping Abbotsford for his family, and then redoubled his efforts to pay what was still owing. He wrote twenty novels in the last ten years of his life, working constantly and refusing to receive aid. He was offered the position of poet laureate, but declined the honor, probably because of the task set before him.

13. This strain, together with the death of his beloved wife, was too great for his health, and brought on paralysis. A royal vessel was provided to take the invalid to Italy, and he visited Malta, Naples, and Rome. He had finished his task and paid the debt; but his life work was over.

He returned to his dear home at Abbotsford, and at the sight of its familiar scenes he sprang up with a cry of delight. "I have seen much," he kept saying as they wheeled him through the rooms, "but nothing like my ain house; give me one turn more."

14. It was on a beautiful mild day in the September of 1832, and in that dear home, surrounded by those whom

he loved, that Sir Walter Scott breathed his last. He was laid by the side of his wife at Dryburgh Abbey, in the border country his pen had made famous; and travelers from all parts of the world visit his home and last resting-place.

The city of Edinburgh contains a beautiful monument to his memory. There, in the very heart of the city, he sits upon a marble throne, under a canopy of carven stone, — a tribute to his great genius and his pure, noble character.

WALTER RALEIGH MEETS QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From "Kenilworth."

pĕn′sion (shŭn) ẽrs	l*i*ēġ*e*′mĕn
ȧ ġĭl′ĭ tў	ĭn tū′ ĭ tĭv*e* lў

1. The royal barge, manned with the queen's watermen richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, lay at the great stairs which ascended from the river.

The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded the passage from the palace gate to the riverside, and all

seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

Walter Raleigh caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions.

As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as Her Majesty was in the act of coming forth.

2. "Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth composedly.

"Thou art mad, stark mad!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. Thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood and in the full glow of

what in a sovereign was called beauty. She leaned on the arm of Lord Hunsdon.

3. The young cavalier had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity.

His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and let his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder, — a natural action which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person.

Unbonneting at the same time, Raleigh fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well his fine features that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators.

4. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers.

Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth as she approached the place where he stood, with a look

RALEIGH SPREADS HIS CLOAK FOR THE QUEEN TO WALK UPON.

in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly.

The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod.

Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance.

5. The queen was confused and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long if you learn not a little more economy."

6. Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the Band of Pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from Her Majesty and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation: "Who would have thought this?" And, shaking his head with a mysterious

air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

7. The young cavalier was in the meanwhile guided to the water side by the Pensioner, who showed him considerable respect. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the Gentleman Pensioner that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household.

She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

8. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear.

The youth underwent the gaze of Her Majesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his

arm and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

9. "You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"Indeed, that was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her and answered with a grave inclination of the head.

"Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

10. "May it please your grace," said Walter hesitatingly, "it is not for so humble a servant of Your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose—"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say that in our capital such and so various are the means of thriftless folly that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of

unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayest be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be; it shall be gold if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on 't."

11. Walter waited patiently until the queen had done and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment Her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when Your Majesty's foot touched it it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

12. The queen again blushed, and endeavored to cover by laughing a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach Your Grace's ears."

13. "They hear farther than you think of," said the queen graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of rebels until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down; "but it was where my best is due, and that is in Your Majesty's service."

The queen paused and then said hastily: "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

14. Raleigh knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

He knew how to mingle the devotion claimed by the queen with the gallantry due to her personal beauty. In this, his first attempt to unite them, he succeeded so well as at once to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity and her love of power.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

1. When Abraham Lincoln had gained the people's ear, men noticed that he scarcely made a speech or wrote a state paper in which there was not an illustration or a quotation from the Bible. He had been thoroughly instructed in it by his mother.

It was the one book always found in the pioneer's cabin, and to that, being a woman of deep religious feeling, she turned for sympathy and guidance. Out of it she taught her boy to spell and read, and with its poetry, histories, and principles she so familiarized him that they always influenced his subsequent life.

2. In the good President's religious faith two leading ideas were prominent from first to last, — man's helplessness, both as to strength and wisdom, and God's helpfulness in both.

To a friend who anxiously asked him in the dark days of 1862, "Do you think we shall succeed?" he said, "I believe our cause is just; I believe that we shall conquer in the end. I should be very glad to take my neck out of the yoke and go back to my old home and my old life at Springfield. But it has pleased Almighty God to place me in this position; and, looking up to Him for support, I must discharge my destiny as best I can."

3. The words of Lincoln seemed to grow more clear and more remarkable as he approached the end. His last inaugural was characterized by a solemn, religious tone, peculiarly free from earthly passion. Listen to his words:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

4. Perhaps in no language, ancient or modern, are any number of words found more touching and eloquent than his speech of November 19, 1863, at the Gettysburg dedication.

After Edward Everett had delivered his masterly oration, President Lincoln rose and read the following brief address:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure.

5. "We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as a final

resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

6. "It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

7. The audience admired Everett's long oration, but at Mr. Lincoln's few and simple words they cheered and sobbed and wept. When the President had ended, he turned and congratulated the distinguished orator from the Old Bay State on having succeeded so well.

Mr. Everett replied with a truthful and real compli-

ment: "Ah, Mr. Lincoln, how gladly would I exchange all my hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty lines."

Time has tested the strength of this short, simple address. After more than one-third of a century, its glowing sentences are as familiar to the American people as household words.

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

Translated from the Spanish

By JOHN C. LOCKHART.

"Your horse is faint, my king, my lord! your gallant horse is sick, —
His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick;
Mount, mount on mine, oh, mount apace, I pray thee, mount and fly!
Or in my arms I'll lift your grace. Their trampling hoofs are nigh!

"My king, my king! you 're wounded sore, — the blood runs from your feet;
But only lay a hand before, and I 'll lift you to your seat;

Mount, Juan, for they gather fast! — I hear their coming cry, —
Mount, mount and ride for jeopardy — I 'll save you, though I die!

"Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King, received their land from yours,
And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures;
If I should fly, and thou, my king, be found among the dead,
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my gray head.

"Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,
And say: 'There 's one who ran away when our good lords were slain!'
I leave Diego in your care; you 'll fill his father's place;
Strike, strike the spur and never spare! God's blessing on your grace!"

So spake the brave Montanez, Butrago's lord was he;
And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee;
He flung himself among them as they came down the hill —
He died, God wot! but not before his sword had drunk its fill.

DEATH OF JACKANAPES.

By JULIANA H. EWING.

The following extract is another selection from Mrs. Ewing's "Jackanapes."

prĕj′ŭ dĭçe	ĭn vŏl′ŭn tā rў
cŏn grăt ŭ lā′tions (shŭns)	tăç ĭ tûr′nĭ tў

1. The General's death was a great shock to Miss Jessamine, and her nephew stayed with her for some little time after the funeral. Then he was obliged to join his regiment which was ordered abroad.

One effect of the conquest which the General had gained over the affections of the village was a considerable abatement of the popular prejudice against "the military."

Indeed, the village was now somewhat importantly represented in the army. There was the General himself and the postman and the Black Captain's tablet in the church and Jackanapes and Tony Johnson and a trumpeter.

2. Tony Johnson had no more natural taste for fighting than for riding, but he was devoted to Jackanapes. And that was how it came about that Mr. Johnson bought him a commission in the same cavalry regiment that the

"Beg pardon, Major. Did n't see you. Oh, compound fracture and bruises. But it 's all right; he 'll pull through."

"Thank God."

8. It was probably an involuntary expression; for prayer and praise were not much in the Major's line, as a jerk of the surgeon's head would have betrayed to an observer.

He was a bright little man with his feelings showing all over him, but with gallantry and contempt of death enough for both sides of his profession, who took a cool head, a white handkerchief, and a case of instruments where other men went hot-blooded with weapons, and who was the biggest gossip of the regiment. Not even the Major's taciturnity daunted him.

9. "Did n't think he 'd as much pluck about him as he has. He 'll do all right if he does n't fret himself into a fever about poor Jackanapes."

"Whom are you talking about?" asked the Major, hoarsely.

"Young Johnson. He—"

"What about Jackanapes?"

"Don't you know? Sad business. Rode back for Johnson and brought him in; but, monstrous ill luck, hit as they rode. Left lung—"

"Will he recover?"

"No. Sad business. What a frame — what limbs — what health — and what good looks! Finest young fellow —"

"Where is he?"

"In his own tent," said the surgeon, sadly.

The Major wheeled and left him.

. . . . . .

10. "Can I do anything else for you?"

"Nothing, thank you. Except — Major! I wish I could get you to appreciate Johnson."

"This is not an easy moment, Jackanapes."

"Let me tell you, sir — he never will — that if he could have driven me from him he would be lying yonder at this moment and I should be safe and sound."

The Major laid his hand over his mouth as if to keep back a wish he would have been ashamed to utter.

"I 've known old Tony from a child. He 's a fool on impulse, a good man and a gentleman in principle. And he acts on principle. He 's no fire-eater, but he has a trained conscience and a tender heart, and he 'll do his duty when a braver and more selfish man might fail you. But he wants encouragement; and when I 'm gone —"

11. "He shall have encouragement. You have my word for it. Can I do nothing else?"

"Yes, Major. A favor."

"Thank you, Jackanapes."

"Be Lollo's master, and love him as well as you can. He 's used to it."

"While I live — which will be longer than I desire or deserve — Lollo shall want nothing — but — you."

"No, stay — Major!"

"What? What?"

12. "Say a prayer by me. Out loud, please; I am getting deaf."

"My dearest Jackanapes — my dear boy —"

"Please," whispered Jackanapes.

Pressed by the conviction that what little he could do it was his duty to do, the Major, kneeling, bared his head and spoke loudly, clearly, and very reverently:

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ —"

Jackanapes moved his left hand to his right one, which still held the Major's —

"The love of God —"

And with that — Jackanapes died.

WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.

Before the Battle of Long Island, 1776.

THE Battle of Long Island took place August 27, 1776. It was lost, and the American Army was obliged to retreat. The defeat was largely due to the carelessness of General Putnam, who did not place a guard at all the passes as Washington had ordered him to do.

Instead of sending word to Washington when he learned that the British were coming, he sent a few troops to meet their large army, and they were driven back or made prisoners.

If General Howe of the British Army had been on the alert, he might have captured General Washington and his whole force; but Washington watched his opportunity, and retreated in good order.

ĭn′fȧ moŭs mĕr′çē nȧ̂ rў ĭn tĭm′ĭ dȧ̆te

1. THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be free men or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them.

2. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail we shall become infamous to the whole world.

Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hand victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions.

3. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises if, happily, we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them.

Let us animate and encourage each other and show the whole world that a free man contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

4. Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us alone, and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but, remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive — wait for orders and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

HEIGHO, MY DEARIE.

By EUGENE FIELD.

From "With Trumpet and Drum," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Copyright, 1892, by Mary French Field.

A MOONBEAM floateth from the skies,
Whispering, "Heigho, my dearie,
I would spin a web before your eyes —
A beautiful web of silver light,
Wherein is many a wondrous sight
Of a radiant garden leagues away,
Where the softly tinkling lilies sway,
And the snow-white lambkins are at play —
Heigho, my dearie."

A brownie stealeth from the vine,
Singing, "Heigho, my dearie;
And will you hear this song of mine —
A song of the land of murk and mist
Where bideth the bud the dew hath kissed?
Then let the moonbeam's web of light
Be spun before thee silvery white,
And I shall sing the livelong night —
Heigho, my dearie!"

The night wind speedeth from the sea,
Murmuring, "Heigho, my dearie,
I bring a mariner's prayer for thee.

So let the moonbeam veil thine eyes,
And the brownie sing thee lullabies;
But I shall rock thee to and fro,
Kissing the brow he loveth so,
And the prayer shall guard thy bed I trow —
Heigho, my dearie!"

THE LIGHT-BORN MESSENGER.

By HALL CAINE.

Naomi was a beautiful Jewish girl who had been blind all her life. Her mother was dead and she and her father had been treated unkindly by their people. Learning from the sound of her father's voice one day that he was suffering and in danger, her eyes suddenly received their sight. Israel, her father, was banished from his home by wicked men; but he found a little cottage far away from their old home where they might live in peace. This extract, taken from "The Scapegoat," tells how she learned to see.

spŏn tā′nĕ oŭs	ĭm′plĕ ments
pĕn′ē trā tĕd	hĕr′ĭt ăġe

1. At that moment God wrought a mighty work, a wondrous change, such as He has brought to pass but twice or thrice since men were born blind into His world of light. In an instant, at a thought, by one spontaneous

flash, as if the spirit of the girl tore down the dark curtains which had hung seventeen years over the windows of her eyes, Naomi saw!

She was like a creature born afresh, a radiant and joyful being, newly awakened into a world of strange sights. But it was not at once that she fell upon this pleasure.

Throughout the day whereon the last of her great gifts came to her, when they were cast out of Tetuan, and while they walked hand in hand through the country until they lit upon their home, she had kept her eyes steadfastly closed.

2. The light terrified her. It penetrated her delicate lids and gave her pain. When for a moment she lifted her lashes and saw the trees she put out her hand as if to push them away, and when she saw the sky she raised her arms as if to hold it off.

Everything seemed to touch her eyes. The bars of sunlight seemed to smite them. Not until the falling of darkness did her fears subside and her spirits revive. Throughout the day that followed she sat constantly in the gloom of the blackest corner of their hut.

3. But this was only her baptism of light on coming out of a world of darkness, just as her fear of the voices of the earth and air had been her baptism of sound on coming out of a land of silence. Within three days afterward her terror began to give place to joy, and from

that time forward the world was full of wonder to her opened eyes.

Then sweet and beautiful beyond all dreams of fancy were her amazement and delight in every little thing that lay about her, — the grass, the weeds, the poorest flower that blew, even the rude implements of the house and the common stones that worked up through the mould, — all old and familiar to her fingers, but new and strange to her eyes, and marvelous as if an angel out of heaven had dropped them down to her.

4. For many days after the coming of her sight she continued to recognize everything by touch and sound. Thus, one morning early in their life in the cottage, and early also in the day, after Israel had kissed her on the eyelids to awaken her, she opened her eyes and gazed up at him as he stooped above her.

She looked puzzled for an instant, being still in the mists of sleep, and only when she had closed her eyes again and put out her hand to touch him did her face brighten with recognition and her lips utter his name. "My father," she murmured; "my father."

5. Thus again the same day, not an hour afterward, she came running back to the house from the grass bank in front of it, holding a flower in her hand and asking a world of questions concerning it in her broken, lisping, pretty speech.

Why had no one told her that there were flowers that could see? Here was one which while she looked upon it had opened its beautiful eye and laughed at her. "What is it?" she asked; "what is it?"

"A daisy, my child," Israel answered.

"A daisy!" she cried in bewilderment; and during the short hush and quick inspiration that followed, she closed her eyes and passed her nervous fingers rapidly over the little ring of sprinkled spears and then said very softly, with head aslant as if ashamed, "Oh, yes, so it is; it is only a daisy."

6. But to tell of how those first days of sight sped along for Naomi, with what delight of ever-fresh surprise and joy of new wonder, would be a long task, if a beautiful one.

They were some miles inside the coast, but from the little hilltop near at hand they could see it clearly. One day when Naomi had gone so far with her father she drew up suddenly at his side and cried in a breathless voice of awe, "The sky! the sky! Look! It has fallen onto the land."

"That is the sea, my child," said Israel.

"The sea!" she cried, and then she closed her eyes and listened, and then opened them and blushed and said, while her knitted brows smoothed out and her beautiful face looked aside: "So it is; yes, it is the sea."

7. Throughout that day and the night which followed it, the eyes of her mind were entranced by the marvel of that vision, and next morning she mounted the hill alone to look upon it again.

She walked farther and yet farther, wandering on and on and on as though drawn by the enchantment of the mighty deep that lay sparkling in the sun, until at last she came to the head of a deep gully in the coast.

Still the wonder of the waters held her, but another marvel now seized upon her sight. The gully was a lonesome place, inhabited by countless sea birds. From high up in the rocks above and from far down in the chasm below, from every cleft on every side they flew out with white wings and black ones and gray and blue, and sent their voices into the air until the echoing place seemed to shriek and yell.

8. It was midday when Naomi reached this spot and she sat there a long hour. And when she returned to her father she told him stories of demons that lived in thousands by the sea and fought in the air and killed each other. "And see!" she cried, "look at this, and this, and this!"

Then Israel glanced at the wrecks she had brought with her of the warfare that she had witnessed. "And this," said he, lifting one of them, "is a sea bird's feather,

and this," lifting another, "is a sea bird's egg, and this," lifting the third, "is a dead sea bird itself."

9. Once more Naomi knit her brows in thought, and again she closed her eyes and touched the familiar things wherein her sight had deceived her. "Ah, yes," she said meekly, looking into her father's eyes with a smile, "they are only that, after all." And then she said very quietly, as if speaking to herself, "What a long time it is before you learn to see!"

One early evening, when she had remained out of the house until the day was well-nigh done, she came back in a wild ecstasy to tell of angels that she had just seen in the sky. They were in robes of crimson and scarlet, their wings blazed like fire, they swept across the clouds in multitudes and went down behind the world together, passing thus out of the earth through the gates of heaven.

10. Israel listened to her and said, "That was the sunset, my child. Every morning the sun rises and every night it sets."

Then she looked full into his face and blushed. Her shame at her sweet errors sometimes conquered her joy in the new heritage of sight, and Israel heard her whisper to herself and say, "After all, the eyes are deceitful." Vision was life's new language, and she had yet to learn it.

But not for long was her delight in the beautiful things of the world to be damped by any thought of herself. Nay, the best and rarest part of it, the dearest and most delicious throb it brought her, came of herself alone.

11. On another early day Israel took her to the coast and pushed off with her on the waters in a boat. The air was still, the sea was smooth, the sun was shining, and save for one white scarf of cloud, the sky was blue.

They were sailing in a tiny bay that was broken by a little island which lay in the midst like a ruby in a ring, covered with heather and long stalks of seeding grass. Through whispering beds of rushes they glided on and floated over white lilies that swayed between round leaves of green and gold and purple.

It was a morning of God's own making, and, for joy of its loveliness no less than of her own bounding life, Naomi rose in the boat and opened her lips and arms to the breeze while it played with the rippling currents of her hair, as if she would drink and embrace it.

12. At that moment a new and dearer wonder came to her. For, tracing with her eyes the shadow of the cliff and of the cloud that sailed double in two seas of blue, she leaned over the side of the boat and then saw the reflection of another and lovelier vision.

"Father," she cried with alarm, "a face in the water! Look! Look!"

"It is your own, my child," said Israel.

"Mine!" she cried.

"The reflection of your face," said Israel; "the light and the water make it."

13. The marvel was hard to understand. There was

NAOMI'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF HER OWN FACE.

something ghostly in this thing that was she and yet not she, this face that looked up at her and laughed and yet made no voice. She leaned back in the boat and asked Israel if it was still in the water.

But when at length she had grasped the mystery, the artlessness of her joy was charming. She was like a child in her delight, and like a woman that was still a

child in her unconscious love of her own loveliness. Whenever the boat was at rest she leaned over its bulwark and gazed down into the blue depths.

"How beautiful!" she cried, "how beautiful!"

14. She clapped her hands and looked again, and there in the still water was the wonder of her dancing eyes. "Oh! how very beautiful!" she cried without lifting her face, and when she saw her lips move as she spoke and her sunny hair fall about her restless head, she laughed and laughed again with a heart of glee.

Israel looked on for some moments at this sweet picture.

"Live on like a child always, little one," he thought; "be a child as long as you can, be a child forever, my dove, my darling! Never did the world suffer it that I myself should be a child at all."

THE LITTLE LAND.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant land of play;
To the fairyland afar
Where the little people are;
Where the clover tops are trees,
And the rain pools are the seas,
And the leaves, like little ships,
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree,
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the bumblebee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly
And the ants go marching by,
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and mossy street.

I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by,
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land,
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I board that tiny boat
Round the rain pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green —
These have sure to battle been! —

Some are pied with every hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue ;
Some have wings and swift are gone ;
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open and see all things plain, —
High bare walls, great bare floor,
Great big knobs on drawer and door ;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time, —
O dear me,
That I could be
A sailor on the rain pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy head,
Late at night to go to bed.

ROLF'S LEAP.

By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK.

ăc çĕpt′*ançe*	păn′tō mīm*e*
ĕx cûr′sions (shŭns)	crŏc′ō dī*e*

1. "What, you 're making friends with my old Rolf, are you, boys? Dear old Rolf!" said Uncle Dick; and at the sound of his voice away broke Rolf from the two lads, sending them right and left like a couple of ninepins, and, bounding forward, lame leg and all, had got his faithful head in another moment pressed against his master's side and was lustily wagging his tail.

"That 's my good old dog!" said Uncle Dick, and stroked his favorite's shaggy back and shook the paw that Rolf kept solemnly presenting for his acceptance at least a dozen times over.

"He has been going on with such fun, — licking our faces and putting his paws on our shoulders; and he rolled Tommy right over on the grass," said Will, the elder of the two boys. "Tommy tried to get on his back and he did n't like it and tumbled him off."

2. "Of course he did n't like it," said Uncle Dick. "You would n't like to have anybody get on your back if you were lame in one leg; at least, I know I should n't.

I 'd tumble him off fast enough. Tommy may do anything else he likes, but he must n't make Rolf carry him."

The two boys and Uncle Dick began to walk round the garden, and they came to take shelter at last in the arbor.

"You've got fine red cheeks, boys," said Uncle Dick, "and two pairs of sturdy legs. Rolf and I would like to be able to jump about like you, but our jumping days are over. Not but that Rolf took a finer leap once than either of you lads have ever done yet," said Uncle Dick, after a moment or two, and stooped down to pat his favorite's great head.

"A noble leap, was n't it, my old dog?" he said; and Rolf looked up with his gentle eyes, being too sleepy to say much.

The boys had sat down to rest; and so Will said: "Tell us what sort of a leap Rolf took, Uncle Dick."

3. "We were both of us younger than we are now," he said, "when Rolf and I first came together. Rolf was a puppy. It was just when I was going out to Africa that some one gave Rolf to me. 'He comes of a fine stock, and if he proves as good a dog as his father you won't part with him at the end of a year for a trifle,' my friend said.

"I soon found that he was right, for, I tell you, boys, by the year's end I would n't have parted with him, not

if I had parted with my last shilling, and I'd been asked to sell him for a thousand pounds.

4. "Ah, you're laughing, I see. You think I'm speaking in fun. Not a bit of it! Listen to my story and when I get to the end of it you shall laugh, if you like.

"I went out with my regiment to Africa to the Cape of Good Hope. I stayed there for four years, and they were as happy years, on the whole, as I ever spent anywhere. I saw a great number of new things in the course of them and I made a great number of very kind friends.

"We weren't very hard worked out there, and many a pleasant expedition did I have of a few days up country or along the coast, sometimes with a companion, sometimes alone with only my horse and old Rolf. I shall never forget some of those little excursions, for it was in the course of one of them that Rolf took his leap.

5. "I had been riding for five or six miles one pleasant afternoon. It was just hot enough to make the thought of a swim delicious; so after I had been riding leisurely along for some little time I alighted from my horse and, letting him loose to graze, lay down for a quarter of an hour to cool myself and then began to make ready for my plunge.

"I was standing on a little ledge of cliff some six or seven feet above the sea. It was high tide and the water

at my feet was about a fathom deep. 'I shall have a delightful swim,' I thought to myself as I threw off my coat.

"Just at that moment Rolf in a very excited way flung himself upon me, evidently understanding the meaning of the proceeding. I repeated the remark aloud. 'Yes, we'll have a delightful swim, you and I together,' I said. 'A grand swim, my old lad'; and I clapped his back as I spoke and encouraged him, as I was in the habit of doing, to express his feelings without reserve.

6. "But, rather to my surprise, instead of wagging his tail and wrinkling his nose and performing any of his usual antics, the creature only lifted up his face and began to whine.

"He had lain for the quarter of an hour, while I had been resting, at the edge of the little cliff with his head dropped over it; but whether he had been taking a sleep in that position or had been amusing himself by watching the waves was more than I knew.

"'What's the matter, old fellow?' I said to him when he set up this dismal howl. 'Don't you want to have a swim? Well, you need n't unless you like, only I mean to have one; so down with you and let me get my clothes off.'

7. "But instead of getting down, the creature began to conduct himself in the strangest way, first seizing me by

the trousers with his teeth and pulling me to the edge of the rock as if he wanted me to plunge in dressed as I was, then catching me again and dragging me back, much as though I were a big rat that he was trying to worry.

"This pantomime, I declare, he went through three separate times, barking and whining all the while, till I began to think he was going out of his mind.

"At last I got out of patience with the beast. I could n't conceive what he meant. For two or three minutes I tried to pacify him, and so long as I took no further steps to remove my clothes, he was willing to be pacified; but the instant I fell to undressing myself he was on me once more, pulling me this way and that, hanging on my arms, and howling with his mouth up in the air.

"At last I lost my temper and I snatched up my gun and struck him with the butt end of it.

8. "He was quieter after I had struck him," said Uncle Dick, after a little pause. "For a few moments he lay quite still at my feet, and I had begun to think that he was going to give me no more trouble, when, all at once, just as I had got ready to jump into the water, the creature sprang to his feet and flung himself upon me again. He threw himself with all his might upon my breast and drove me backwards.

"I imagined the poor beast was trying for some reason of his own to have his own way. I thought it was my business to teach him that he was not to have his own way, but that I was to have mine; and so I struck him three or four times with the end of my gun till at last I freed myself from him.

9. "He gave a cry when he fell back. I call it a cry, for it was more like something human than a dog's howl, — something so wild and pathetic that, angry as I was, it startled me. I think if time enough had been given me I would have made some last attempt then to understand what the creature meant.

"I was standing a few feet in from the water, and as soon as I had shaken him off he went to the edge of the bit of cliff and stood there for a moment till I came up to him, and then — just as in another second I should have jumped into the sea — my brave dog, my noble dog, gave one last whine and one look into my face and took the leap before me.

"And then, boys, in another instant I saw what he had meant. He had scarcely touched the water when I saw a crocodile slip like lightning from a sunny ledge of the cliff and seize him by the hind legs.

10. "You know that I had my gun close at hand, and in the whole course of my life I never was so glad to have my gun beside me. It was loaded, too, and a

revolver. I caught it up and fired into the water. I fired three times and two of the shots went into the brute's head.

"One missed him, and the first seemed not to harm him much, but the third hit him in some vital place, I hope, — some sensitive place, at any rate, for the hideous jaws started wide.

"Then I began with all my might to shout out 'Rolf!' I could n't leave my post, for the brute, though he had let Rolf go and had dived for a moment, might make another spring, and I did n't dare to take my eyes off the spot where he had gone down.

11. "I called to my wounded beast with all my might, and when he had struggled through the water and gained a moment's hold of the rock I jumped down and caught him, and half carried, half dragged him up the little bit of steep ascent till we were safe on the dry land again. And then — I — I forgot for a moment or two that I was a man at all and burst out crying like a child.

"He licked the tears off my cheeks, my poor old fellow, I remember that. We looked a strange pair, I dare say, as we lay on the ground together with our heads side by side.

12. "When I had come to my senses a little I had to try to get my poor Rolf moved. We were a long way from any house, and the creature could n't walk a step. I tore up my shirt and bound his wounds as well as I

could, then I put on my clothes and called to my horse, and in some way, as gently as I could, I got him and myself together upon the horse's back, and we began our ride.

"There was a village about four or five miles off, and I made for that. It was a long, hard jolt for a poor fellow with both his hind legs broken, but he bore it patiently. I never spoke to him, but, panting as he was, he was ready to lick my hands and look lovingly up into my face.

13. "I got him to a resting-place at last, after a weary ride, and then I had his wounds dressed; but it was weeks before he could stand upon his feet again, and when at last he began to walk he limped, and he has gone on limping ever since.

"It 's all an old story now, you know," said Uncle Dick abruptly; "but it 's one of those things that a man does n't forget and that it would be a shame to him if he ever could forget as long as his life lasts."

14. Uncle Dick stooped down again as he ceased to speak, and Rolf, disturbed by the silence, raised his head to look about him. As his master had said, it was a grand old head still, though the eyes were growing dim now with age. Uncle Dick laid his hand upon it and the bushy tail began to wag. It had wagged at the touch of that hand for many a long day.

"We 've been together for fifteen years. He 's getting old now," said Uncle Dick.

THE BUGLE SONG.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

THE following graphic story is based upon an incident which took place during the last struggle of the Commune in 1871, when the forces of the French government conquered the rabble army after many riotous contests in the streets of Paris.

ĭn sûr′ġents	ȧ pŏl ō ġĕt′ĭc *a*l lў
sĭn′ĭs tĕr	cŏn vŭl′sĭv*e*

1. HE was only a boy, not yet sixteen, but nevertheless they were going to shoot him.

The band of insurgents to which he belonged had been routed by the Army of Versailles, and, with some ten of his comrades, he had been conducted to one of the city prisons in Paris.

Struck by his youthful appearance, and also astonished at the boy's coolness in this hour of extreme peril, the commandant had ordered that the fatal verdict should, so far as he was concerned, be suspended for the moment and that he should be kept a prisoner until his companions had met their fate at the neighboring barricade.

2. Apparently quite calm and resigned, his great eyes and his face — the pale face of a Parisian child — showed neither emotion nor anxiety. He seemed to watch the terrible scenes about him as though they did not concern him.

He heard the sinister report of the musketry which hurled his companions into eternity without moving a muscle; his calm, fixed gaze seemed to be looking into the great "Afterwards," which was soon to become the "Present" to him also.

Perhaps he was thinking of his happy, careless childhood — he had hardly outgrown it; perhaps of his relatives and their sorrow when they should hear of his fate; of the chain of fatality which had made him fatherless and had tossed him into the seething turmoil of civil war, and now demanded his life at the hands of fellow countrymen; and perhaps he wondered why such things were.

3. At the time war was declared, he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folk who had apprenticed him to a printer; politics had never troubled that little household.

It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the head of the family. The privations of the siege, the long and weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the scanty dole of food was distributed in the rigor of that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on the bed of suffering, where she lay slowly dying.

4. One day when he had gone with others to dig for potatoes in the frost-bound plain of St. Denis, a Prussian bullet broke his shoulder, and afterwards, driven partly

by hunger, partly by fear of his companions' threats, he had enrolled himself in the Army of the Commune. Like many another, fear and fear only had led him into the ranks.

He had no heart for a war of brothers, and now that his life was about to pay the penalty he was glad that he could lay no man's death to his charge. He was innocent of that, at any rate.

5. The things he had seen and suffered during the few last months had given him a dread of life. He hated to think of leaving his mother in this terrible world, — his mother whom he loved so dearly, who had always been so good to him.

He comforted himself with the thought that before long she would come, too — she could not have much more suffering to undergo, she was so weak when he last saw her, four days ago.

"Kiss me again, dear — again," she had said, "for I feel that I may never see you more."

6. "Ah," he thought, sadly, "if they would only trust me — would give me only one hour of liberty — how I would run home to her and then come back and give myself up to the hands that hunger for my life. I would give my word, and I would keep it. Why not? Save my mother — and she, too, dying — I have no one to weep over me if I am shot.

"To see her again, to kiss her dear lips once more, console, encourage her, and leave her hopeful — then I would face death bravely."

He was in the midst of these sad reflections when the commandant, followed by several officers, approached him.

7. "Now, my fine fellow, you and I have a score to settle; you know what awaits you?"

"Yes; I am ready."

"Really? So ready as all that? You are not afraid of death?"

"Less than of life. I have seen so much the last six months — such awful things — death seems better than such a life."

"I wager you would not hesitate if I gave you your choice. If I said: 'Put your best foot foremost and show me how soon you can be out of sight,' you would soon be off, I 'll warrant."

8. "Try me, sir, try me! Put me to the proof; it 's worth a trial. One more or less for your men to shoot, what does it matter? One hour of freedom only, not more; you shall see whether I will keep my word, and whether I am afraid to die."

"Oh! my boy! you 're no fool, but you must take me for one. Once free and far away, and then to come back to be shot just as you would keep an ordinary appointment? You will hardly get me to believe that."

"Listen, sir, I beg of you. Perhaps you have a good mother; you love her, your mother, more than aught else in the whole world. If, like me, you were just going to die, your last thoughts would be of her. And you would bless the man who gave you the opportunity of seeing her once more.

9. "Sir, do for me what you would pray others to do for you. Give me one hour of liberty and I will give you my word of honor to return and give myself up. Is life itself worth a promise broken?"

While he was speaking the commandant was pacing to and fro, tugging at his mustache and evidently struggling hard to appear unmoved.

"'My word,'" he murmured. "This urchin talks of 'my word' as though he were a Knight of the Round Table!"

10. He stopped abruptly in front of his prisoner and asked in a severe tone, "Your name?"

"Victor Oury."

"Age?"

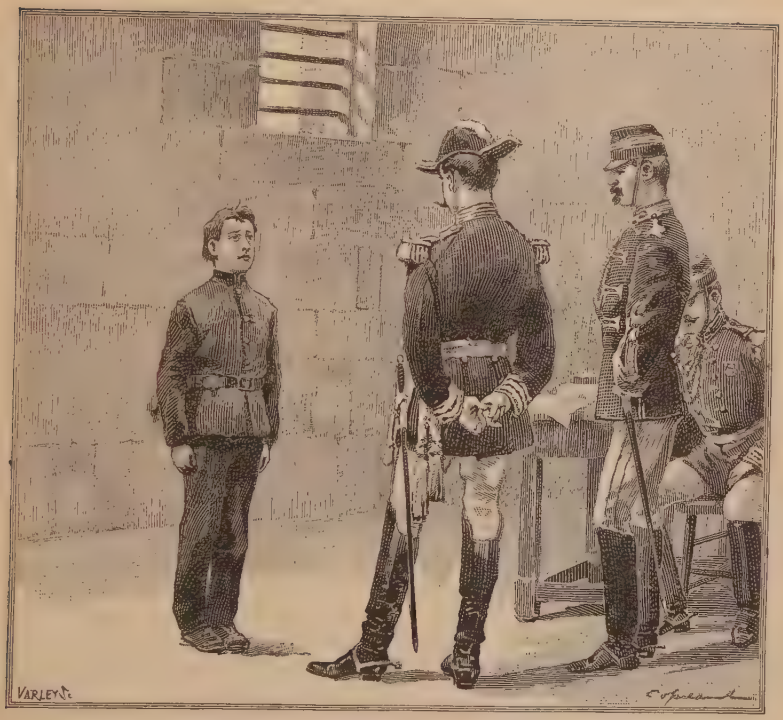
"Sixteen on the fifteenth of July next."

"Where does your mother live?"

"At Belleville."

"What made you leave her to follow the Commune?"

"The thirty sous chiefly; one must eat! Then the neighbors and my comrades threatened to shoot me if I



VICTOR BEFORE THE COMMANDANT.

did not march with them. They said I was tall enough to carry a musket. My mother was afraid of them and wept and prayed me to obey them."

"You have no father, then?"

"He was killed."

"And where?"

"At Bourget, fighting for his country."

11. The commandant turned towards his staff as

though he would consult them at a glance. All seemed moved to interest and pity.

"Well, then! it is understood," the officer said, gravely, after a moment's reflection. "You can go and see your mother. You have given me your word of honor to be back again in an hour. I shall know then whether you are a man of character or simply a cowardly boy. I give you until evening. If you are not here by eight o'clock I shall say that you are a braggart and care more for life than honor."

"I thank you, sir. At eight I will be here."

"You are sure?"

"Certain."

"We shall see when the time comes."

12. The boy would have thrown his arms about the officer in his wild joy and gratitude, but the latter repelled him gently.

"No, not now," he said. "This evening, if you return, I will embrace you — in front of the firing party," he added, grimly. "Off with you!"

Victor ran like a hare. The officers smiled as they watched him disappear. Twenty minutes later he knocked at his mother's door, and the neighbor who was tending her opened to him. She started and exclaimed when she saw him, for she had believed him dead. He would have rushed to his mother's room, but the woman stopped him.

13. "Go very quietly," she said in a low voice; "she is asleep. She has been very ill since you went away, but she is a little better now. The doctor said yesterday that if she could sleep she would soon get stronger; she must not be awakened. Poor thing! she will be glad to see you, for she has asked for you so often. When she was not calling you, she was praying the good Lord to preserve you and to restore peace in the land."

But Victor thought he heard his name called in a faint voice. He moved on tiptoe towards his mother's bed. He had not been deceived — the sick woman's eyes were opened wide.

"Victor! my boy!" she cried in her thin, weak voice. Without a word he lay down beside her and her arms closed round him hungrily.

14. And now the boy who had faced death so impassively could do naught but sob. In his mother's arms, he became a child once more, timid, despairing.

The sick woman, who seemed to gain strength from his presence, sought in vain to console him.

"Why do you distress yourself so, my child, my best beloved?" she asked. "You shall never leave me again.

"We will throw that hateful uniform away; I never want to see it more. I will make haste and get well; I feel so much stronger since you came. Soon you will go

to work again, and you will grow up and become a good man. The past will only look like a bad dream then, and we will forget it completely."

15. Poor soul, how should she know that her picture of a bright future only deepened her boy's anguish? She was silent, telling herself that the best way to dry tears is to let them flow freely. She kissed him and let his weary head fall back on the pillow, and then she gave herself up to dreams of happier days in store for both of them.

Victor's sobs grew less frequent and less violent, and soon nothing could be heard in the little room but the regular breathing of the mother and her child.

Ashamed of his weakness, the boy forced himself into self-control, and when he raised his head from the pillow, once more believing himself stronger than love of life, his mother, yielding to the reaction which her sudden joy had caused, was sleeping peacefully.

16. The sight restored his energies. A kind Providence, he thought, had wished to spare him a scene which his strength and courage could not have borne, and he resolved to go at once.

Lightly he kissed his mother's forehead, gazing at her earnestly for a few moments. She seemed to smile, he thought; then he went out hurriedly and returned to his post as quickly as he had come.

"What! so soon?" the commandant cried, astonished. The good-hearted man had hoped that the boy would not return.

"But I had promised!"

17. "Doubtless, but why be in such a hurry? You might have stayed with your mother some time longer and still have kept your word."

"Poor mother! After a scene of tears which seemed to take all my courage — tears of joy for her, of despair for me — she fell asleep so calmly, so happily, that I dare not wait for her to wake. She fell asleep with her arms about me, thinking I should never leave her again; how could I have told her the truth? Who knows whether I should have had the courage to leave her after doing so? And what would you have thought of me if I had not come back?

18. "So I kissed her and slipped away like a thief while she was sleeping, and here I am. Pray God may be good to her as she has been to me. I have one more thing to ask, — to finish quickly."

The officer looked at the boy with mingled pity and admiration. His own eyes were full of tears.

"You are quite resigned, then; death does not frighten you?" he asked.

Victor answered him with a gesture.

"And if I pardoned you?"

"You would save my mother's life, too, and I would revere you as a second father."

19. "Well, you are a plucky lad and you have not deserved to suffer as you have done. You shall go. Embrace me first. Now go and go quickly. Join your mother and love her always."

As he spoke the last few words the officer took the boy by the shoulders and pushed him gently away.

"It really would have been a pity," he said half apologetically to his staff as he turned towards them.

Victor did not run — he flew home. His mother was still sleeping. He would dearly have liked to cover her with kisses, but he did not dare to wake her, although her sleep seemed troubled. He lay down again beside her.

20. Suddenly she sat up, crying: "Mercy! Victor! My child! Oh! Mercy! — ah! you are here; it is really you?" she added, waking.

Her thin, weak hands wandered all over him; she pressed him close to her and rained kisses on his face. Then she was shaken by convulsive sobs which Victor could not calm.

"O my boy! my boy!" she moaned, "I dreamt they were going to shoot you!"

JOHN RIDD'S ADVENTURE.

By R. D. BLACKMORE.

From "Lorna Doone."

Richard D. Blackmore was born in Longworth, England, in 1825. He was graduated at Exeter College, Oxford, and became a lawyer.

Blackmore had no thought of becoming a writer, but, like his most famous character, John Ridd, he loved out-of-door life. The motherhood of nature and the peaceful beauty of the English scenery appealed to him and he began to write verses.

In 1855 he published a volume of poems, and ten years later his first novel, "Clara Vaughn," appeared.

However, it was not until 1869, when Blackmore published "Lorna Doone," that his writings received attention. This book grew rapidly into favor, and has been followed by other novels.

Blackmore writes his stories very carefully, describing every feature of the landscape which he knows so well.

His characters have a quaint simplicity and are brave and daring.

The story of "Lorna Doone" is filled with truest feeling and beautiful thought.

It centers about John Ridd, who is Blackmore's finest hero. He was a boy whose father had been killed by some highwaymen by the name of Doone. In the following selection the boy tells the story of one of his adventures. In after years the young man's love for Lorna Doone, the queen of a wild band, makes him brave, and he rescues Lorna by means of his quick wit and courage.

ĭn quĭs′ĭ tĭve	cär′bīne
feign′ (fān) ĭng	lō*a*ch′ĕs
dĭs ā′bled	breech′ (brĭch) ĕs

1. Being resolved to catch some loaches, whatever trouble it cost me, I set forth, in the forenoon of St. Valentine's Day, 1675. When I had traveled two miles or so, I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook.

I buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deeper water, and, crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hung so dark on the Bagworthy River.

2. Every moment the cold of the water got worse and worse, until I was fit to cry with it. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great, black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow, as I thought, at the sides, till I saw it was only foam froth. Skirting round one side, I came to a sudden sight and marvel, such as I never dreamed of. For, lo! I stood at the foot of a long, pale slide of water, coming without any break for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer and straight and shining. The water neither ran nor fell nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it.

3. Then said I to myself: "John Ridd, these trees and pools and lonesome rocks and setting of the sunlight are making a grewsome coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

But that which saved me from turning back was a

strange, inquisitive desire to know what made the water come down like that and what there was at the top of it.

I crawled along over the fork of rocks where the water had scooped the stone out, and, shunning thus the ledge from whence it rose like the mane of a white horse into the broad, black pool, softly I let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent.

4. The green wave came down like great bottles upon me, and my legs were gone from under me in a moment.

But before I knew aught, except that I must die with a roar of water upon me, my fork, praise God, stuck fast in the rock, and I was borne up upon it.

To my great dismay and affright, I saw that no choice was left me now except that I must climb somehow up that hill of water or else be washed down into the pool and whirl around it till it drowned me; for there was no chance of going back by the way I had gone down into it.

5. Having said the Lord's Prayer, I grasped the good loach stick and began my course up the fearful torrent way.

How I went carefully, step by step, never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell clearly. The greatest danger of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of black ooze weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit.

Here I fell and was like to have broken my kneecap, and the torrent got hold of my other leg while I was indulging the bruised one. And then a knotting of cramp disabled me, and all of my body was sliding. But my elbow caught in a hole in a rock, and so I managed to start again.

6. Now, being in the most dreadful fright because I was so near the top and hope was beating within me, I labored hard with both legs and arms going like a mill. At last the rush of forked water drove me into the middle.

Then I made up my mind to die at last; only it did seem such a pity after fighting so long to give in. The light was coming upon me, and again I fought toward it, when suddenly I felt fresh air and fell forward into the sunlight.

7. When I came to myself again a little girl was kneeling at my side, rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her; "now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large, dark eyes intent upon me, full of

JOHN RIDD AND LORNA DOONE.

pity and wonder. Then I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair; and where it fell on the turf, among it, like an early star, was the first primrose of the season.

8. And since that day I think of her through all the rough storms of my life when I see an early primrose.

"What is your name?" she said, "and how your feet are bleeding! oh, I must tie them up for you! And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow if we chose; and here are my shoes and stockings."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet. Please to let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied. "But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

9. "Lorna Doone," she answered in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Then I stood up and touched her hand and tried to make her look at me; but she only turned away and her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother; only don't be angry with me."

10. Here was I, a yeoman's boy, a yeoman every inch of me; and there was she, a lady born and dressed by people of rank and taste, who took pride in her beauty. Though some of her frock was touched with wet, her dress was pretty enough for the queen of all the angels! All from her waist to her neck was white, and the dark, soft weeping of her hair and the shadowy light of her

eyes, like a wood rayed through with sunset, made it seem yet whiter.

Seeing how I heeded her, she turned to the stream in a bashful manner and began to watch the water.

11. I, for my part, being vexed at her behavior to me, took up all my things and made a fuss about it to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back as I had made sure she would do; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, so at the mouth I came back to her and said:

"Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered; "why did you ever come here? Do you know what the robber band would do to us if they found you here with me? They would kill us both outright and bury us here by the water."

"But why should they kill me?"

12. "Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now, please to go; oh, please to go! They will kill us both in a moment."

"But I tell you, Lorna, I never saw one like you, and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you; and I will bring you such lots of things — there are apples and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken and — only put your hand in mine — what little things they

are, Lorna! — and I will bring you the loveliest dog; I will show you just how long he is."

"Hush!"

13. A shout came down the valley; and all my heart was trembling like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was altered from pleasant play to terror. She looked up at me with such a power of weakness that I at once made up my mind to save her or die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my carbine. The little girl took courage from me, and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down the waterfall. I can carry you easily; and mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I took her up; "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?"

14. She pointed to a little niche in the rock which verged the meadow about fifty yards away from us. In the fading of the twilight I could just descry it.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look! look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it. Oh, here they come; I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and then she began to sob

aloud, but I drew her behind the withy bushes and close down to the water. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley, and might have sought a long time for us.

15. Crouching in that hollow nest, I saw a dozen fierce men come down on the other side of the water, not bearing any firearms, but looking lax and jovial, as if they were come from riding.

"Queen! queen!" they were shouting here and there and now and then. "Where is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'queen,' and I am to be queen by and by," Lorna whispered to me, with her little heart beating against me; "oh, they are crossing by the timber and there, and then they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes, away in the meadow there. But how bitter cold it will be for you!"

16. "Now mind you never come again," she whispered over her shoulder as she crept away. "Only I shall come sometimes."

I crept into the water and lay down with my head between two blocks of stone. The dusk was deepening between the hills, and a white mist lay on the river; I could see every ripple and twig and glazing of twilight above it as bright as in a picture; so that to my ignorance

there seemed no chance at all but what the men must find me.

For all this time they were shouting and making such a hullabaloo that the rocks all round the valley rung.

17. I was now desperate, between fear and wretchedness, till I caught a glimpse of the little maid whose beauty and whose kindliness had made me yearn to be with her. And then I knew that for her sake I was bound to be brave and hide myself. She was lying beneath a rock, feigning to be fast asleep.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her, and there he stopped and gazed awhile at her fairness and her innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms and kissed her.

"Here our queen is! Here 's the queen; here 's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep! Now I have first claim to her, and no one else shall touch the child. Back, all of you!"

18. He sat her dainty little form upon his great, square shoulder and her narrow feet in one broad hand; and so in triumph marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard and the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind, behind her.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna turned and put up a hand to me and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist and the willows.

She was gone, my little dear, and when I got over my fright I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice to me was like a sweet, silver bell intoned to the small chords of a harp.

I crept into a bush for warmth and rubbed my shivering legs. Then, as daylight sunk below the forget-me-not of stars, I knew that now must be my time to get away.

19. Through the dusk I had trouble to see the niche in the cliff at even five land yards of distance; nevertheless, I entered and held on by some dead fern stems and did hope that no one would shoot me.

But my joy was like to have ended in sad grief. For, hearing a noise in front of me, I felt myself going down some deep passage into a pit of darkness. Then, without knowing how, I was leaning over a night of water.

20. Suddenly a robin sang in the brown fern and ivy behind me. I took it for our little Annie's voice — for she could call any robin — and gathering quick, warm comfort, sprang up the steep way toward the starlight. Climbing back, as the stones glided down, I heard the cold, greedy wave go lapping, like a blind, black dog, into the distance of arches and hollow depths of darkness.

THE COAST GUARD.

By EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Do you ask me what I am seeing
While I watch the embers glow,
And list to the wild wind howling
As it drives the winter snow?
I see, away to the eastward,
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves,
Like the tramp of a mailed host.

And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I hear the men of the coast guard
Pacing along the strand, —
Beaten by storm and tempest
And drenched by the pelting rain, —
From the shores of Carolina
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.

And many a shipwrecked sailor
Thanks God with his gasping breath
For the sturdy arms of the surfmen
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.
I think of a wreck, fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the lifeboat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the crack of the icy halyards
Straining against the gale.
"Courage!" the captain trumpets,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast guard
And hold their lives in His hand!

FOOTBALL AT RUGBY.

By THOMAS HUGHES.

From "Tom Brown's School Days."

"Tom Brown's School Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" are two of the best books ever written for boys and young men.

The author, Thomas Hughes, was born at Newbury, England, in 1823. He spent several years at Rugby under the mastership of the famous Dr. Arnold, continuing his education at Oxford.

This selection is from "Tom Brown's School Days," — a graphic description of life at Rugby, — and the hero is a manly, sturdy English boy.

Mr. Hughes was a lawyer as well as a writer and was deeply interested in aiding the common people.

ġĭ găn′tĭc	crĕd′ĭt å blў
prē dĭc′å ment	prē pŏs̱′ĭ tor (tẽr)

1. "But why do you wear white trousers in November?" said Tom. He had been struck by this peculiarity in the costume of almost all the schoolhouse boys.

"Why, bless us, don't you know? No, I forgot. Why, to-day 's the schoolhouse match. Our house plays the whole of the school at football. And we all wear white trousers to show 'em we don't care for kicks on the shins. You 're in luck to come to-day. You will see a great match; and Brooke 's going to let me play in quarters. That 's more than he 'll do

for any other low-school boy, except James and he 's fourteen."

"Who 's Brooke?"

"Why, that big fellow that called over at dinner, to be sure. He 's head of the schoolhouse side, and the best kick and charger in Rugby."

2. Tom followed East across the level ground till they came to a sort of gigantic gallows of two poles eighteen feet high, fixed upright in the ground some fourteen feet apart, with a crossbar running from one to the other, at the height of ten feet or thereabouts.

"This is one of the goals," said East, "and you see the other, across there, right opposite, under the doctor's wall. Well, the match is for the best of three goals. Whichever side kicks two goals wins; and it won't do, you see, just to kick the ball through these posts. It must go over the crossbar; any height 'll do, so long as it 's between the posts.

3. "You 'll have to stay in goal to touch the ball when it rolls behind the posts, because if the other side touch it they have a try at goal. Then we fellows in quarters, we play just about in front of goal here, and have to turn the ball and kick it back before the big fellows on the other side can follow it up. And in front of us, all the big fellows play, and that 's where the scrimmages are mostly."

Next minute East cried out: "Hurrah! here 's the punt-about; come along and try your hand at a kick."

The punt-about is the practice ball, which is just brought out and kicked about anyhow from one boy to another before callings-over and dinner and at other odd times. They joined the boys who had brought it out, — all small schoolhouse fellows, friends of East.

4. Tom had the pleasure of trying his skill, and performed very creditably, after first driving his foot three inches into the ground and then nearly kicking his leg into the air in vigorous efforts to accomplish a drop-kick after the manner of East.

The crowd thickened as three o'clock approached; and when the hour struck, one hundred and fifty boys were hard at work.

"Hold the punt-about!" "To the goals!" are the cries; and the whole mass of boys moves up towards the two goals, dividing as they go, into three bodies.

That little band on the left, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys — Tom amongst them — who are making for the goal under the schoolhouse wall, are the schoolboys who are not to play-up and have to stay in goal. The larger body moving to the island goal are the schoolboys in a like predicament.

5. The great mass in the middle are the players-up, both sides mingled together; they are hanging their

jackets and, all who mean real work, their hats, waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs, and braces on the railings round the small trees; and there they go by twos and threes up to their respective grounds.

And now that the two sides have fairly sundered, and each occupies its own ground and we get a good look at them, what absurdity is this? You don't mean to say that those fifty or sixty boys in white trousers, many of them quite small, are going to play that huge mass opposite?

Indeed I do; they're going to try, at any rate, and won't make such a bad fight of it, either, mark my word; for has n't old Brooke won the toss with his lucky halfpenny, and got choice of goals and kick-off?

6. The new ball you may see lie there quite by itself in the middle, pointing towards the school or island goal; in another minute it will be well on its way there.

Now look, there is a slight move forward of the schoolhouse wings, a shout of "Are you ready?" and a loud affirmative reply.

Old Brooke takes half a dozen quick steps, and away goes the ball spinning towards the school goal; seventy yards before it touches ground and at no point above twelve or fifteen feet high, — a model kick-off, — and the schoolhouse cheer and rush on. The ball is returned, and they meet it and drive it back amongst the masses of the school already in motion.

7. Then the two sides close, and you can see nothing for minutes but a swaying crowd of boys, at one point violently agitated ; that is, where the ball is, and there are the keen players to be met and the glory and the hard knocks to be got. You hear the dull thud, thud of the ball and the shouts of "Off your side!" "Down with him!" "Put him over!" "Bravo!"

But see! it has broken; the ball is driven out on the schoolhouse side, and a rush of the school carries it past the schoolhouse players-up. "Look out in quarters," Brooke's and twenty other voices ring out; no need to call, though.

8. The schoolhouse captain of quarters has caught it on the bound, dodges the foremost schoolboys who are heading the rush, and sends it back with a good drop-kick well into the enemy's country.

And then follows rush upon rush and scrimmage upon scrimmage, the ball now driven through into the schoolhouse quarters and now into the school goal; for the schoolhouse have not lost the advantage which the kick-off and a slight wind gave them at the outset, and are slightly "penning" their adversaries.

9. Three-quarters of an hour are gone; first winds are failing, and weight and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by yard the schoolhouse boys have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground.

The bulldogs are the color of mother earth from shoulder to ankle, except young Brooke, who has a marvelous knack of keeping his legs. The schoolhouse boys are being "penned" in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal under the doctor's wall.

We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch by the three trees. Away goes the ball and the bulldogs after it, and in another minute there is a shout of "In-touch!" "Our ball!" Now's your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh.

10. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another. He must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up further, where the opposite line is weak.

Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong and it falls opposite his brother. Hurrah! that rush has taken it right through the school line and away past the three trees far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bulldogs are close upon it.

11. The school leaders rush back shouting "Look out in goal!" and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are after the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the school goal posts, quarters scattering before them.

One after another the bulldogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down!" No! a long stagger, but the danger is past; that was the shock of Crew, the most dangerous of dodgers.

And now he is close to the school goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the

A FOOTBALL GAME.

school fags to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball — the only chance — and young Brooke has touched it right under the school goal posts.

12. Old Brooke, of course, will kick out the goal, but who shall catch and place it? Call Crab Jones.

Here he comes sauntering along with a straw in his mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in Rugby. If he were

tumbled into the moon this minute he would just pick himself up without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair.

It is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the school back; he will not kick out till they are all in goal, behind the posts. They are all edging forward, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball.

13. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over; and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the schoolhouse goal. Fond hope! it is kicked out and caught beautifully.

Crab strikes his heel into the ground to mark the spot where the ball was caught, beyond which the school line may not advance; but there they stand, five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground.

Take plenty of room! don't give the rush a chance of reaching you! place it true and steady! Trust Crab Jones. He has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee, with his eye on old Brooke. "Now!" Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the school rush forward.

14. Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up

at the spinning ball. There it flies straight between the two posts, some five feet above the crossbar, an unquestioned goal; and a shout of real, genuine joy rings out from the schoolhouse players-up and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal-keepers under the doctor's wall.

A goal in the first hour — such a thing has n't been done in the schoolhouse match this five years.

15. "Over!" is the cry; the two sides change goals, and the schoolhouse goal-keepers come threading their way across through the masses of the school, the most openly triumphant of them, amongst whom is Tom, a schoolhouse boy of two hours' standing, getting their ears boxed in the transit.

Tom is indeed excited beyond measure, and it is all the sixth-form boy — kindest and safest of goal-keepers — has been able to do to keep him from rushing out whenever the ball has been near their goal. So he holds him by his side and instructs him in the science of touching.

. . . . . .

16. And now the last minutes are come, and the school gather for their last rush, every boy of the hundred and twenty who has a run left in him. Reckless of the defense of their own goal, on they come across the

level big-side ground — the ball well down amongst them — straight for our goal, like the column of the Old Guard up the slope at Waterloo.

All former charges have been child's play to this. Warner and Hedge have met them, but still on they come. The bulldogs rush in for the last time ; they are hurled over or carried back, striving hand, foot, and eyelids.

17. Old Brooke comes sweeping round the skirts of the play, and, turning short round, picks out the very best heart of the scrimmage and plunges in. It wavers for a moment — he has the ball ! No, it has passed him, and his voice rings out clear over the advancing tide : "Look out in goal ! "

Crab Jones catches it for a moment, but before he can kick, the rush is upon him and passes over him, and he picks himself up behind them with his straw in his mouth, a little dirtier, but as cool as ever.

The ball rolls slowly in behind the schoolhouse goal, not three yards in front of a dozen of the biggest school players-up.

18. There stands the schoolhouse prepositor, safest of goal-keepers, and Tom Brown by his side, who has learned his trade by this time. Now is your time, Tom. The blood of all the Browns is up, and the two rush in together and throw themselves on the ball, under the

very feet of the advancing column, the prepositor on his hands and knees arching his back, and Tom all along on his face.

Over them topple the leaders of the rush, shooting over the back of the prepositor, but falling flat on Tom and knocking all the wind out of his small body.

"Our ball," says the prepositor, rising with his prize; "but get up there; there 's a little fellow under you." They are hauled and roll off him and Tom is discovered, a motionless body.

19. Old Brooke picks him up. "Stand back! give him air!" says he, and then, feeling his limbs, adds: "No bones broken. How do you feel, young 'un?"

"Hah-hah," gasps Tom, as his wind comes back; "pretty well, thank you — all right."

"Who is he?" says Brooke. "Oh, it 's Brown; he 's a new boy. I know him," says East, coming up.

"Well, he is a plucky youngster, and will make a player," says Brooke.

And five o'clock strikes. "No side" is called, and the first day of the schoolhouse match is over.

THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE PANTHER.

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

James Fenimore Cooper, an eminent American novelist, was born in Burlington, N. J., in September, 1789.

His early life was spent on the shores of Lake Otsego, New York, where his father lived while the future novelist was very young. At that time this tract of country was a wilderness, and the boy became familiar with the hunters and Indians who lived upon the frontier.

His father, Judge Cooper, was a man of wealth and culture, and sent his boy to Yale University at the early age of thirteen. Young Cooper spent three years there and then entered the navy, remaining in this service until his marriage in 1811, when he turned his attention to writing.

There were almost no American novels at this time, and the public were enthusiastic over the author's tales of Indian life and adventures on the sea.

Cooper's works consist of thirty-two volumes, the most popular of which are "The Pilot," "The Spy," "The Prairie," and "The Last of the Mohicans." He died at Cooperstown, in September, 1851.

mȧ lĭg′nĭ tў	rĕs̱ ŭr rĕc′tion (shŭn)
ĭn ăn′ĭ mȧte	ē lăs tĭç′ĭ tў
rĕs pĭ rā′tion (shŭn)	ĕx′trĭ cȧte
dĭs qual′ĭ fīed	cŏn vŭlsed′

1. The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest. Every tall pine and every shrub or flower called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, when Elizabeth suddenly started and exclaimed:

2. "Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us, or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the girls pursued with quick and impatient steps the low, mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest. More than once Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried: "Look at the dog!"

3. Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to the present moment: his advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity.

Aroused by the cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned and saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body through fright or anger. He was growling in a low key and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress had she not so well known his good qualities.

4. "Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! What do you see, fellow?" At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

5. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion.

The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a panther fixed on them in horrid malignity and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

6. There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration,

and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

7. A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of a beech. This vicious creature approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race.

Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

8. All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both the female panther and the cub. At every gambol played by the latter it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff.

There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave with

a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

9. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff.

No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries.

Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so intense that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the panther that her active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap.

10. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was her constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her claws and stained with his own blood that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again with jaws distended and a dauntless eye.

But age and his pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but

courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been.

11. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless effort to dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort.

But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless.

Several mighty efforts of the wildcat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

12. Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of His creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow.

The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination she turned, however, with her eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, her tail lashing her sides furiously, and her claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

13. Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror.

The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, girl; your bonnet hides the creature's head."

14. It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom, when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast which was rolling over on the earth, biting her own flesh and tearing the twigs and branches within her reach. At the next instant, the

form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud:

"Come in, Hector, come in; 't is a hard-lived animal, and may jump again."

15. The brave hunter fearlessly maintained his position in front of the girls, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to her head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

The death of her terrible enemy appeared to Elizabeth like a resurrection from her own grave. Notwithstanding the fearful aspect of the panther, the eye of the brave girl had never shrunk from its gaze; and long after the event, the sweetness of her midnight sleep would be disturbed, as her active fancy conjured, in dreams, the most trifling movements of savage fury that the beast had exhibited in its moment of power.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

I. VOWELS.

ā	as in	fāte	â	as in	câre	i͟	as in	i͟dea	o͞o	as in	fo͞od
a͟	"	sena͟te	ē	"	mēte	ĭ	"	ĭt	o͝o	"	fo͝ot
ă	"	făt	e͟	"	e͟vent	ī	"	sīr	ū	"	ūse
ä	"	ärm	ĕ	"	mĕt	ō	"	ōld	u͟	"	u͟nite
a͟	"	a͟ll	ē	"	hēr	o͟	"	o͟bey	ŭ	"	ŭp
å	"	åsk	ī	"	īce	ŏ	"	nŏt	û	"	fûr

II. EQUIVALENTS.

ạ = ŏ	as in	whạt	ọ = o͝o	as in	wọlf	ụ = o͝o	as in	pụll
ê = â	"	thêre	ȯ = ŭ	"	sȯn	ȳ = ī	"	flȳ
ĭ = ē	"	gĭrl	ô = ạ	"	hôrse	y̆ = ĭ	"	babẙ
o͟ = o͞o	"	mo͟ve	u͟ = o͞o	"	ru͟le			

III. CONSONANTS.

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

ç = s	as in	miçe	th (unmarked)	as in	thin
ȩ or c (unmarked) = k	as in	ȩall	ph = f	"	phantom
ȩh = k	as in	sehōōl	s͟ = z	"	ĭs͟
ch (unmarked)	"	child	z (like s sonant)	"	zone
ġ like j	"	cāġe	qu (unmarked)	"	quite
g͞ (hard)	"	g͞ĕt	x͟ = gz	"	ex͟act
n͟ = ng	"	ĭn͟k	x (unmarked) = ks	"	vex
th	"	thĕm			

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral form, are italicized. Silent letters are also italicized.

WORD LIST.

THE following is an alphabetical list of the most difficult words used in this Reader.

Many of the less difficult words that have been used in the Primer, First, Second, and Third Readers are omitted.

This list may be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

For an explanation of the diacritical marks, see preceding page.

à băn′ doned
ăb jĕct′
ăb rŭpt′ lў
ăc çĕpt′ ançe
aċ′ çĭ dent
ăc com′ pa nied
ăc cŏm′ plĭsh
ăc côrd′ ĭng lў
ăc′ cū rate lў
ăc cŭs′ tomed
à chiēve′
ăck nŏwl′ ĕdġed
ăc quāint′ ançe
ăc tĭv′ ĭ tў
ăċ′ tū al lў
à dăpt′
ăd hēr′ ent
ăd′ mĭ ra ble
ăd mĭ rā′ tion (shŭn)
à dŏpt′ ĕd
ăd vĕn′ tures
ăd′ vĕr tīṣ ĭng
ăf firmed′
à ghast′
à ġĭl′ ĭ tў
ăġ ĭ tā′ tion (shŭn)
à lăc′ rĭ tў
à līght′ ĕd
ăl lūd′ ĕd
ä/mṣ′ house
ăl tĕr′ na tĭve
à māze′ ment
ăn′ çĕs tor (tĕr)
ăn′ guĭsh
ăn′ ĭ mate
ăn′ nū al lў
ăn tĭç′ ĭ pā tĭve
ăn tique′ (tēk′)

anx i′ (ăn zī′) ē tў
anx′ ious (ănk′-shŭs) lў
à pŏl ō ġĕt′ ĭc *al* lў
à pŏl′ ō ġў
ăp păr′ ĕnt lў
ăp pēar′ *ançe*
ăp′ pē tīte
ăp plȧud′
ăp prōached′
är būʹ tŭs
är′ dent
är′ tĭ cle
är tĭ fi′ cial (fĭsh′ *al*)
ăs çĕnd′ ĕd
ăs çĕnt′
ăs çĕr tāin′
à slȧnt′
ăs sĕm′ blȧġe
ăs sĕnts′
ăs sĕv′ ĕr ā tĕd
ăs sĭst′ *ançe*
as sur′ (à shu̇r′) *ançe*
ăs tŏn′ ĭsh ment
à thwȧrt′
ăt′ mŏs phēre
ăt tāined′
ăt′ tĭ tūde
ȧu′ dĭ ençe
ȧu′ gĕrs

ȧu rōʹ rȧ
ȧus tēre′
ȧu′ thors (thĕrs)
à void′ ĕd
ȧu tŭm′ nal
a′ zure (ăzh′ u̇r)

băl′ *ançe*
băl′ lads
bȧ rouche′ (rōōsh′)
băr rĭ ēade′
bāy′ ō nĕts
beaūʹ tē oŭs
bē cȯm′ ĭng
bē guīl′ ĭng
bē hāv′ ior (yĕr)
bĕl′ lō*ws*
bĕn′ ē fĭt
bē nĕv′ ō lent
bē sēech′ ĭng
bē wĭl′ dĕred
bē wĭtched′
blŏtch′ ĕs
bŏd′ ў guärd
boș′ ȯm
bōul′ dĕr
bȯul′ ē värd
brăg′ gart (gĕrt)
breech′ (brĭch′) ĕs
brĭl′ liance (y*a*ns)

bu̇l′ warks (wŭrks)
bur′ (bĕr′) ĭ *al*
bu̇sh′ ĕls
bu̇tch′ ĕr

căb′ bȧġ ĕs
căd′ dĭs
căl cŭ lāʹ tions (shŭns)
căl′ ĭ cō
cȧ nāʹ rў
căn′ nĭ b*a*ls
căn′ nȯn
căn′ ō pў
cāʹ pĕr ĭng
căp′ ĭ t*a*l
căp′ t*a*ĭn
căp′ tĭve
cär′ bīne
cȧ rĕss′
cȧ rouș′e
casques (kȧsks)
căt′ ȧ răct
căt′ ē chism (kis'm)
cȧu′ tious (shŭs) lў
căv ȧ lēr′
căv′ *al* rў m*a*n
çĕl′ ē brā tĕd
çĕl′ ĕr ў
çĕm′ ē tĕr ў

çĕn′ tū rў
çĕr′ taĭn lў
cha let′ (shȧ lā′)
chạlk′ ĭng
chăn′ nĕl
chär′ ăc tĕr īzed
chär′ ġĕr
chēer′ ĭ lў
chĕr′ ĭshed
chĕv′ rȯn
chĭm′ neў
chĭv′ al rў
chŏc′ ȯ lāt*e*s
chôrds
chō′ rŭs
çĭr cū lā′ tion (shŭn)
çĭv′ ĭl īzed
clăr′ ĭ fied
clȧy tō′ nĭ ȧ
clŭs′ tĕred
cō′ cȯa nŭt
cŏf′ fė*e*
cŏl′ lĕġ*e*
cŏl′ liers (yĕrs)
cŏl′ ȯ nĭsts
cȯl′ ored (ĕrd)
cȯm′ fort (fĕrt) ȧ ble
cŏm mĕnç′ ĭng
cŏm mĭs′ sion- (shŭn) ĕrs
cŏm mū nĭ cā′ tion (shŭn)
cŏm păn′ ions (yŭns)
cȯm′ p*a*ss ĕs
cŏm plā*i*nt′
cŏm prė hĕnd′ ĕd
çŏm′ răd*e*
cŏn çĕrn′ ĭng
cŏn′ fĭ dĕn çĕs
cŏn fĭ dĕn′ tial- (sh*a*l) lў
cŏn fīn*e*d′
cŏn ġē*a*led′
cŏn grăt ū lā′ tions (shŭns)
cȯn′ jŭr ĕr
cŏn′ quer or (kĕr ĕr)
cŏn′ science (shens)
cŏn′ sė crā*t*e
cŏn sĭd′ ĕr
cŏn sī*g*ned′
cŏn sȯle′
cŏn stĕl lā′ tion (shŭn)
cŏn′ stĭ tūt ĭng
cŏn tĕm*p*t′
cŏn′ tĭ n*e*nt
cŏn vey′ (vā′) *a*nçe
cŏn vŭl′ sĭv*e*
côr′ pŏ r*a*l
cŏr rė spŏnd′ ĭng
cŏr′ rĭ dōr
cŏr rŏb′ ȯ rā tĕd
cŏs′ tūm*e*
coughed (cạfd)
coun′ çĭl
coun′ sĕl or (ĕr)
coun′ tė n*a*nçe
co*u*r ā′ ġeo*u*s
cō*u*rs′ ĭng
co*u*rt′ ė sў
cȯv′ ĕr lĭds
cŏx′ cōm*b*
crăn′ bĕr rў
crĕd′ ĭt ȧ blў
crĭm′ ĭ n*a*l
crĭ′ sĭs
crĭt′ ĭc *a*l
crŏc′ ȯ dīl*e*
croo̅ned
cru̇i̇s*e*
crŭ*t*ch′ ĕs
crў*s*′ t*a*l līze
cū rĭ ŏs′ ĭ tў
cŭr′ r*a*nt
dăf′ fȯ dĭl
dā*i*n′ tĭ lў
dān′ ġĕr *o*ŭs

dä*u*nt′ lĕs*s* lў
dė̇ ba̤*u*ch′
dĕ*bt*′ ors (ẽrs)
dĕc lȧ rā′ tion (shŭn)
dĕc′ ȯ rā tĕd
dĕd ĭ cā′ tion (shŭn)
dė̇ grād′ ĕd
dė̇ lĭb′ ẽr ȧ̇t ĭng
dĕl′ ĭ cȧ̇t*e*
dė̇ lĭ′ cious (shŭs)
dē′ mŏns
dė̇ scĕnd′ *a*nt
dė̇ scrȳ′
dė̇ s̤ī*g*n′
dĕs′ ĭg nā tĕd
dĕs′ ȯ lȧ̇t*e*
dĕs pẽr ā′ tion (shŭn)
dė̇ spīs̤*e*d′
dĕs tĭ nā′ tion (shŭn)
dė̇ tẽr′ mĭn*e*d
dĕx tĕr′ ĭ tў
dī′ ȧ lŏg*ue*
dĭc′ tion (shŭn) ȧ̇ rў
dĭf′ fĭ cŭl tў
dĭg′ nĭ fī*e*d
dĭ mĭn′ ĭsh

dĭs ā′ bl*e*d
dĭs ȧ grē*e*′ ȧ bl*e*
dĭs cŏn tĕnt′ ĕd
dĭs c*o*ŭr′ ȧ̇ġ*e*d
dĭs cŭs*s*′ ĭng
dĭs ĭn clīn*e*d′
dĭs mount′ ĕd
dĭs pōs̤*e*d′
dĭs pȯ̇ sĭ′ tion (shŭn)
dĭs′ sĭ pā tĕd
dĭs̤ s̤ŏlv*e*d′
dĭs tĭnct′ lў
dĭs tĭn′ guĭsh*e*d
dĭ vẽr′ sĭ fī*e*d
dĭ vīd′ ĕd
dĭ vīn*e*′
dȯ̇ mĕs′ tĭc
d*o*ŭb′ lĕts
drȧ go͞on′
drāp′ ẽr ў
draught (drȧft)
drē*a*r′ ў
drows′ (drouz′) ў
drȳ′ ăd
dū′ bĭ *o*ŭs lў
dwa̤rf

ē*a*′ gẽr lў
ē*a*′ glĕt

ė̇ cŏn′ ȯ m̤ў
ĕc′ stȧ sў
ĕd′ dў ĭng
ĕd ū̇ cā′ tion (shŭn)
ė̇ lăb′ ȯ rȧ̇t*e*
ē lăs tĭç′ ĭ tў
ĕl′ ė̇ g*a*nt
ĕl′ ė̇ mĕnt
ĕl′ ė̇ ph*a*nts
ĕl′ ȯ qu*e*nt
ĕm bĕl′ lĭsh ĕs
ė̇ mẽrġ*e*d′
ĕm′ ĭ n*e*nç*e*
ė̇ mĭt′
ė̇ mō′ tion (shŭn)
ĕmp′ tĭ*e*d
ĕn ăm′ ored (ẽrd)
ĕn căm*p*ed′
ĕn çīr′ cl*e*d
ĕn c*o*ŭr′ ȧ̇ġ ĭng lў
ĕn dān′ ġẽr
ĕn dē*a*r′ m*e*nts
ĕn dĕ*a*v′ or (ẽr)
ĕn′ ẽr ġĭ*e*s
ė̇ nôr′ m*o*ŭs
ĕn rōl*le*d′
ĕn′ tẽr prīs̤*e*
ĕn thū′ s̤ĭ ăs̤m
ĕn trănç*e*d′
ĕn trē*a*t′ ĕd

ė quā′ tor (tĕr)
ė quĭpped′
ĕs cāpe′
ĕs côrt′ ĕd
ĕs pe′ cial (pĕsh′-
*a*l) lў
ĕs tăb′ lĭsh ments
ė tĕr′ nĭ tў
ė văp′ ŏ rā tĕd
ė vĕnt′ fụl
ĕv′ ĭ dent lў
ĕx ăct′ lў
ĕx ăm′ ĭned
ĕx ăm′ ple
ĕx ç*ē*ed′ ĭng lў
ĕx′ çĕl lent
ĕx çĕss′
ĕx clā*i*med′
ĕx clūd′ ĕd
ĕx cûr′ sions
(shŭns)
ĕx ė cū′ tion (shŭn)
ĕx *ha*ụst′ ĕd
ĕx′ ĭ ġen çў
ĕx pė dĭ′tion (shŭn)
ĕx pĕr′ ĭ ment
ĕx plå nā′ tion
(shŭn)
ĕx′ quĭ sĭte lў
ĕx′ trĭ cāte
fâ*i*r′ ĭ lў
fạl′ *e*on
fạl′ tĕr ĭng
få mĭl′ ĭ ăr ĭ tў
făr′ rĭ ĕrs
få tăl′ ĭ tў
făth′ ȯm
få tigued′ (tēgd)
fạun
fā′ vor (vĕr) å ble
fā′ vor (vĕr) ĭte
fė*a*th′ ĕr ў
feigned (fānd)
fĕl′ ȯn
fĕr′ tĭle
fi*ē*nd′ ĭsh
fĭg′ ûre
fis′ sures (fĭsh′ ụrs)
floun′ dĕred
flo*ŏ*r′ ĭsh
flŭt′ tĕr ĭng
fō′ lĭ åġe
fŏr′ åġe
fôr′ e*ĭ*gn
fōre′ lŏck
fôr′ tû nāte
foun′ dĕred
frăc′ tûre
frā′ gra*n*çe
frănes
frė quĕnt′ ĕd
frē′ quent lў
fū′ nĕr *a*l
fûr′ lŏng

gā′ bles
găm′ bŏl ĭng
găr′ rĕt
gạuz′ ў
ġĕn ĕr ā′ tions
(shŭns)
ġĕn′ ĕr *o*ŭs
ġēn′ ius (yŭs)
ġĕn′ û ĭne
ġė ŏg′ rå phў
ġĕs′ tûre
g*h*ăst′ lў
ġĭ găn′ tĭc
glĭs′ tened
*g*naụed
ġȯv′ ĕrn ment
grăd′ û *a*l lў
grăd û ā′ tion
(shŭn)
grăt′ ĭ tūde
grăv′ ĭ tў
grēen′ swạrd
grew′ (grụ) sȯme
grĭz′ zled
grō′ çĕr ĭes

grŏsch′ *en*
*gu*ärd′ ĭ *an*
ġўp′ sў

hăg′ gard (gĕrd)
*n*ăn*d*′ kĕr chĭ*ef*
hå răng*u*′ ĭng
här′ mȯ̆ nў
hăt*ch*′ ĕts
ha*u*nt′ ĭng
hĕ*a*th′ ĕr
hĕ*a*v′ *en* lў
hĕm′ lŏ*c*k
hĕr′ ĭt å*ġe*
hĕr′ mĭt å*ġe*
hĕ rō′ ĭc
hĕs ĭ tā′ tion (shŭn)
hĭd′ ĕ *o*ŭs
hĭs tȯ̆′ rĭ *an*
hō*a*rse
hŏl′ ĭ dā*y*
*h*ŏn′ ored (ĕrd)
hōrd*e*
hȯ̆ rī′ zȯn
hŏs′ pĭ tå ble
hŏs′ tĕl
hȯv′ ĕr ĭng
hўp′ ŏ crĭ*te*

īç*e*′ bĕrgs
ī dĕn′ tĭ tў
ī′ dўls
ĭg′ nȯ̆ r*an*ç*e*
ĭl lū′ mĭn*ed*
ĭm′ å*ġe*
ĭm ăġ ĭ nā′ tion (shŭn)
ĭm′ ĭ tăt ĭng
ĭm mē′ dĭ å*te* lў
ĭm mĕns*e*′
ĭm păs′ sĭv*e* lў
ĭm pā′ tient (sh*e*nt)
ĭm′ plĕ m*e*nts
ĭm plīes′
ĭm plōr′ ĭng
ĭm pôr′ t*a*nt
ĭm pres′ sion (prĕsh′ ŭn)
ĭm′ pů d*e*nç*e*
ĭn ăn′ ĭ må*te*
ĭn ạu′ gů r*a*l
ĭn çĕs′ s*a*nt lў
ĭn cŏn çē*i*v′ å ble
ĭn cŏn sĭd′ ĕr å*te*
ĭn cŏr rŭpt′ ĭ ble
ĭn crē*a*s*ed*′
ĭn dĕ pĕnd′ *e*nç*e*
ĭn dĭf′ fĕr *e*nt
ĭn dĭg′ n*a*nt
ĭn dĭs tĭnct′
ĭn dĭ vĭd′ ů *a*l
ĭn dūçed′
ĭn dŭlġ′ ĭng
ĭn dŭs′ trĭ *o*ŭs
ĭn′ få m*o*ŭs
ĭn fē′ rĭ or (ĕr)
ĭn′ fĭ nĭ*te* lў
ĭn′ flů *e*nç*e*
ĭn fŏ*r* mā′ tion (shŭn)
ĭn gŭlf′
ĭn hăb′ ĭt ĕd
ĭn hĕr′ ĭt
ĭn′ nȯ̆ çenç*e*
ĭn nū′ mĕr å ble
ĭn quīr′ ĭng lў
ĭn quĭs′ ĭ tĭ*ve*
ĭn spīred′
ĭn strŭct′
ĭn sûr′ ġents
ĭn tĕl′ lĭ ġenç*e*
ĭn tĕn′ sĭ tў
ĭn′ tĕr ĕst
ĭn tĕr′ mĭ nå ble
ĭn tĕr rŏg′ å tĭ*ve* lў
ĭn tĕr rŭpt′
ĭn tĭm′ ĭ dă*te*
ĭn tōned′
ĭn trĭn′ sĭc
ĭn trȯ̆ dūçed′
ĭn tū′ ĭ tĭ*ve* lў

ĭn′ vȧ lĭd
ĭn vā′ rĭ ȧ blў
ĭn vŏl′ ŭn tȧ rў
ĭr′ rĭ tȧ ble
ī′ ṣĭn ġlȧss
īs′ land

jär′ gŏn
jäun′ tў
jĕop′ ard (ĕrd) ў
joûr′ neў
jō′ vĭ al
joy′ oŭs
jūn′ ior (yĕr)

knăp′ săck
knōll
kō′ bŏlds

lā′ bor (bĕr) ĕr
lănd′ scāpe
lăn̲′ guage (gwȧj)
lăn′ guid (gwĭd)
lȧ pĕl′
lăp′ pĕts
lăps′ ĕs
lăt′ tĭçe
lạu′ rĕ ȧte
lēagues
lēi′ sure (zhûr)
lĕv′ ĕled
lĭb′ ĕr tў
lĭēġe′ man
lĭn′ ĕn
li′ quor (lĭk′ ĕr)
lĭt′ ẹr al
lĭt′ ĕr ȧ rў
lĭthe
lōach′ ĕs
lŭl′ lȧ bīes
lûrk′ ĭng
lŭs′ tĭ lў

măg ȧ zine′ (zēn)
măg nĭf′ ĭ çent
mȧ̊in tāin′
mȧ jĕs′ tĭc
mȧ lĭg′ nĭ tў
măn′ sion (shŭn)
măn ŭ făc′ tûre
măn′ ŭ scrĭpt
mär′ ġĭn
măr′ ĭ nĕrs
mär′ vĕl oŭs
măt ĭ nee′ (nā)
măt′ trĕss ĕs
mȧ tūr′ ĕr
mạuve

mĕl′ ăn ẹhŏl ў
mĕl′ ŏ dў
mẹ̊ mō′ rĭ al
mĕr′ çẹ̊ nȧ̊ rў
mēre′ lў
mĕs′ sĕn ġĕr
mĭēn
mĭl′ ĭ tȧ rў
mĭn′ strĕl sў
mĭn ŭ ĕt′
mĭ nūte′
mĭr′ ȧ ele
mĭs′ chĭef
mĭs′ chĭẹ̊ voŭs
mĭṣ′ ĕr ȧ ble
mŏc′ cȧ sĭn
mŏd ĭ fĭ cā′ tion (shŭn)
mŏn′ arch (ȧrk)
mŏn′ stroŭs
mŏn′ ŭ ment
mŭl′ tĭ tūdes
mûr′ dĕr oŭs
mûr′ mŭr ĭng
mŭ ṣē′ ŭm
mū′ ṣĭc al
mūṣ′ ĭng lў
mŭs′ kĕt rў
mŭs tache′ (tȧsh)
mў̆s′ tĕr ў

na′ tion al
(năsh′ ŭn *al*)
năt′ ū *ral*
nĕç′ ĕs sȧ rў
nĕg lĕct′ ĕd
neigh′ bors
(nā′ bĕrs)
neighed (nād)
neph′ ew (nĕf′ ū)
nĕs′ *tled*
nĭche

ọ̊ blīġed′
ŏb scūre′
ŏb ṣer vā′ tions
(shŭns)
ŏc eā′ sion (zhŭn)-
al lў
ŏc eŭr′ *ren* çĕs
ŏf′ fĭ çĕrs
ŏf fi′ cial (fĭsh′ *al*) lў
ŏp pôr tū′ nĭ tў
ŏp′ pọ̊ ṣĭte
ŏp prĕss*ed*′
ŏr′ ang (ĕnj) ĕs
ọ̊ rā′ tion (shŭn)
ôr′ ches (kĕs) trȧ
ọ̊ rĭġ′ ĭ *nal*
ọu′ ṣel
oys′ tĕr

păç′ ĭ fȳ
păġ′ *eant*
păl′ ăç ĕs
păl ĭ sāde′
pȧl′ lor (lĕr)
păm′ phlĕts
păn′ tọ̊ mīme
pȧ rāde′
păr′ ȧ dīse
pȧ răl′ ў sĭs
păr′ ȧ lȳzed
păr′ rọts
pär tĭç′ ĭ pā ted
pȧs′ tūr ȧġe
pȧ thĕt′ ĭc
pā′ thŏs
pā′ tience (sh*ens*)
pā trĭ ŏt′ ĭc
păt′ rọn īz ĭng
pēa′ cŏck
pẹ̊ cūl iar′ (yăr) ĭ tў
pĕn′ *al* tў
pĕn′ ẹ̊ trā tĕd
pĕn′ sion (shŭn) ĕrs
pĕr çē*ived*′
pĕr′ fūme
pĕr pĕt′ ū *al* lў
pĕr plĕx′ ĭ tў
pĕr sẹ̊ vēr′ *ançe*
pẹ̊r′ sọn ȧġ ĕs

phi′ al (fī′ *al*)
phrāṣe
pĭ′ ġeọn
pĭl′ grĭm ȧġe
pĭl′ lā*ġed*
pĭn′ ion (yŭn)
pī ọ̊ nēer′
pĭr ọu ĕt′ tĭng
pĭt′ ẹ̊ oŭs
pĭth′ ў
plăç′ ĭd
plăid
plūme
pọ̊ ĕt′ ĭc *al*
pọ̊ līte′ lў
pŏp ū lăr′ ĭ tў
pŏr tĕnt′ *oŭs*
pōr′ trȧit
pŏṣ′ ĭ tĭve lў
pŏṣ ṣĕssed′
pōst′ scrĭpt
pọ̊ tā′ tọes
prăe′ tĭçe
prayers (prârs)
pre′ cious (prĕsh′-
ŭs)
prĕç′ ĭ pĭçe
prẹ̊ dĭc′ ȧ ment
prĕj′ ū dĭçe
prẹ̊ pŏṣ′ ĭ tor (tĕr)

prĕs̱′ ĕnt lў
pres′ sure (prĕsh′-ụr)
prė̇ vā*i*l*e*d′
prē′ vĭ *o*ŭs lў
prĭn′ çĭ pl*e*
prĭv′ ĭ lĕġ ĕs
prō̇ çē*e*d′ ĭngs
prō̇ ces′ sion (sĕsh′ ŭn)
prō̇ clā*i*m′
prō̇ dĭ′ ġ*io*ŭs
prŏm′ ĭ n*e*nt
prŏm*p*t′ lў
prŏv′ ĭnç*e*
pŭb lĭ cā′ tion (shŭn)
pŭb′ lĭsh*e*d
pŭn′ ch*e*ȯns
pū′ pĭl
pûr′ pl*e*
pȳr*e*

quar′ (kwŏr) rĕl
quī′ ė̇ tūd*e*
quĭv′ ĕr*e*d
quō̇ tā′ tion (shŭn)

rā′ dĭ *a*nt
rā*i*′ m*e*nt
rā*i*′ s*i*ns
rȧ pĭd′ ĭ tў
răp′ tū̇r*e*
rȧ vine′ (vēn)
rė̇ ăc′ tion (shŭn)
rė̇ ăl′ ĭ tў
rė̇ *a*l ĭ zā′ tion (shŭn)
rė̇′ *a*l īz*e*d
rē ăp pē*a*r*e*d′
rė̇ būk*e*′
rē căp′ tū̇r*e*
rė̇ çēd′ ĭng
rē′ ç*e*nt lў
rė̇ çĕp′ tion (shŭn)
rĕc′ ŏg nīz*e*d
rĕc′ ŏl lĕc′ tions (shŭns)
rĕc′ ŏn çīl*e*d
rĕc′ tō̇ rў
rĕf′ ū̇ ġē*e*
rĕġ′ ĭ m*e*nt
rĕg′ ū̇ lar (lẽr)
rė̇ hẽ*a*rs′ ȧl
rein′ (rān) dē*e*r
rė̇ joiç′ ĭng
rė̇ join*e*d′
rė̇ lā′ tion (shŭn)
rĕl′ ĭcs
rė̇ lĭ′ ġ*io*ŭs
rė̇ lŭc′ t*a*nt
rė̇ märk′ ȧ bl*e*
rē mŏd′ ĕl*e*d
rĕp rė̇ s̱ĕnts′
rė̇ prō*a*ch′ fụl lў
rė̇ pŭls*e*d′
rĕs′ cū̇ ĭng
rė̇ s̱ĕm′ bl*e*d
rĕs̱ ō̇ lū′ tion (shŭn)
rė̇ s̱ounds′
rė̇ spĕct′ ȧ bl*e*
rė̇ spĕct′ fụl
rĕs pĭ rā′ tion (shŭn)
rĕs̱ ŭr rĕc′ tion (shŭn)
rĕv ė̇ lā′ tion (shŭn)
rĕv′ ĕls
rĕv′ ẽr *e*nç*e*
rĕv′ ẽr *e*nt lў
rė̇ vīv′ *a*l
rė̇ vīv*e*d′
rĭb′ bȯns
rĭ dĭc′ ū̇ l*o*ŭs
rĭg′ or (ẽr)
rĭng′ lĕts
rō̇ bŭst′
rōg*u*′ ĭsh lў
rō̇ măn′ tĭc
rụ̈′ bĭ cŭnd
rŭd′ dĭ nĕss

sā′ crĕd
săl′ ȧ rў
săl ŭ tā′ tion (shŭn)
sȧ lūte′
săn′ dȧls
scạld′ ĕd
scăm′ pĕr ĭng
scârçe′ lў
scärf
scĕp′ tĕr
schōōn′ ĕr
scĭs̱′ sors (zĕrs)
scowl (scoul)
scrēech′ ĭng
scўthe
sēared
sĕdġ′ ў
sēiz′ ĭng
sĕm ĭ çĭr′ cŭ lar (lĕr)
sĕn sā′ tion (shŭn)
sĕn′ sĭ tĭve
sĕn′ trў
sē′ rĭ oŭs lў
shăt′ tĕr ĭng
shạwl
shēathes
shēer
shĕp′ hĕrd
shĕr′ ĭf*f*
shi*e*ld
shĭv′ ĕr ĭng
shōul′ dĕrs
shrŭg′ gĭng
sĭg′ nĭ fў
sĭn′ ew (ū) ў
sĭṉ′ gŭ lar (lĕr)
sĭn′ ĭs tĕr
sĭt ŭ ā′ tion (shŭn)
skew′ (skū) ĕr
sla̤u*gh*′ tĕr
smȯth′ ĕr
sōl′ dier (jĕr)
sŏl′ ĭ tȧ rў
sŏl′ ĭ tūde
sŏr′ rĕl
so̤us
sȯv′ ĕr ei*g*n
spĕc′ tȧ cles
spĭr′ ĭt ŭ *a*l
splĭn′ tĕred
spŏn tā′ nė oŭs
spōrt′ ĭve
spûrned
squad (skwŏd)
squa̤l*l*
squĭrm′ ĭng
squĭr′ rĕls
sta̤l*k*s
stär vā′ tion (shŭn)
stī′ fled
stĭr′ rŭp
stȯm′ *a*eh
stўle
sŭb līme′ lў
sŭb mis′ sion (mĭsh′ ŭn)
sŭb scrĭp′ tion (shŭn)
sŭb′ sė quent
sŭb sīd′ ĕd
sŭe çĕss′ fụl
sŭf fĭçe′
sŭf fi′ cient (fĭsh′ ent)
sŭf′ fŏ cāt ĭng
sŭg ġĕst′ ĕd
sûr′ fâçe
sûr′ ġeȯn
sûr prīs̱e′
sûr vey′ (vā)
sŭs pĕct′ ĕd
swa̤th′ ĭng
swōōp
s̱ўlph
sўm′ bŏl īz ĕs
sўm′ pȧ thīzed
sўm′ pȧ thў
sўr′ ŭp

tăç ĭ tûr′ nĭ tў
tăl′ *e*nt
ta*u*nt
tĕn′ dĕr lў
tĕr rĭf′ ĭc
tĕr′ rĭ fīed
*th*ä′ lĕr
thă*t*ched
thē′ ȧ tĕr
thĕr mŏm′ ė tĕr
thĭck′ ĕt
thi*e*ves
thĭm′ bl*e*d
thor′ (thŭr) ô*ugh* lў
thrĕsh′ ōld
thrŏng
thrŭsh′ ĕs
tĭ mĭd′ ĭ tў
tō̇ băc′ cō̇
tō̇ mā′ tō̇es
tŏr′ r*e*nt
to*u*r′ ĭsts
trăn quĭl′ lĭ tў
trăns fôrm*e*d′
trăns păr′ *e*nt
trăv′ ĕl ĕrs
trē*a*′ cle
treas′ (trĕzh) ûres
trĕl′ lĭs
trē mĕn′ do*u*s

trī′ ŭmph (ŭmf)
trō′ phĭes
tŭ mŭl′ tŭ o*u*s lў
tûr′ moil
twī′ lī*gh*t
twĭn*g*e
tўr′ *a*n nў

ŭn ȧ void′ ȧ ble
ŭn cŏn′ scious (shŭs)
ŭn co*u*th′
ŭn dē fīled′
ŭn dĕr mīne′
ŭn′ dŭ lāt ĭng
ū′ nĭ fôrm
ū′ nĭ vĕrse
ŭn mĭs tāk′ ȧ ble
ŭn pŏp′ ŭ lar (lĕr)
ŭn spē*a*k′ ȧ ble
ŭn ū′ su (zhū) *a*l
ŭn wē*a*′ rĭed lў
ûr′ chĭn

vā′ *e*ant lў
văl′ ŭ ȧ ble
vā′ pors (pĕrs)
vā′ rĭ o*u*s
vā′ rў ĭng
vĕn′ ĕr ȧ ble

vĕn′ tûre sȯme
vĕr′ dĭct
vĕr′ dûre
vĕr sĭ fĭ cā′ tion (shŭn)
vic′ tual (vĭt″l)
view′ (vū) lĕs*s*
vĭġ′ ĭl
vī′ ō lent
vĭs′ ĭ ble
vis′ ion (vĭzh′ ŭn)
vī′ t*a*l
vĭv′ ĭd
vŏl′ ûme
voy′ ăġ ĕs

wā′ ġĕr
wā*i*st′ cō*a*ts
wa′ fâre
wa′ r*a*nt
wa′ rior (yĕr)
wĕ*a*p′ ȯns
wē*a*′ rĭ ĕr
wē*a*′ sel
wĕ*a*th′ ĕr
wē*i*r
wē*i*rd
whĕr′ rў
wi*e*ld
wĭm′ ple

wīr′ y̆
wĭst′ fụl lẏ̆
wȯn′ dĕr fụl
wȯn′ droŭs
wọol′ lĕn

worst′ (wụst) ĕd
*w*răpped
*w*räth
*w*rē*a*ths
*w*rĭnk′ lĭng

wrought (rạt)

yeō′ men
yiēld

zē′ nĭth

Proper Names.

Ăn′ tȯ nẏ̆

Bā*y*′ *a*rd
Bĕn ō′ nī
Bĕth′ lė̄ hĕm
Björnst′ jerne
(Bė̄ yörnst′ yĕrn)
Björn′ son
(Bė̄ yörn′ son)
Bō*w*′ do*i*n
Brĭ′ ta*i*n
Bûr goyn*e*′
Bû trā′ gȯ̆
Bẏ̆ss*h*e

Cā*i*ne
Căp′ rĭ côrn
Cär nō*t*′
Chăt′ *h*am
Cȯ̆ lŭm′ bŭs

Cru̇′ sȯ*e*

Dĕv′ *o*n sh*i*re
Di′ (dē) ăz
Di e′ go (Dė̄ ā′ gȯ̆)
Di′ (dē) m*a*s

Ĕd′ *i*n burgh
(bŭr rȯ̆)
*E*ū ġēn*e*′
Ew′ (ū) ĭng

Găl′ ȧ hăd
Ġĕ*o*f′ frẏ̆
Gĕt′ tẏ̆ş bûrg
Gĭl′ pĭn

Hạ*w*′ thôrn*e*
Hȯ̆ rā′ ti (shĭ) ȧ
Hū*gh*
Hŭns′ dȯn

Ĭş′ rȧ ĕl

Jăck′ ȧ nāpes
Jĕs′ sȧ mĭn*e*
Jew′ (jū) ĭsh
Jȯ̆ sī′ ȧ*h*
Jū′ *a*n
Jū lĭ ăn′ ȧ
Jū′ nĭ pĕr

Lä fȧ̆y ĕt*te*′
Lăn*nes*
Lē ȯ̆ nō′ rȧ
Lĭn′ cȯ*l*n
Lọu′ ĭs
Lō*we*′ stŏft
Lẏ̆d′ ĭ ȧ

Măd ȧ găs′ c*a*r
Mär′ mĭ ŏn

Mō′ hạ̈wk
Mŏn trĕ ạl′
Mō zam bique′ (bēk)

Nä̇ ō′ mī
Nȧ pō′ lė̆ ŏn
Nȧ thăn′ ĭ ĕl
Nĭch′ ŏ las

Ŏt′ tŏ

Pälm′ ẽr

Pē′ ŏ nў
Phelps (Fĕlps)
Pōr′ tŭ gal

Quė̆ bĕc′

Rạ̈′ lĕigh
Răt′ ĭṣ bon
Rŏṣ′ ȧ liē

Seāpe′ gōat
Sew′ (sū) all
Sȯm′ ẽrṣ bў̆

Spŏf′ ford (fẽrd)
Sprāgue
Stŏck′ hōlm
Swē′ den

Tĕn′ nў̆ son
Tĕt u (o͞o) än′
Thŭ rĭn′ ġĭ an
Trĭn′ ĭ tў̆
Tŭl′ lĭ vĕr

Wĕst mĭn′ ster
Worces′ (wo͞os) tẽr

BOSTON · NEW YORK · GINN & COMPANY · CHICAGO · LONDON
ATHENAEUM
PRESS

T5-CUR-432